

DAUGHTERS  
OF  
GENIUS

















Miss <sup>L</sup> Davidson.

51 Linden St.











JOSEPHINE



# DAUGHTERS OF GENIUS:

A

Series of Sketches

OF

AUTHORS, ARTISTS, REFORMERS, AND HEROINES,  
QUEENS, PRINCESSES, AND WOMEN OF  
SOCIETY, WOMEN ECCENTRIC  
AND PECULIAR.

*FROM THE MOST RECENT AND AUTHENTIC SOURCES.*

BY JAMES PARTON,

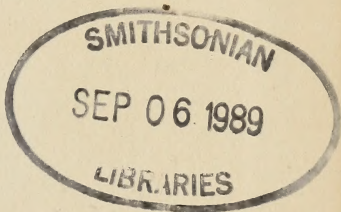
AUTHOR OF

LIFE AND TIMES OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, LIFE OF THOMAS JEFFERSON, LIFE OF VOLTAIRE,  
GENERAL BUTLER IN NEW ORLEANS, LIFE OF AARON BURR, PEOPLE'S BOOK  
OF BIOGRAPHY, LIFE OF ANDREW JACKSON, ETC.

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Illustrated.

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## PREFACE.

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THE most important result of the better civilization of our time is the increased power of women. We know that in limited spheres their influence was always incalculably great; but now, without losing their ascendancy at home, they find a career in many of the trades, most of the professions, and all the arts. In those of the arts which give the most lively pleasure and reach the greatest number of persons, namely, fiction and the drama, women, in our day, have attained the first rank, and have made the first rank higher. As reformers and world-improvers, what men have surpassed the single-eyed and courageous devotion of such women as Miss Martineau?

We can set no limit to their future achievements except those which nature herself has established. So long as the chief business of every state was to defend itself against armed encroachment, all gifts and all character were of necessity subordinate to masculine force. Women were "the subject sex." The peace and safety resulting from the union of many states, and to become universal through federation and arbitration, will still further reduce the importance of muscle and brawn. The time is not very distant when the ballot will have rendered the bullet, not monstrous merely, but ridiculous, and when there will be no "campaigns" except those of the blest American pattern, fought out in the pleasant autumn days with speeches, processions, fireworks, and bands of music.

In this volume are presented some examples of women who have risen to the better chance afforded them through the general amelioration of manners. The most fortunate of them have been cruelly obstructed by the large remainder of barbarism which exists in every community, and they have done their work in the teeth of every conceivable disadvantage. They have had to snatch it from a cross-fire of hostile circumstances. That Charlotte Brontë, that Mary Anne Evans, that Mrs. Stowe, should have been able to exercise their beautiful talents at all, was wonderful. That they should have employed them so triumphantly, is a kind of miracle, at which we can but stand amazed. In reading of their exploits we perceive that the Maid of Orleans was one of their kind, and saved her country by the exercise of qualities akin to theirs.

One pleasing duty remains to me. In the preparation of this volume, I have received the most essential and efficient assistance from my beloved niece, Miss Ethel Parton. Many of these articles I could not have done without her aid, which was rendered with a ready tact and sympathetic zeal beyond her twenty years, though they were to be expected from her lineage. Whenever the reader comes upon a passage that betrays a finer insight and a happier touch than ordinarily appears in the work, he will know to whom to attribute it.

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The chapters on Queen Victoria and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, subsequently added, are from the pen of Prof. John P. Lamberton, of Philadelphia.



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SALLY BUSH.



## I.

### SALLY BUSH—ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S GOOD STEP-MOTHER.

SIXTY-FIVE years ago, on a grassy hillock in the magnificent primeval forest of Southern Indiana, a few miles from the Ohio River, stood the small, unhewn, half-finished and most forlorn log-cabin of Thomas Lincoln. The father of the president was an idle, shiftless, worthless carpenter, who had taken up land in the wilderness, and lived by half cultivating a few acres and shooting the wild turkeys, the deer, and other game with which the region teemed. The occupants of the cabin were himself, his wife, whose maiden name was Nancy Hanks, and two children, Nancy, eleven years of age, and Abraham, the future president, nine.

I suppose there never was a more beautiful country than this part of Indiana, as it was before the settlers disfigured it. Imagine an undulating country covered with trees of the largest size, oaks, beeches, maples, walnuts, without that intertangled mass of undergrowth which we find in the primeval forests of the Eastern States.

This land had probably been, within a few centuries, a prairie. The forest had gained upon the grass; but, here and there, there was a small portion of the original prairie left, which, besides furnishing good pasture, gave to the region the aspect of an ancient, heavily-wooded park, the result of labor, wealth, and taste expended for ages. Upon some of these oases of emerald, the deer found

salt springs to which they resorted in great numbers; on the wider expanses, the buffaloes had recently fed; on others, the arriving pioneer had fixed his camp and built his cabin.

The knoll on which Thomas Lincoln had placed his house was free from trees, and sloped gently away on every side. The spot had every charm and every advantage except one: there was no good water within a mile, and it fell to the lot of these children to bring from that distance the water required for drinking.

Carpenter as he was, Thomas Lincoln had not taken the trouble either to finish or to furnish his house. It had no floor, no door, no windows. There were three or four three-legged stools in the house, and no other seats. The table was a broad slab supported by four legs, with the flat side upward. There was a bedstead made of poles stuck in the cracks of the logs in one corner of the cabin, the other ends being supported by forked sticks sunk in the earthen floor. On these poles some boards were laid, upon which was thrown a covering of leaves, and these in turn were covered with skins and old clothes. For cooking utensils the family possessed a Dutch oven and a skillet. There was a loft in the upper part of the cabin; but as this shiftless pioneer had not made either stairs or ladder, little Abe was obliged to climb to his perch at night by pegs driven into the logs.

The children were no better cared for than the house. They were ill-clad, ill-fed, untaught, and harshly treated. The father, naturally disposed to indolence, found it so easy to subsist in that rich country by his rifle, with which he was extremely expert, and from his patch of corn and potatoes, which his wife and children cultivated, that he gave way to his natural disposition, and passed his time, when he was not hunting, in telling stories to



his neighbors. He was the great story-teller of the county, a character in much request on the frontier in the early days.

Some readers have doubtless visited the richly wooded parks of Germany, France, or England, where the game is carefully preserved, where droves of clean, glistening black pigs and great herds of deer are seen, and where, as you walk along, there is heard at every step the rustle of a startled hare, and where broods of partridges are following their mother in search of food, as tame as chickens. Now, it was as easy for the settler to subsist his family in this Indiana forest, as it would be for one of the huntsmen to live in a great park, if he could shoot as much game as he liked. Thomas Lincoln, therefore, being such a man as he was, destitute of ambition either for himself or his children, took life very easily, and any one acquainted with the family would have foretold for Abraham no higher destiny than that of a squatter on the frontier, or a flat-boat hand on the rivers.

A terrible and mysterious epidemic swept over that country, called the milk disease, one of the numerous maladies caused by the settlers' total disregard of sanitary conditions. One of the victims was Nancy Lincoln, the wife of Thomas and the mother of Abraham. The husband, who had been her only nurse and only physician, was now her undertaker also. He sawed and hammered some green boards into a long box. The few neighbors, about twenty in all, carried and followed her remains to a little eminence half a mile away, and there buried her in the virgin soil of the wilderness. There was no ceremony performed at her funeral, because there was no one competent to perform it. Some months after, when a roving preacher came along, Thomas Lincoln induced him to preach a funeral sermon for his wife, and thus this omission was made good.

Thirteen months passed. The widower, who was not disposed to be both father and mother to his children, started for his native Kentucky in quest of a wife, and there he found Sally Bush, who had once rejected his suit, had married his rival Johnstone, and was now a widow with three children. He called upon her, and proposed, without beating about the bush.

"Well, Miss Johnstone," said Thomas, "I have no wife, and you have no husband. I came a purpose to marry you. I knowed you from a gal, and you knowed me from a boy. I have no time to lose, and if you are willing, let it be done straight off."

"Tommy," was her reply, "I know you well, and have no objections to marrying you ; but I cannot do it straight off, as I owe some debts that must first be paid."

The ceremony, however, took place on the following morning, the debts having been paid in the meantime, and very speedily the married pair and all the goods which the widow had possessed, were placed upon a wagon, and drawn by four horses, a journey of some days, to Thomas Lincoln's cabin in Indiana. These goods were of considerable value. There was a bureau which had cost forty dollars, and which Thomas considered sinfully magnificent, and urged her to sell it. But she was no Lincoln and refused to do this. There was a table, a set of chairs, a large clothes chest, some cooking utensils, knives and forks, bedding, and other articles essential to civilized living.

Abraham Lincoln never forgot the wonder and delight with which he beheld the arrival and unpacking of this wagon-load of unimagined treasure. Neither he nor his sister had ever heard of such things. The new mother, on her part, was wofully disappointed on seeing the wretched cabin in which she was to pass her days ; for it seems that Thomas Lincoln had drawn upon his imagina-







tion in describing his abode ; and, indeed, the rude hovel was a great advance upon the half-inclosed wigwam in which he had lived during the first year's residence in the wilderness.

But Sally Bush, unlettered as she was, had in her some of the best qualities of a civilized being. She was a natural enemy of chaos and all disorder. She was a woman of high principle, genuine intelligence, and good sense. She, therefore, accepted the dismal lot to which Thomas Lincoln had brought her, and at once set about making the best of it.

She made her idle husband put a floor to the cabin ; then windows and doors, welcome appendages in that cold month of December. She made up warm beds for the children, now five in number by the addition of her three. The little Lincolns, even in that wintry season, were half naked, and she clothed them from fabrics saved for her own wardrobe. They had never been used to cleanliness ; she washed them, and taught them how to wash themselves. They had been treated with hardness ; she opened her heart to them, treated them as she did her own children, and made them feel that they had a mother. Moreover, she had a talent, not merely for industry, but for making the most of everything. She was a good manager, a good economist, very neat in her own person, orderly and regular in her housekeeping. The whole aspect of the home, within and without, was changed ; even the land was better cultivated, and Thomas Lincoln was a somewhat less dilatory provider.

Happily, too, she took a particular liking to Abe, then nine years old, utterly ignorant, wholly unformed, but good-humored and affectionate. He became warmly attached to her, and, as she often said, never once disobeyed her, or gave her a disrespectful reply. She soon had him nicely dressed in new clothes from head to foot, and it

appeared to make a new boy of him. Being now decently clad, he could attend school, which he had never previously done, and very soon he showed those indications of intelligence which led to his entering the profession of the law. Sometimes the boy had to walk four miles and a half to school, and when he reached it the instruction given him was not of a very high quality. Every winter, however, added something to his knowledge and widened his view.

His gratitude to this excellent woman was pleasing to witness. He used to speak of her as his "saintly mother," of his "angel of a mother," of "the woman who first made him feel like a human being," who taught him that there was something else for him in the world besides blows, ridicule, and shame. After his father's death he paid the mortgage on his farm, assisted her children, and sent her money as long as he lived.

After he was elected to the presidency, and before he started for Washington, he paid her a visit. She was then very old and infirm, and he marked the change in her appearance. She had been a very tall woman, straight as an Indian, handsome, sprightly, talkative, with beautiful hair that curled naturally; she was now bent and worn with labor and sorrow, and he bade her farewell with a presentiment that he should see her no more. She, too, was oppressed with a vague fear of the future. When Mr. Herndon, the law partner of Mr. Lincoln, visited her after the assassination of the president, she was not able to speak of him without tears.

"Abe," said she, "was a poor boy, and I can say, what scarcely one woman can say in a thousand, Abe never gave me a cross word or look, and never refused, in fact or appearance, to do anything I requested him. His mind and mine, what little I had, seemed to run together. I had a son John, who was raised with Abe.

Both were good boys ; but, I must say, both now being dead, that Abe was the best boy I ever saw. I did not want Abe to run for president ; did not want him elected ; was afraid somehow ; and when he came down to see me after he was elected president, I still felt that something would befall Abe, and that I should see him no more."

She died soon after, and lies buried in an obscure grave, while the son whom she rescued from squalor, ignorance, and degradation, has a monument which pierces the skies. The much-maligned sisterhood of step-mothers might well combine to place a memorial over her tomb.

## II.

### THE BRONTË SISTERS.

THE story of the Brontës is one of the saddest in the annals of literature. They were the children of a father who was both cold and violent, and of a gentle, sickly mother, early lost. They were reared amid surroundings the most gloomy and unhealthful, and cursed as they grew older with a brother who brought them shame and sorrow in return for the love they lavished upon him. Their very genius seemed a product of disease, and often their finest pages are marred by a bitter savor of its origin. Their stories deal with suffering, endurance, or rebellion against fate; with violence, with crime and its punishment. In treating such subjects, these three quiet, patient daughters of a country parson found themselves quite at home.

Their father was a clergyman of the Church of England, an Irishman by birth, who had had the good sense to change his original name of Prunty to the more pleasing appellation since made famous by his daughters. His father, Hugh Prunty, was a peasant proprietor of Ahaderg, county Down, the owner of a few acres of potato land, and the father of ten children, of whom the handsomest, strongest, and most intelligent was Patrick, afterward the Reverend Patrick Brontë. At the age of sixteen he left his father's house and went to the neighboring village of Drungooland, where he taught school and spent his leisure hours in study.

He worked so hard to perfect himself in the necessary



branches that at twenty-five he was enabled to enter Cambridge University, upon leaving which, four years later, he was ordained to a curacy in Essex. From Essex he went to Hartshead in Yorkshire, where he married Miss Maria Branwell, a young lady of Cornish parentage. Three years later he removed with his wife and two little baby girls, Maria and Elizabeth, to Thornton in the same county, where four other children were born, one every year. Charlotte, the most famous, was the eldest; she was born in 1816. A son, Patrick Branwell, came next; then Emily Jane; then Anne. In 1820, the year after Anne's birth, the family moved to Haworth Vicarage, in the village of Haworth, near Keighley, in Yorkshire. A year later the mother, always weak and ailing, died, leaving her six young children to their father's care.

Mr. Brontë apparently intended to do his duty to his children; but he was a hard, vain, dull man, fond of solitude, eccentric, and possessed of many strange notions in regard to education. He never cared for his children's society, desired only to have them keep quiet and learn their lessons, allowed them no meat, required them to dine upon potatoes, and ate his own dinner alone in his room. Their dress, too, had to be of the simplest. It was not forgotten in the family that a silk dress of his wife's which displeased him he cut into shreds; nor that some colored shoes given the children by a cousin he threw into the fire.

He possessed a furious temper, which he usually kept under control; but occasionally, when he found it necessary to give some vent to his feelings, he would fire pistols out of the back door in rapid succession. Almost his only communication with the children was at breakfast and supper; his only method of entertaining them was to relate, at the breakfast table, wild and horrible Irish tales of massacre, blood, and banshees. Yet the children loved

him, and rendered him an obedience and devotion which much kinder and wiser parents can not always obtain.

Thus the six little Brontës, motherless, and denied the intimacy and companionship of their father, clung to each other with a love far beyond that of most brothers and sisters of their age. They were wonderfully "good," poor little things, the boy being the only one who showed any evidences of vigor.

They spent much of their time wandering silently about the old house and the bleak moors beyond it, hand in hand, Maria, the eldest, a pale, small creature of seven, assuming the charge of the others, and trying her best to be a mother to them. Their surroundings were sombre and dreary. Haworth Parsonage stands upon a hill which slopes sharply down to the village in one direction, and in the other, after a slight further ascent, merges into an apparently interminable expanse of moorland. The church and school-house stand close by, while above the house, and surrounding it upon three sides, lies the graveyard, crowded with upright tombstones. The parsonage itself is a low stone building, ancient, draughty, and picturesque, with heavy, flagged roof made to resist the winds that sweep across the moor, with chilly flagged floors, old-fashioned windows with small, glittering panes, and a few hardy flowers, some elder and lilac bushes, growing beneath shelter of its walls.

The sounds with which the children were most familiar were the rushing and moaning of the wind around the chimneys, the bell of the church, ringing to service or tolling for funerals, and, whenever the house was still, the constant *chip! chip!* of the stone-mason who lived near the gate, cutting an epitaph upon one of the slates which he kept piled in his shed. The sights they loved were the firelight and the broad moor. Games, like those of ordinary children, they never played. The elder chil-

dren read the papers, including the Parliamentary debates, and amused themselves by discussing, in hushed voices, the rival merits of Bonaparte and the Duke of Wellington. They had no story books. The Duke of Wellington was their hero of romance, whom they worshiped with absolute devotion. One thing at least they enjoyed, perfect liberty, and they were happy in their own way.

This lasted for a year; then Miss Branwell arrived, a kind and efficient, if somewhat fastidious little maiden aunt, who undertook to reclaim them from their wildness and instruct them in civilized accomplishments. Submission to her rule was not easy after such entire freedom; but she did them much good, and they soon learned to like and respect her. They learned lessons which they recited to their father, and the five little girls were instructed in sewing, cooking, and housework. Their leisure they still employed in long rambles on the moor, and in telling each other wonderful stories of heroism, adventure, or magic. One spring, they were all taken sick with a complication of measles and whooping cough, and on their recovery, Mr. Brontë thought a change of air desirable for the elder ones. In July, 1824, he sent Maria and Elizabeth to a school for clergymen's daughters at Cowan's Bridge; in September they were joined by Emily and Charlotte.

To the readers of Charlotte Brontë it would be superfluous to describe this school—the "Lowood" of "Jane Eyre." Its miserable diet, unhealthy situation, long lessons, rigid discipline, low type of religion, and continual sermons upon humility—nothing is there forgotten, nor is anything exaggerated. Moreover, the descriptions of both teachers and pupils are most of them portraits. Miss Temple and Miss Scatcherd are drawn from the life; and the pathetic figure of Helen Burns is a delineation of Maria Brontë, whose death from consumption was

directly due to the hardships she underwent at Cowan's Bridge. A single incident related to Mrs. Gaskell by a fellow pupil of the Brontë girls of the way in which this studious and sickly child was treated, shows effectually that Charlotte's picture of Lowood is not overdrawn, and fully justifies the anguish and burning indignation with which she always recalled her sojourn there.

Maria had been ill—so ill that it had been necessary to apply a blister to her side, the sore from which was not yet healed. On hearing the rising bell one morning, while in this condition, she said to some of her companions in the dormitory that she did not feel well enough to get up, and wished she might remain in bed. They advised her to do so, but she dared not for fear of the teacher known to us as Miss Scatcherd, who disliked her and seized every opportunity to treat her harshly. She was yet sitting upon the edge of the bed, shivering with cold and slowly drawing on her stockings over her thin feet, when this woman suddenly entered the room and, without waiting for any explanation, seized her by the arm, and with a single movement whirled her into the center of the floor, abusing her at the same time for her untidy habits. She then left the room, and Maria made no reference to the occurrence, except to beg a few of the more indignant girls to be calm. Slowly and painfully she finished dressing and went down to breakfast, only to be punished because she was late.

This poor little martyr remained at Cowan's Bridge until she was so ill that the authorities notified her father, who came and took her home with him, where she died within a few days. Her sisters remained behind; but Elizabeth had already developed consumptive symptoms, and it was not long before she too was sent home to die. Charlotte and Emily then began to fail, and the authorities, remembering the fate of the elder sisters, sent word



to Mr. Brontë that the damp situation of the house did not agree with them, and they had better be removed. They therefore returned to Haworth in the autumn of 1825, when Charlotte was a little over nine years of age.

In 1831 Charlotte, then fifteen, was again sent to school—this time to a Miss Wooler of Roehead, a kind lady and an excellent teacher. At this school she became a favorite with the other girls, although they laughed at her odd ways, told her how ugly she was, and found her unable to share in their amusements. These serious defects were counterbalanced by her scholarship, which they admired, by her obliging disposition, and by her story-telling gift, which she would exercise for their benefit as they lay in bed at night, with such success as to frighten them all nearly out of their wits. Two of her fellow pupils especially attached themselves to her, and remained her life-long friends. One of them thus described her to Mrs. Gaskell, as she appeared at this time:

“She looked like a little old woman, so short-sighted that she always appeared to be seeking something, and moving her head from side to side to catch a sight of it. She was very shy and nervous, and spoke with a strong Irish accent. When a book was given her, she dropped her head over it till her nose nearly touched it, and when she was told to hold up her head, up went the book after it, still close to her nose, so that it was not possible to help laughing.”

Her other friend, Miss Ellen Nussey, whose sweet and gentle character Charlotte afterward attempted to depict in Caroline Helstone, was drawn toward her by compassion on the first day of her arrival, upon seeing her standing alone by the school-room window watching the other girls at play in the snow without, and crying from loneliness.

Upon returning to Haworth Charlotte at once set to

work to teach her sisters all that she had learned at school, giving them regular instruction from nine until half-past twelve every day. In 1835 she returned to Miss Wooler's, this time in the capacity of assistant teacher, accompanied by Emily as a pupil. But Emily was obliged to return to Haworth at the end of three months, completely overcome by homesickness—not a mere sentimental feeling, but a longing, stoutly resisted, yet so powerful as to darken all her days, break down her health, and threaten her with rapid decline if she did not yield. Charlotte remained behind with Anne, who came to take Emily's place, but the work was too hard for her, and she, too, began to fail and pine, and to be tormented besides by nervous fears, gloomy forebodings, and an irritability which she could scarcely control.

Emily, meanwhile, had gone as a teacher to Halifax, where she was obliged to labor from six in the morning until eleven at night, with only a half-hour of exercise between. But, in the Christmas holidays, the three sisters again met at their home, and discussed their hopes and prospects. About this time it was that Charlotte first conceived the idea that her writings might have a public interest; might open to her a road of escape from the slavery to which she was condemned. She mustered up all her courage, and sent some specimens of her poetry to Southey, requesting his opinion upon their merits. The poet returned her a kind but discouraging letter, to which she replied gratefully and humbly, telling him that she should continue to write for her own pleasure and improvement, but that she should never again feel ambitious to see her name in print. She asked no reply to this second letter, but Southey wrote to her again, this time most cordially, and invited her to come and see him if ever she were near his home. She afterwards sent some of her poems to Coleridge and Wordsworth.

It is not necessary to dwell in detail upon the various occupations of the Brontë girls after Charlotte finally left Roehead. When at home they wrote, read, wandered on the moor, and pursued their household avocations. Emily remained continuously at Haworth, but Anne and Charlotte obtained situations as governesses. Anne's experiences in this capacity may be divined by the readers of "Agnes Grey," her first novel; Charlotte's are indicated in "Shirley," in that passage where Mrs. Pryor describes her early life. In speaking of this period to Mrs. Gaskell, Charlotte related how, in one family, just as she was beginning to gain some ascendancy over a group of children who had been perfect little savages when she arrived, the youngest, and to her the dearest, said to her one day at table in a sudden burst of affection, putting his chubby hand in hers:

"I love 'ou, Miss Brontë!"

Instantly the mother exclaimed, in a tone of astonishment and reproach:

"Love the *governess*, my dear!"

It is a relief to hear, after this incident, that in the last family where she occupied this situation, her treatment was far different. As she herself said, they could not make enough of her, and they remained her friends as long as she lived.

But, at the best, going out as governess did not prove remunerative, and the work overtaxed the feeble strength of both Anne and Charlotte. It was a slavery from which they longed to escape, and in concert with Emily, they gradually formed the plan of keeping a girls' boarding-school at their own home. To this end, however, they considered a better knowledge of French and German necessary; and, at length, in 1842, Charlotte and Emily went to Brussels to the school of M. and Madame Héger,

in the Rue d'Isabelle—a happy circumstance, which gave to Charlotte the materials for what is perhaps her masterpiece, the novel of “Villette.”

Charlotte enjoyed Brussels, in her quiet way. She had Emily for company, she entered eagerly into her lessons, she liked the oddities and imperiousness of her brilliant teacher, M. Héger—the original of Paul Emanuel. Her near-sighted grey eyes lost none of the characteristics of the blooming Belgian school girls by whom she was surrounded, with their smooth hair, their romping ways, their devotion to dress, and their excellent appetites.

But Emily pined for Haworth and her beloved moor. Brussels was nothing to her; M. Héger only exasperated her, although she performed her tasks faithfully—finding, indeed, her only refuge from homesickness in labor. For his part, he recognized at once the exceptional talents of both his reserved, oddly dressed English pupils, but he considered Emily as the greater genius of the two; and indeed, her exercises were far superior to Charlotte's. His praise could not touch her, however; she cared only to do the work that must be done, and get home as quickly as possible. Sitting at twilight in the deserted school-room her thoughts turned to her home with the same passionate longing that had compelled her return from Roehead, and she tried one evening to give her feeling expression in verse:

“A little while, a little while,  
The weary task is put away,  
And I can sing and I can smile  
Alike, while I have holiday.

“Where wilt thou go, my harassed heart—  
What thought, what scene invites thee now?  
What spot, or near or far apart,  
Has rest for thee, my weary brow?

“There is a spot mid barren hills  
 Where winter howls and driving rain;  
 But, if the dreary tempest chills,  
 There is a light that warms again.

“The house is old, the trees are bare,  
 Moonless above bends twilight’s dome;  
 But what on earth is half so dear—  
 So longed for—as the hearth of home?

“The mute bird sitting on the stone,  
 The dark moss dripping from the wall,  
 The thorn-tree gaunt, the walks o’ergrown,  
 I love them; how I love them all!

“And, as I mused, the naked room,  
 The alien firelight died away,  
 And from the midst of cheerless gloom  
 I passed to bright, unclouded day.

“A little and a lone green lane  
 That opened on a common wide,  
 A distant, dreary, dim, blue chain  
 Of mountains circling every side;

“A heaven so dear, an earth so calm,  
 So sweet, so soft, so hushed an air,  
 And deepening still the dream-like charm  
 Wild moor-sheep feeding everywhere.

“*That* was the scene, I knew it well;  
 I knew the turfy pathway’s sweep,  
 That, winding o’er each billowy swell,  
 Marked out the tracks of wandering sheep.”

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 Dark days followed the return of the sisters from Brussels. Their long-cherished scheme of the girls’ boarding-school was destined never to be realized. Haworth was too remote in situation and too forbidding in aspect to attract scholars, and, in spite of the neatly printed circulars which they issued, and of the earnest



efforts of their few friends, they did not succeed in securing a single pupil. This was a bitter disappointment, but it was as nothing compared with a household sorrow that had been slowly coming upon them for a long time.

Their brother, Branwell Brontë, who should have been the comfort and support of the family, had become its burthen and disgrace. Always brilliant in conversation, pleasure-loving, and slight of character, he had easily fallen into dissipated ways, and had gone from bad to worse. After filling several situations, which he lost one after another through his incompetence and bad habits, he had been engaged as a tutor in the family where Anne held the position of governess. The master of this house was an invalid; his wife it is not necessary to characterize. Branwell fell in love with her, and she reciprocated his passion. For some time poor Anne suspected this miserable intrigue, and her health, always delicate, declined under such a weight of anxiety and sorrow. But, at length, everything was discovered, and Branwell was dismissed in disgrace. He returned to his home a desperate man. His dissipation, formerly secret, now became open and reckless; he drank and took opium; he was violent and childish by turns, raving of his lost mistress one moment and threatening suicide the next.

The shame and horror of this conduct fell with peculiar force upon such honorable, laborious, even austere women as these, accustomed to spare themselves nothing in the performance of their duty. Charlotte's affection did not survive the shock of the disclosure of her brother's treachery. It was afterward painful for her to be in the room with him, and "forced work" (her own words) for her to speak to him. Anne, gentler and weaker than her sister, still loved, but feared him. The stronger Emily pitied him, and did not shrink from giving him her assist

ance and companionship even in his worst moments, when he was scarcely less than a madman.

Readers of "Jane Eyre" will remember the incident of Rochester's insane wife setting his bed on fire, and of his rescue by Jane. It has been considered extravagant, but Charlotte found the suggestion for it in her own home. One night, when the three sisters were passing along the upper entry to their rooms, they noticed a bright light coming from Branwell's chamber. Immediately Emily, after warning the others with a finger on her lip not to wake Mr. Brontë, who was singularly afraid of fire, darted down the stairs and soon reappeared with a pail of water in each hand. She entered the burning room; the bright flare subsided, and presently her terrified sisters saw her come out, pale, panting, and scorched, half-dragging, half-carrying in her arms her helpless brother, who was stupefied with drink.

Their great venture of the school having failed, Charlotte's thoughts once more turned to literature. She found one day some poems of Emily's which seemed to her meritorious; Anne, finding Emily's verses approved, produced some of hers; Charlotte added her own, and the three sisters formed the bold resolution to have the little collection printed, published, and if possible sold. It was a long and difficult task to find a publisher; but at last they succeeded, and in 1846 the slender little volume was issued under the title of "Poems, by Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell;" Currer Bell being Charlotte; Ellis, Emily; and Acton, Anne. The volume attracted little attention, but the few reviewers who noticed it awarded higher rank to the work of Ellis Bell than to that of her *brothers*, as the discerning critics called them. The book was, however, an evident failure; it brought the sisters little reputation and less money.

But they were used to disappointments, and they met

this new one bravely. They next tried romance. Anne wrote "Agnes Grey," Charlotte "The Professor," and Emily "Wuthering Heights." When these tales were completed, all three were sent in one parcel from publisher to publisher, only to return as often to the hands of their unhappy authors. Then it occurred to them to try their fate separately, and after further waiting and discouragement, "Wuthering Heights" and "Agnes Grey" found a firm willing to take the risk of printing them. "The Professor" was not so fortunate.

Meanwhile, another sorrow had come into the melancholy parsonage: Mr. Brontë had begun to lose his eyesight. He could still grope his way about, but he could not read nor use his eyes for many of the ordinary purposes of life, and it was evident that unless the cataract could be removed his sight would soon be entirely destroyed. So, in August of 1846, Charlotte accompanied him to Manchester for the purpose of having an operation performed. Upon the very day on which the operation was to take place, Charlotte, lonely, anxious, and miserable, had "The Professor" once more returned to her, "declined," by some busy publisher without even the usual thanks. She was in the room with her father while the cataract was removed, sitting breathless and quiet in a corner, and she nursed him through the illness of the following days, when he was confined to his bed in a darkened room, hoping, but not yet certain, that his sight was restored to him.

And it was at this time, in the midst of sorrow, suffering, anxiety, and disappointment, alone with her invalid father in a great, black, strange city—it was at this time, on the evening of the day of the operation, that Charlotte Brontë, her brave spirit still undaunted, sent forth her old story for another trial, and, sitting down in her bare, ugly little boarding-house room, wrote swiftly,

and with few pauses, the opening chapter of "Jane Eyre."

At last, after her return to Haworth, came a piece of good fortune. Messrs. Smith & Elder, to whom she had sent "The Professor" (omitting, in her innocence, even to obliterate upon the parcel the names of the publishing houses to whom it had previously been addressed), sent her a letter in which, to be sure, the unlucky tale was once more rejected, but in which, as she afterwards declared, its merits and demerits were discussed "so courteously, so considerately, in a spirit so rational, with a discrimination so enlightened, that this very refusal cheered the author better than a vulgarly-worded acceptance would have done." In addition, they stated that a work in three volumes from her pen would receive careful attention. She sent them "Jane Eyre."

This famous novel, begun in such gloomy circumstances, was written amid difficulties of every kind. For long periods, sometimes for weeks, even months at a time, Charlotte would find herself unable to write; then, suddenly, the inspiration would seize her and she would write for as long a time as her duties permitted, holding her paper close to her eyes upon a bit of board. She wrote in a cramped, minute hand, in pencil, upon loose scraps of paper, sometimes sitting before the fire at twilight, often in her own room at night, when her restless imagination forbade her to sleep. In the day-time household affairs frequently interrupted her at the most critical moment. Tabby, the servant, who had been in the family for many years, was so old that she could not see to remove the "eyes" from the potatoes which she peeled for dinner; yet Charlotte was unwilling to hurt her feelings by asking the younger servant maid to lock them over. Often, therefore, while under the full force of inspiration, she would lay aside her manuscript and glid-

ing quietly into the kitchen, abstract the bowl of potatoes when Tabby was not looking, and remove the "eyes" herself. Never once did she omit to perform a duty, nor even the smallest act of kindness or courtesy, on account of her literary work.

The success of "Jane Eyre" was great and immediate. Messrs. Smith & Elder had every reason to be glad of their connection with that "C. Bell, Esquire," to whom they addressed their business letters under cover to Miss Brontë. C. Bell herself was glad and proud, in a quiet way, and thought it time to tell her father of her success—for he had not been the confidante of his children in their literary ventures. One day, she went in to him in his study, taking with her a copy of her novel and several reviews of it, one adverse, the others favorable. Mrs. Gaskell relates the conversation that followed, as it was told to her by Charlotte.

"Papa," said the daughter, "I've been writing a book."

"Have you, my dear?"

"Yes, and I want you to read it."

"I am afraid it will try my eyes too much."

"But it is not in manuscript; it is printed."

"My dear! you've never thought of the expense it will be! It will be almost sure to be a loss, for how can you get a book sold? No one knows you or your name."

"But, papa, I don't think it will be a loss; no more will you if you will let me read you a review or two, and tell you more about it."

She read him the reviews and left him "Jane Eyre." When he came down that evening to tea he said to his daughters:

"Girls, do you know Charlotte has been writing a book, and it is much better than likely!"

It was not until after the publication of "Jane Eyre" that "Wuthering Heights" and "Agnes Gray," long as



they had been in the hands of the publishers, were given to the world. "Agnes Grey" was a carefully written study of the life of a governess, and was, perhaps, something above the average novel of the day. "Wuthering Heights" was far different. It is a tale of horror, violence and crime, relieved only by two brief love scenes at the end, brightly and delicately drawn and novel in conception. It is a book which, once taken up, it is not easy to lay down unfinished; which people sit up late at night to read, and which haunts them in their sleep, bringing them evil and fantastic dreams. It is a morbid book, real in its very unreality, but its power is incontestable. Emily has been blamed for choosing a subject so forbidding; but remembering her gloomy and wild environment, her solitary nature, and the drunken, desperate brother ever present in her home, we can scarcely wonder at her choice. Besides, as has been beautifully and truly said by Miss Robinson, a lady who has recently related the story of Emily's life with rare truth and insight:

"From the clear spirit which inspires the end of her work, we know that the storm is over; we know that her next tragedy would be less violent."

"Agnes Gray" and "Wuthering Heights" met with little favor from the public. Anne wrote one other novel, "The Tenant of Wildfell Hall," in which she attempted, with some success, to depict her brother Branwell; and this work succeeded better. But Emily, whose genius, though widely different, was scarcely less than that of her more famous sister Charlotte, wrote no more.

Trouble was coming again upon the patient sisters. Branwell grew worse and worse, his sufferings and paroxysms more and more terrible, until, in 1848, the end came. By a last strange exercise of will he insisted upon meeting his death standing. He died erect upon his feet, after a struggle of twenty minutes. Emily, whose health

had for some time been failing, went to his funeral and sat for the last time in the damp, melancholy church; indeed, it was the last time that she ever left the house. She was dying of consumption.

We can imagine no sadder record than that of Emily Brontë's illness and death. Every hope of her life had been blighted. The school, which was to keep herself and her sisters together in the home she loved, had failed; her novel, into which she had put her heart and her ambition, had failed too; her dearly beloved brother, for whom she had dreamed of fortune and fame, had just died disgraced, despised, and miserable. Now she felt herself dying. With a last exercise of will stranger and sadder than his, with a courage and endurance almost incredible, she refused even to own that she was not well, and went about her daily duties, pale, thin, and panting; creeping slowly down the stairs with her hand against the wall in the morning, toiling at household labors throughout the day, and dragging herself painfully to her bed at night.

She refused to see a doctor; she refused to take medicine; she refused to rest; and her sisters, who did not dare to cross her, looked on with breaking hearts as she grew weaker day by day. On the day of her death she rose as usual and sat down before the fire to comb her long, brown hair; but she was too weak, and the comb fell from her hand and dropped into the hot ashes, where it lay for some time giving forth the nauseous odor of burning bone. When the servant came in Emily said to her, pointing to it, "Martha, my comb's down there. I was too weak to stoop and pick it up."

Nevertheless she finished dressing, tottered dizzily down the stairs, and taking up a piece of work attempted to sew. Towards noon she turned to her sisters, saying in a gasping whisper, for she could no longer speak aloud:

“If you will send for a doctor, I will see him now.”

But it was too late, and her sufferings rapidly increased. At two o'clock Charlotte and Anne implored her to let them get her to her room and to her bed.

“No! no!” she exclaimed, and tried to rise, leaning heavily upon the sofa. In that act she died.

Mr. Brontë, Charlotte, and Anne, who was already dying of the same disease, followed her to the grave; and with them walked Emily's great mastiff, “Keeper,” following them even into the church, where he lay quietly throughout the services. After the funeral he went up to Emily's room and laid himself down across the threshold of her door, where he remained for many days, howling piteously when they tried to entice him away.

Charlotte's next novel was “Shirley;” the heroine of which, the gay and independent Shirley Keeldar, is a portrait of Emily Brontë, as her loving sister believed she would have been had she been fortunate and happy. Many of Emily's traits, some even of the incidents of her life, are given in this book. “Keeper” figures in it as *Tartar*; Shirley's habit of sitting upon a rug, reading, with her arm about the great dog's neck, was also Emily's; and in “Captain Keeldar,” we recognize an alteration of Emily's nickname of *the Major*. The famous incident of the mad dog, too, happened to Emily as well as to Shirley, It was no fiction. But, although Shirley is a pleasing and a noble girl, and shows Emily in a more attractive light than ever shone upon her in real life, yet we miss some of the real Emily's most striking characteristics. We miss her patient endurance of hard drudgery, her faithful household affections, and her thoughtful kindnesses for others. It is not easy to imagine a Shirley Keeldar rising early in the morning and performing the hardest portion of the household labor in order to spare an aged servant; yet that was what Emily Brontë did.

Excepting her early tale, "The Professor," which has been given to the public since her death, Charlotte wrote but one other novel—"Villette." This work, of which the scene is laid in Belgium, is regarded by many as her best. Its incidents are less thrilling than those of "Jane Eyre," its style less fiery. Nevertheless it is not lacking in passion; and if Lucy Snowe attracts us less than Jane, who would exchange Monsieur Paul Emanuel—imperious, whimsical, extravagant, and thoroughly natural—for such an impossible hero as Rochester? Ginevra Fanshawe, too, and Madame Beck, are characters more true and striking than any to be found in "Jane Eyre."

The public, after the publication of "Jane Eyre," became deeply interested in discovering the identity of Currer Bell, and in discussing the question of her sex. Nor was the riddle soon solved. Miss Martineau, who was one of the earliest to know the truth, gives an interesting account of the beginning of her acquaintance with the unknown, yet famous author. She received one day, while residing in London, a parcel accompanied by a note. This parcel contained a copy of "Shirley," then just published, and the note ran as follows:

"Currer Bell offers a copy of 'Shirley' to Miss Martineau's acceptance, in acknowledgment of the pleasure and profit ~~she~~ (sic) he has derived from her works. When C. B. first read 'Deerbrook' he tasted a new and keen pleasure, and experienced a genuine benefit. In his mind, 'Deerbrook' ranks with the writings that have really done him good, added to his stock of ideas, and rectified his views of life."

This masculine note did not, in Miss Martineau's eyes, determine the sex of the writer. The half-erased "she" in it, might, to be sure, have had reference to Miss Martineau herself, and the form of the sentence might have been subsequently altered. Still, it left everything uncer-

tain, and when, a little later, she received an intimation that Currer Bell would call upon her, she did not know whether to expect a gentleman or a lady. It was, therefore, with interest and excitement that she awaited at the appointed hour the arrival of her distinguished visitor.

“Precisely as the time-piece struck six,” says Miss Martineau, relating the incident in her Autobiography, “a carriage stopped at the door; and, after a minute of suspense, the footman announced ‘Miss Brogden;’ whereupon my cousin informed me that it was Miss Brontë; for we had heard the name before, among others, in the way of conjecture. I thought her the smallest creature I had ever seen (except at a fair), and her eyes blazed, as it seemed to me. She glanced quickly round; and my trumpet pointing me out, she held out her hand frankly and pleasantly. I introduced her, of course, to the family; and then came a moment which I had not anticipated. When she was seated by me on the sofa, she cast up at me such a look—so loving, so appealing—that, in connection with her deep mourning dress and the knowledge that she was the sole survivor of her family, I could with the utmost difficulty return her smile, or keep my composure. I should have been heartily glad to cry.”

It was perhaps as high a compliment as Miss Martineau ever received, for her society to be thus sought by Charlotte Brontë. She was so painfully shy that, when she spoke in company at all, she would gradually wheel around in her chair until she was seated almost with her back toward the person whom she was addressing.

Miss Brontë was always plain; she considered herself repulsively ugly. Her features were indeed large and irregular, and her mouth a little crooked, but her expression was so animated and intelligent when she talked, that her face became most attractive. Even in secluded Haworth she was not without admirers; she had received



several proposals of marriage, which she hastily but firmly declined. At length a curate of her father's, Mr. Nicholls, asked her hand. He had loved her for several years. She knew him well and esteemed him deeply, and, although she had never before thought of him as a lover, she felt as though she could be contented as his wife. Before accepting him, however, she consulted her father. Mr. Brontë objected, and Charlotte quietly put aside the happiness within her reach, and gave an unfavorable answer. But Mr. Brontë gradually changed his mind, and in a year's time gave his consent to the marriage; although, with characteristic perversity, he refused at the last minute to go to the church and give his daughter away.

Charlotte Brontë was married on the twenty-ninth of June, 1854. The wedding was of the quietest, but the pale, delicate little bride was very happy as she left the old church on her husband's arm, followed by the good wishes of the villagers who had gathered to see her pass. She was dressed in soft white, with no color about her save green leaves, looking, as one who was there told Mrs. Gaskell, like a snow-drop.

Her happy married life lasted but eight months. She died in March, 1855. Waking after a long delirium, she saw her husband bending above her with a face of anguish, murmuring some broken prayer that God would spare her.

"Oh!" she whispered, looking up at him, "I am not going to die, am I? He will not separate us; we have been so happy."

### III.

#### QUEEN VICTORIA.

THE Nineteenth Century has justly been called the Era of Woman. Whatever regard was formerly paid to her for moral merit or physical beauty, her mental powers were almost universally slighted and her higher education neglected. Now in every civilized country women of talent and genius, in both public and private station, are promoting the moral and material welfare and progress of the age. It is highly appropriate, therefore, that for half of this century, and for more than half, we trust, the sceptre of the mightiest empire of the world should be wielded by a woman who is an honor to her sex, and who for personal merit deserves a place in this list of royal women.

Alexandrina Victoria, Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, was born in Kensington Palace on the 24th day of May, 1819. When she was but eight months old, her father, Edward, Duke of Kent, fourth son of the pious, stubborn and unfortunate George III., died suddenly. He had been deep in debt, and thus his widow, a stranger in a strange land, and regarded with disfavor by her relations by marriage, had, even while living in a palace, to undertake the melancholy struggle of keeping up appearances. Fortunately she was a woman of sense and cheerful disposition, and had the invaluable assistance of her brother, Prince Leopold, whose wife, the Princess Charlotte, once the hope and joy of the English people, had died a few months after her marriage. Now he acted nobly a brother's part to his widowed sister, and Victoria long

afterward declared that her visits to her uncle's residence, Claremont, were the happiest days of her childhood. With the exception of these visits, she lived a secluded and rather dull life. She was taught regular habits, strict economy and due regard for the laws of health. Gifted with a sweet voice, she became a charming singer. She danced well, rode well, and excelled in archery. Her mother trained her carefully with a view to what was from her birth her probable destination. Victoria was the first princess of the blood, yet not until she was twelve years old was she informed of her position as beyond that of her cousins. Her governess then pointed out her place in the genealogical table, and the little princess exclaimed, "Now many a child would boast, but they don't know the difficulty. There is much splendor, but there is much responsibility." Then giving her hand to her governess, she said, "I will be good. I understand now why you urged me so much to learn even Latin." And so yielding to no vain dreams, she sought wisdom and knowledge for the task of ruling a great people.

When she was eighteen years old that responsibility came. Her uncle, William IV., died on June 20th, 1837, at the age of sixty-five. Before sunrise on that morning, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Marquis of Conyngham were pounding and ringing at the gates of Kensington Palace for admission to the Queen. She had to be aroused from sleep, but, knowing the importance of their visit, she came down at once in a loose white night-gown and shawl, with her hair falling on her shoulders, her feet in slippers, tears in her eyes, but perfectly collected and dignified. When she heard their message, she said simply to the Primate, "I beg your Grace to pray for me," which the good man willingly did. Arrangements were then made for her reception of the council at eleven o'clock. Here, with calmness and gentle dignity, she received the homage of the



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peers of England, including even her own uncles. We are assured by an eye-witness that, as these old men knelt before her, swearing allegiance and kissing her hand, she blushed up to the eyes. When she retired the statesmen declared themselves charmed with her appearance and behavior, and their feeling was soon shared by all ranks of the people. The splendid ceremonies of the coronation took place in Westminster Abbey on June 28th, 1838. A month later she was called to perform a public duty, which was also attended with great parade. She went in state to dissolve Parliament. Among the Americans attracted to the splendid spectacle was Charles Sumner. He wrote to a friend: "I was astonished and delighted. Her voice is sweet and finely modulated, and she pronounced every word distinctly, and with a just regard to its meaning. I think I never heard anything better read in my life than her speech, and I could but respond to Lord Fitz-William's remark to me when the ceremony was over, 'How beautifully she performs!'"

Amid the round of gayeties which naturally marked the first year of the youthful Queen's reign, her actions still bore testimony to her mother's fruitful training. The good daughter won golden opinions from all with whom she came in contact. Her reverence for her father's memory led her to pay the remainder of his debts. She said to Lord Melbourne, then Prime Minister, "I want to pay all that remain of my father's debts. I *must* do it. I consider it a sacred duty." Her wish was complied with, and she sent also to the largest creditors valuable pieces of plate as tokens of gratitude for their favor to her father.

It was long since England had had a queen regnant. Victoria did not desire, like her famous predecessor, Queen Elizabeth, to bear the splendid burden of royalty alone. A year before her accession her cousin, Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, had visited her. From his infancy, for he

was a few months younger than Victoria, it was the earnest wish of their fond mothers that these two should be united in marriage. When they met, after brief acquaintance of each other's tastes and disposition, they showed mutual pleasure, and when their kind uncle, Leopold, now King of Belgium, suggested to the princess the idea of their union, she gladly accepted the proposal. But reflection on her public duty afterward led her to postpone a decisive arrangement till she should be of age. The engagement, if such it was, seemed to be broken off; the coronation did not hasten its renewal. In later life she wrote, "A worse school for a young girl—one more detrimental to all natural feelings and affections—cannot well be imagined than the position of a Queen at eighteen, without experience and without a husband to guide and support her. This the Queen can state from painful experience, and she thanks God that none of her own dear daughters are exposed to such danger."

In October, 1839, Prince Albert and his brother came to see their royal cousin. A week later, in spite of high resolves and royal duty and maidenly modesty, Love found his way into the palace and broke down the barriers which were keeping apart hearts destined to be one. The Queen has since told the story herself with touching simplicity. They were married on the 10th of February, 1840, a day which began with clouds and rain, but, after the ceremony, changed to what the loyal English people call the "Queen's weather."

All the world knows their married life to have been a happy one. The Queen has given us a full sketch of a day of that time: "They breakfasted at nine, and took a walk every morning soon afterward; then came the usual amount of business (far less heavy, however, than now), besides which they drew and etched a great deal together, which was a source of great amusement, having the plates *bit* in the house. Luncheon followed at the usual hour of two o'clock.

Lord Melbourne came to the Queen in the afternoon, and between five and six the Prince generally drove her out in a pony-phaeton. If the Prince did not drive the Queen, he rode, in which case she took a drive with her mother or the ladies. The Prince also read aloud most days to the Queen. The dinner was at eight o'clock, and always with company. . . . The hours were never late, and it was very seldom that the party had not broken up at eleven o'clock."

Under the example and influence of the royal pair, life at the English Court, which had long been filled with scandal and strife, became marked by purity and virtue. Prince Albert's pleasures were all domestic; his taste was for a quiet and unostentatious life.

Peace and quiet reigned in the Court, and the removal of all disturbing influences there enabled the statesmen of the day to give all the more attention to the actual needs of millions of people. Evils which had originated with the great wars against Napoleon pressed with crushing weight on the laboring classes. Agricultural distress had developed into famine, and the laws enacted in 1815 prohibited the importation of grain for its relief. Turbulence and riots followed, and the evils grew worse. What could the Queen do to alleviate the misery of her subjects? By the advice of her ministers, she checked the gayeties of the court; she even submitted to a reduction of her income. At the baptism of the Prince of Wales, in January, 1842, it was prescribed that the dresses worn by members of the court should be of Scotch manufacture, in order to set a fashion and stimulate home production. But these remedies were trifling. A mightier power than Queen or Court must be invoked. Richard Cobden, seeing the magnitude of the evil, and discerning its cause, appealed to the people to abolish the duties on grain. The agitation was carried on by Cobden, Bright and others for seven long years, and at last the walls of the English Jericho fell down. Sir Robert

Peel, who had become Prime Minister in 1841, pledged to maintain the Corn Laws, gave way before the pressure of opinion, and in 1846 joined with the majority in repealing them. The laws which at former times in the world's history were made and repealed at a sovereign's pleasure are now made and repealed in obedience to the wish of the people. The events of the reign of Queen Victoria furnish a prominent proof of the new order of things.

Yet while the governing power of the Queen is greatly diminished since the days of Queen Elizabeth, there still remains to the sovereign a powerful personal influence on the destinies of nations. In 1848 a wave of revolution swept over Europe, kings were driven from their thrones, and republics were organized in various countries. That in France lasted longest, but was overthrown three years later by the ambition and treachery of its President. When Louis Napoleon had established a firm government and sought the friendship and alliance of England, the Queen gave the usurper a welcome to the brotherhood of sovereigns. In 1854 Prince Albert visited the Emperor, and in the next year visits were interchanged between the sovereigns. Victoria and Albert, lovers of peace, desired to establish amicable relations between the two great nations, so long hostile, and in great measure they succeeded, as the subsequent history of Europe has shown. When the French Emperor, after a brilliant but not prosperous career, was driven from his throne, he found refuge in England. There his widow still lives in seclusion, mourning her son, who fell in a distant land, fighting in English uniform for England's cause.

Though Prince Albert by his natural disposition and sense of duty had admirably filled the station he was called to occupy, it was not till 1857 that he received by act of Parliament the title of Prince Consort. By the Queen's prerogative he had heretofore had the precedence which was

his due. The granting of the new title was a national tribute to his admirable character. It was not long after that the Princess Royal, who bore her mother's name, left her mother's side, when she was married to the Crown Prince of Prussia. The first permanent breach in the royal family circle was the death of the Duchess of Kent, in March, 1861. This mournful event was followed too soon by what has been the great sorrow of the Queen's life, the death of her husband. His health had been declining for some time; yet he continued to attend to his public duties. Americans should know that his last important act had reference to this country. It was to modify the tone of the demand of the English Government on the United States for the liberation of the Confederate envoys, who had in violation of international law been seized on the British mail steamer "Trent" by Captain Wilkes of the American Navy. The Prince's milder words enabled our Government to withdraw honorably from this false step, and thus undoubtedly prevented a declaration of war between the two great nations. Then, exhausted, Albert lay down to die. On the 14th of December, 1861, after twenty-one years of singularly happy married life, he passed away. His virtues are summed up in the title ALBERT THE GOOD.

On the morrow after her bereavement, the Queen is said to have exclaimed: "There is no one to call me 'Victoria' now." She retired from public view, though the people really desired to be partners in her affliction. For many years she refrained from taking part in royal ceremonies, yet she still discharged faithfully her obligations to her family and her country.

Many years after, when some parliamentary fault-finders ventured to criticise her long seclusion from public affairs, Lord Beaconsfield bore public testimony to her fidelity to the interests of the nation:

"There is not a dispatch received from abroad, or sent



from this country abroad, which is not submitted to the Queen. The whole of the internal administration of this country greatly depends upon the sign-manual of our sovereign, and it may be said that her signature has never been placed to any public document of which she did not know the purpose, and of which she did not approve. . . . At this moment there is probably no person living who has such complete control over the political condition of England as the sovereign herself."

In the course of her long reign there have been many political changes. When she came to the throne the Whigs had control of Parliament and seemed likely long to continue in power. When, in August, 1841, the Whig ministry resigned, Sir Robert Peel became Premier, and at his first interview the Queen rather awkwardly remarked that she was sorry to part with Lord Melbourne. But she afterwards became used to these changes, and left the people to decide in their own way whom they wished to send as her chief constitutional advisers. In her later days, two men stood forth pre-eminent by force of genius, each in turn deputed to submit to her his party's plans for the country's welfare and glory—one of unmistakable Jewish descent, the other of Lowland Scotch—yet each in his own way devoted to what he believed the interests of England. Strange, perhaps, to say, she gave her personal preference to the former, though she treated both with the stately courtesy which their respective places demanded. In his youth Disraeli had been one of the foremost of the Young England party, whose rallying cry had been "Our young Queen and our old Constitution." To his fervid protestations of loyalty may have been due that friendship which she ever cherished for him, while Gladstone's more measured utterances, though really heartfelt, did not so readily kindle her sympathy.

To Disraeli's Oriental tastes and sympathies Queen Vic-

toria owes the addition to her title, made in 1876, "Empress of India." It was bestowed after the Prince of Wales had returned from a brilliant tour in that magnificent and populous portion of Her Majesty's possessions. Though received without enthusiasm by sober-minded Englishmen, it still bears testimony to the fact that the destinies of millions of men of widely different race, language and religion, are intimately connected with the life of a fair daughter of the West.

At the commencement of her reign Scotland was practically almost as remote as India is now. In the autumn of 1842 the Queen and Prince Albert made their first visit to Edinburgh, going in a royal yacht towed by a steamship, because the railroad communications between London and Edinburgh were not yet complete. It was not until 1855 that the Queen took possession of the new Balmoral Castle, which she built in the Highlands, and with which her name is so closely associated. Here, to a certain extent, she laid aside the cares of state and the burdensome duties of royalty. Sometimes she ventured to travel in a kind of disguise, being then addressed as Lady Churchill. She says in her journal: "We were always in the habit of conversing with the Highlanders with whom we came so much in contact in the Highlands. The Prince highly appreciated the good breeding, simplicity and intelligence which makes it so pleasant, and even instructive, to talk to them." Since the Prince's death the Queen has shown even greater fondness for the seclusion of the Highlands and the society of the simple people. Another favorite residence of the Queen has been Osborne, on the Isle of Wight.

Queen Victoria always gave close attention to the education of her children, repeating in their case with greater advantages, yet with some drawbacks, the systematic training which she had herself undergone, and whose benefits she had learned to prize. To the royal children a Swiss cottage

at Osborne was given in entire charge. There the princes dug in the garden, while the princesses performed the duties of the kitchen. As they grew older the girls studied natural history and made large collections of birds and insects. The boys learned something of fortifications under the direction of their father. Prince Albert, both by precept and example, endeavored to make his sons feel the responsibilities belonging to their station. Perhaps he felt that in these days of increasing democratic tendencies only a wise king can maintain his place.

After the death of Prince Albert, the Queen felt it desirable to place in enduring form tributes to his memory. She also asked the assistance of others in placing on record the memorials of his life. First were published in 1862 his "Speeches and Addresses," then in 1867 "The Early Years of H. R. H. the Prince Consort," compiled by Lieutenant-General C. Grey, and in 1875 "The Life of H. R. H. the Prince Consort," by Theodore Martin, on whom the Queen conferred the honor of knighthood.

Her close and constant connection with these literary labors led her also to venture modestly into the field of authorship. Her first book was "Our Life in the Highlands," which records her memories of the happy days spent with him who was the light of her life. Fifteen years later she sent forth "More Leaves from the Journal of a Life in the Highlands," showing how she had learned lessons of resignation and faith from the simple mountaineers, and was cheered by romantic excursions in Nature's wilds. Such admission of the public to the quiet joys and sorrows of the domestic life of the Queen of course disarms criticism, as it treats the reader as a privileged guest. We see in them, as in all that is recorded of her life and acts, a noble woman, who has in one of the most difficult stations in life grandly, yet quietly, discharged her duty as daughter, wife, mother and queen. The inspiration of her whole life is perfect faith in God and devotion to duty.

## IV.

### ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

IN the west of England, a few miles from the ancient town of Ledbury, in full view of the beautiful Malvern Hills, Elizabeth Barrett lived from infancy to womanhood. There she wrote verses at the age of eight, and even earlier; at eleven she composed a great epic, called "The Battle of Marathon," and her fond father had fifty copies of it printed. Her love of Pope's Homer led her into the study of Greek. She gathered visions from Plato and the dramatists, and ate and drank Greek and made her head ache with it. Strange education for a girl, delicate and lovely! Stranger still that she should take delight in it.

In 1826, when she was eighteen, her "Essay on Mind, and other Poems" was published. Some of the minor poems had been written at the age of thirteen. The chief one was in the style of Pope's "Essay on Man," and really showed power of thought and expression. Still more did it show her wide range of reading, but she afterwards rejected it from her collected works, condemning it for "didactic pedantry." In her studies she had as guide Hugh Stuart Boyd, a man noted for learning, though blind. Mrs. Browning afterwards described him as "enthusiastic for the good and the beautiful, and one of the most simple and upright of human beings." In her sonnets she embalms his memory, and her beautiful poem, "Wine of Cyprus," recalls her youthful studies.

Her critical faculties were early developed, but the nobility of her mind enabled her to appreciate at their due

worth the best efforts of other poets. She was not content to judge and defend; she must present in English one of the great works which she had studied. Hence her translation of the famous tragedy of Æschylus, "Prometheus Bound," which was published in 1835. The preface contained due acknowledgment of her indebtedness to "the learned Mr. Boyd." Some years later the author said that this translation was written in twelve days, and "should have been thrown in the fire afterwards—the only way to give it a little warmth." A new version now appears in her collected works.

In 1836 Miss Mary Russell Mitford, when on a visit to London, became acquainted with Miss Barrett, whose parents had taken a house in the suburbs of the metropolis. Miss Mitford was then a famous author. Her works comprised "Rienzi" and other dramas, as well as a novel or two. She had also published sketches of English life in "Our Village." In her "Recollections of a Literary Life," issued in 1851, she gives a sketch of her young friend, Miss Barrett, as she appeared at the beginning of their acquaintance:

"Of a slight, delicate figure, with a shower of dark curls falling on either side of a most expressive face, large, tender eyes richly fringed by dark eyelashes, a smile like a sunbeam, and such a look of youthfulness that I had some difficulty in persuading a friend in whose carriage we went together to Chiswick that the translator of the 'Prometheus' of Æschylus, the authoress of the 'Essay on Mind,' was old enough to be introduced into company—in technical language, was *out*."

The two authors, in spite of the difference in their ages (cheerful, gossipy, red-faced Miss Mitford being then in her fiftieth year), became warm friends, and thereafter corresponded freely and frequently. Miss Mitford's share of the correspondence has been published, but the other side has not yet seen the light.



In the year 1837 Miss Barrett broke a bloodvessel on the lungs. As it refused to heal, her physician, at the approach of winter, ordered her to the milder climate of the coast. She went to Torquay, Devonshire, accompanied by her elder brother and other relatives. On a bright morning in the following summer this brother, with two friends, embarked on a small sailing vessel for a trip of a few hours. Being excellent sailors and familiar with the coast, they sent back the boatmen and undertook to manage the little craft. But within a few minutes, just as they were crossing the bar, the boat went down, and all perished. The bodies were never found, nor was anything belonging to them recovered.

Miss Barrett, still physically weak, was utterly prostrated by grief and horror at the tragedy. She even blamed herself as having been the indirect cause of the loss. Unable to be moved from the sheltered house below the cliffs, she heard for a whole winter the sound of the waves like the moans of the dying. Her only diversion from these painful thoughts was study. Her physician could not approve such occupation in one hanging between death and life, and to prevent his remonstrances she had an edition of Plato bound like a novel. Yet she did not disdain nor altogether discard novels, and to them she owed "many a still, serene hour."

When she had recovered sufficiently to be removed to her London home in an invalid carriage, she was still confined to her couch in a darkened room. In these years of bodily imprisonment her spirit roamed over the universe. She enjoyed the loving care of her family and a few devoted friends. Of a pet dog, called Flush, she says in a cheerful letter: "Flushie is my friend—my companion—and loves me better than he loves the sunshine without. Oh, and if you had seen him when he came home (after being stolen and lost for three days). He threw himself in my arms, palpitating with joy—in that dumb, inarticulate ecstasy which is so af-

fecting—love without speech.” But the patient sufferer, who could write only while lying on her back, had also the solace of her beloved books. “She read,” says Miss Mitford, “almost every book worth reading in almost every language, and gave herself, heart and soul, to that poetry of which she seemed born to be the priestess.” From time to time volumes of her writing issued from the press. Before she left London, in 1838, she had published the “Seraphim and other Poems.” This is the first of her books that she wished afterwards to acknowledge. The earlier ones she endeavored to suppress, saying, “I would as soon circulate a caricature or lampoon on myself as that ‘Essay,’” and pronouncing her “Prometheus” “blasphemy of Æschylus.” So severely did she judge herself! From her sick-chamber she sent to the London Athenæum a series of critical essays on the Greek Christian Poets, whose merits her own sufferings had enabled her fully to understand.

In 1844 she published “The Drama of Exile,” and with it gathered into two volumes all she wished to preserve of her previous publications. At the end of the first volume appeared the splendid poem, “Lady Geraldine’s Courtship,” which, Miss Mitford assures us, was written in the incredibly short space of twelve hours. That poem, thus rapidly tossed off, revealed her heart, and on it, altogether unknown to her, depended her own fate. The book fell into the hands of Robert Browning, who was already known as the author of “Paracelsus,” and was then issuing a series of plays and poems, under the somewhat fantastic Biblical title, “Bells and Pomegranates.” What was his delight to read these lines :

“Or from Browning some ‘Pomegranate,’ which, if cut deep down the middle,

Shows a heart within blood-tinctured, of a varied humanity.”

Could he do less than call to thank the author for the

poetic compliment? When he called at Mr. Barrett's residence kind fate, in the form of a blundering servant, allowed him to enter the room of the frail invalid. How the blunder was explained to her we know not; but the poet was allowed to renew his visits. Mutual esteem begat affection, which speedily ripened into love, an ideal, perfect love, of which there are few parallels in history.

Miss Barrett was still "a confirmed invalid, just dressed and supported for two or three hours from her bed to her sofa, and so back again." No wonder her family should be opposed to the match. But love did for her what the kindest care and wisest treatment had been unable to accomplish. It gave her new life. After two years' acquaintance, during which time her strength steadily improved, she was married to the man whom she loved. She accompanied him to sunny Italy, where she got better wonderfully and beyond her hopes. The deep emotions of her heart have been revealed in those exquisite poems, which she modestly called "Sonnets from the Portuguese," in order to veil somewhat their true origin. Here she ventured to exclaim:

"I yield the grave for thy sake, and exchange  
My near sweet view of heaven for earth with thee."

Robert Browning was worthy of the love which she lavished upon him, not only for his genius, but for personal worth.

We have from our American poet and traveller, Bayard Taylor, a description of his appearance four years later, when on a visit with his wife to London. "His complexion was fair, with perhaps the faintest olive tinge; eyes large, clear and gray; nose strong and well cut; mouth full and rather broad, and chin pointed, though not prominent. His forehead broadened rapidly upwards from the outer angle of the eyes, slightly retreating. He was about the medium

height, strong in the shoulders, but slender at the waist, and his movements expressed a combination of vigor and elasticity. He was, I should judge, about thirty-seven years of age, but his dark hair was already streaked with gray about the temples." Such was he to look upon, and already he was recognized as one of the greatest English poets, yet destined never to be popular. Taylor had called to see the Brownings, and tells us that when Mrs. Browning entered the room her husband "ran to meet her with a boyish liveliness. She was slight and fragile in appearance, with a pale, wasted face, shaded by masses of soft chestnut curls, which fell on her cheeks, and serious eyes of bluish-gray. Her frame seemed to be altogether disproportionate to her soul. This at least was the first impression: her personality, frail as it appeared, soon exercised its power, and it seemed a natural thing that she should have written the 'Cry of the Children,' or 'Lady Geraldine's Courtship.' I also understood how these two poets, so different both intellectually and physically, should have found their complements in each other. They appear to be—and are—perfectly happy in their wedded life." Later in the evening, after the poets had discussed with good humor whether a republican form of government is favorable to the fine arts, another Browning appeared on the scene. "Their child, a blue-eyed, golden-haired boy of two years old, was brought into the room. He stammered Italian sentences only; he knew nothing, as yet, of his native tongue." The boy afterwards exhibited a remarkable genius for music and drawing.

The Brownings had made their home at Florence, "The flower of all cities, and city of all flowers." Here, in the grand and gloomy Casa Guidi, which her genius has immortalized, husband and wife lived and wrote for more than twenty years. She used chiefly the large drawing-room, which opened on a balcony filled with plants, and

looked out upon the old church of Santa Felice. It was fitted up with large book-cases, constructed of specimens of Florentine carving selected by Mr. Browning, and filled with books. The walls were hung with tapestry, and besides some old pictures of saints there were portraits of Dante, Keats, the boy Browning, and John Kenyon. A quaint mirror, easy chairs and sofas, with a variety of ornaments, filled the partly darkened room. Near the door was a low arm-chair, and beside it a small table strewn with writing materials, books and papers. This was the favorite haunt of the genius of the place. Here she worked, dreamed marvellous visions and wrote poems full of ethereal fire. In another long room filled with plaster casts and studies Robert Browning worked. Their dining-room was adorned with medallions of Tennyson, Carlyle and other noted authors.

Mrs. Browning became deeply interested in the fate of her new country, whose historical associations were so noble, but whose people had long seemed to be sunk in death. Though she had long before said of herself, "I, who am a woman, am not made for war," that in truth was one of the objects for which she lived. She was a battle-trumpet, sounding loud and long to wake the sleeping nation to newness of life. When the Revolution of 1848 stirred Italy from the Alps to Sicily she rejoiced in the fulfilment of her hopes. Her feelings are shown in Part First of "Casa Guidi Windows." The overthrow of the revolutionary attempts is bewailed in Part Second, but still with hope in their resurrection.

From early youth Mrs. Browning had given thought to great public questions, and especially to those pertaining to the moral welfare of the people. The "Cry of the Children" is the greatest of her poems of this class, and its history deserves notice. On her father's removal to London she became acquainted with Richard Hengist Horne, a poet



and essayist of some note. Through him some of her poems found their way to the magazines, and he long remained one of her trusted friends and received her help in some of his literary enterprises. During her years of darkness he was appointed assistant commissioner in a government inquiry into the employment of children in mines and manufactories. His friend, though then lying apparently at the door of death, read the official reports and roused herself to utter her protest against the sacrifice of youthful lives to Manmon. It has not yet ceased to echo in the hearts of English-speaking people.

In 1856 appeared Mrs. Browning's longest poem, "Aurora Leigh," which embodies much of her experience. It is divided into nine books, and is in fact a novel in verse. It gives the story of an English girl educated with all the advantages of the nineteenth century and thoroughly imbued with its restless progressive spirit. The author declared it the most mature of her works, the one into which her highest convictions upon Life and Art had entered. She dedicated it to her cousin, burly John Kenyon, who had in all her career most generously aided and encouraged her.

In 1859 a new movement for the redemption of Italy from the Austrian yoke gave gladness to her soul. Regarding Louis Napoleon as the Liberator of Italy she gave him glorious praise in more than one poem. But the Peace of Villafranca, July 11th, 1859, by which so quickly after the victories of Solferino and Magenta he brought to a close the war with Austria, was a serious blow to her hopes and her health. She suffered much, and though she afterwards seemed to her friends to rally, she never regained her hold on life. Still her profound interest in the welfare of the land of her residence caused her to appeal to the world on its behalf, to call for the completion of the great work which had been begun, the regeneration of Italy. She lived to see the first Italian Parliament, but not to see

Rome the actual capital of Italy. She died at Florence, June 29th, 1861.

On the front of the gray walls of Casa Guidi is a memorial tablet, bearing this inscription :

“Here wrote and died ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, who in the heart of a woman united the scholar’s learning and the poet’s genius, and made with her verse a golden bond between Italy and England. To her memory grateful Florence has erected this tablet, 1861.”

Mrs. Browning is beyond controversy the greatest English poetess. Among the early poems which she afterwards omitted from her collected works there were some which gave decided proof of original power. As her experience grew wider and deeper through study and suffering, her poetic genius took longer and bolder flights. Her fully developed powers were able to sustain her in prolonged excursions, which passed through the whole range of human feeling and rose from earth to heaven. Again at times in the brief compass of a sonnet or in a lyrical poem of a few pages she gave utterance to a truth which found echo and acceptance in the hearts of all. Into her poems she put her heart and life. She said herself, “Poetry has been as serious a thing to me as life itself; and life has been a very serious thing. I never mistook pleasure for the final cause of poetry, nor leisure for the hour of the poet. I have done my work, so far, as work, as the completest expression of my personal being to which I could attain.” Her works, skilfully planned and carefully wrought out in this noble spirit, fully establish her the noblest female poet of the world. Her genius, working in every effort of her mind, enabled her to infuse passion and enthusiasm into an otherwise cumbrous mass of knowledge. Her soul, refreshed by intercourse with the master minds of all ages, rose above even the intensest physical suffering and bodily weakness, to give new utterance to the grand truths of humanity, and to cheer her

fellow-toilers and sufferers. Though, like the prophets of old, she was called to behold with clear spiritual vision the woes of mankind, she had also faith to look beyond the present struggle to the ultimate victory of righteousness and to look above to the Eternal King, who giveth his followers strength to endure hardship, and who shall award the crown to him that overcometh.



MRS. H. B. STOWE.





## V.

### MRS. H. B. STOWE AND UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

IF Mrs. Stowe should ever tell the world just how "Uncle Tom" came to be written, and then just how it *was* written, she would give us a story almost as interesting as a chapter of the work itself. A "little bird" once whispered in my ears the outline of the story. On a certain day, thirty-two years ago, in the month of June, Mrs. Stowe enjoyed the agreeable experience of receiving a letter with an unexpected check for money in it. Few things in life are more pleasing than this. How neatly the little document lies enclosed in the folds of the sheet, and how pleasantly it comes fluttering home to the elated recipient! It is minutely inspected, for a strange check is a revelation. Every bank has its own style, and every great house adds its peculiar mark. What character in the signature! The filling up is in a clerkly hand, acquired at school; but the hand that put its magic scrawl at the bottom was, it may be, toughened in the rude school of the world, where it had many a fight before it proved the victor.

The check which Mrs. Stowe received in June, 1851, came from the editor of a newspaper published in the city of Washington, and tradition reports it to have been of the value of one hundred dollars. The letter in which it was enclosed asked her to write as much of a story as she could afford for the money. The reader is probably aware that, thirty-one years ago, a hundred dollars accompanying such a request was about equivalent to a thousand at the present time. It was really a respectable sum of

money. We have heard that it looked very large indeed to the modest lady who then received it. She was the wife of a Professor of Divinity in Bowdoin College, and she was living at Brunswick, the seat of that institution, a village about thirty miles to the northeast of Portland in Maine.

Even now Maine is a land of careful economy; but at that time the salaries of learned professors ranged from six hundred dollars a year to fifteen hundred; and few indeed were the lucky men who received the larger sum.

This mother added something to the family income by teaching daily a class of eight young ladies. Besides this, she did with her own hands all the work of the household, except the roughest part, which was performed, after a fashion, by a girl fresh from Ireland who could not speak the English language. And here was a hundred dollar check in the house! It was bewildering. Editors in Washington do not send checks to remote villages in Maine except for cause. What had Mrs. Stowe done that the editor of the *National Era*, a paper of limited circulation, should distinguish her thus?

She had published a volume of sketches and stories called the "Mayflower," which first saw the light in 1849, two years before. She had been a writer from her childhood. During her young-lady years she had been a member in Cincinnati of a literary society called the "Semicolon Club," for which she had written a great number of tales and sketches of character. These pieces were the delight of the club; but a certain degree of literary talent is so common among New England girls, that few persons seem to have perceived in them the promise of a splendid career. Mrs. Stowe afterwards contributed to periodicals, and at last, the best of her writings having been published in the "Mayflower," she enjoyed a certain celebrity on both sides of the ocean.

The volume was republished immediately in London, where it found appreciation. There are many things in this collection of stories that show true genius, *i. e.*, a genuine power of exhibiting human life and character. It was the talent displayed in the "Mayflower" that prompted Dr. Bailey to send his well-timed check to the village of Brunswick.

The *National Era* was an anti-slavery paper, chiefly noted on account of the place whence it was issued. It attacked slavery at the capital of the United States, in the District of Columbia, where slaves were lawfully held, and in close proximity to States in which slavery was the ruling interest. It had little influence at the capital, where indeed a good many of the people were scarcely aware of its existence. The paper seemed protected by its insignificance, and it is interesting now to remember the almost contemptuous indifference with which it was regarded by the ruling spirits at Washington.

Mrs. Stowe, as it chanced, knew something about slavery and Southern life. While living in and near Cincinnati she occasionally visited her pupils at their homes in Kentucky, and her husband had frequently harbored fugitives in his house and assisted them on their way to Canada. She had heard the stories of these fugitives from their own lips. The Ohio River, close to which she lived, was part of the boundary line between North and South, and slavery was discussed in all that region with the peculiar heat and intensity which distinguish border warfare. In this heat and intensity Mrs. Stowe did not appear to share in the least. It has been frequently observed that persons who have the faculty of absorbing and reproducing human life and character do not appear to be more interested in watching them than others. Charles Dickens, for example, would look upon a scene with apparent indifference, make no record of it

at the time, and yet long after describe it with the exactness and particularity of a photograph.

Mrs. Stowe was a quietly observant person on the banks of the Ohio, not a flaming Abolitionist, not a fiery partisan; having a real and strong regard for the good qualities of the Southern people; fully comprehending their inherited difficulties, and having for them a charitable sympathy. But in her own quiet way she gradually absorbed a knowledge of the whole system of life in the Southern States; its good and its evil, its tragedy and its comedy. She appears to have done this without particular effort, and even without knowing that she had done it.

Nor is it probable that, when she sat down to write something for her hundred dollar check, and called it "Uncle Tom's Cabin, or Life Among the Lowly," she had any lofty anticipations concerning her work. It is altogether likely—judging from the way great things are usually done—that her principal care was to give the editor a good hundred dollars' worth for his money. She expected to finish the story in three or four numbers. But the subject fascinated and overpowered her, and she was drawn on, week after week, cheered now and then by another check, by the warm appreciation of the editor, and by occasional approving letters from distant readers.

Few literary tasks have ever been executed in circumstances so little favorable to composition. She was at the head of a household, with narrow means, with young children clamorous for their mother's aid, with the inexorable Monday wash to superintend, the Saturday's baking to *do*, the semi-weekly batch of bread to make, her class of young ladies to instruct, company to entertain, garments to cut out, buttons to sew on, and all the endless tasks of a wife and mother. Sometimes, on baking-day, she would light the fire in the big brick oven, and thinking to gain a few minutes for writing, would fly to her

task and become so absorbed by it as to forget everything in the world except the scene she was describing. She would return to her oven to find it as cold as it was at midnight; not a spark of fire left, and the bread risen and running over the trough. But she kept on for about eighteen months and finished the work.

It is not true that she had to seek for a publisher, although her publisher did think she ought to have stopped at the end of the first volume and thus make it a more salable work. Its success is freshly remembered. Mrs. Stowe realized her wild dream of being able to buy from the profits of the work "a new silk dress." Within two years two million copies of the work had been sold, and it has been translated into every cultivated language. If the sacred rights of authors and artists were duly protected by international law, she would have been enriched by this one work. Many other persons have been enriched by it, but not she, the gentle and great woman who created it. It is a pleasure, however, to know, as I was assured the other day by the publisher, that "Uncle Tom" still has an average sale of about four thousand copies a year.



## VI.

### MISS ALCOTT.

MISS LOUISA MAY ALCOTT, as every one who has read "Little Women" would easily believe, is the original of her own harum-scarum "Jo." The personal appearance of her heroine corresponds almost exactly to her own at the same age. Tall, blue-eyed, endowed with the thick clustering chestnut "mane," which was poor Jo's sole pride, she was doubtless in her teens somewhat angular and awkward, although at the present time a lady of fine figure and carriage.

Miss Alcott was born in Germantown, Pennsylvania, about fifty years ago. Two years after her birth the family moved to Boston, where her father established a school, which soon became a noted one, in the Temple Building, near the Common. Some of its features, among them the singular rule which compelled an offending pupil to ferule the master, are described in the pages of "Little Men." But the peculiarity of such methods was more apparent than their excellence, and the school soon declined in popularity, partly on this account, and still more because Mr. Alcott refused to deny admission to a colored student. Scholar after scholar left, until at last his only remaining pupils were a little colored boy, one white boy, his daughter Louisa, then between six and seven years old, and her two sisters, the Meg and Beth of "Little Women." At last, he gave up the struggle and removed to Concord. Shortly afterward he went to the neighboring town of Harvard, where he and some friends tried to establish a religious and vegetarian community,



MISS LOUISE M. ALCOTT.



somewhat after the pattern of Brook Farm, where each was to do his fair share of labor for the common good. It failed, of course, and the failure furnished the material for Miss Alcott's amusing story, entitled "Transcendental Wild Oats."

The family then returned to Concord, where they spent three years in the house afterwards occupied by Hawthorne. It was about this time that Miss Alcott became acquainted with Ralph Waldo Emerson, to whom she frequently refers in her works, always with a peculiar mingling of tenderness and reverence. She went to school for some time with his children in their father's barn, and she draws a pleasant picture of the illustrious philosopher taking a merry company of young folks, crowded into a gayly decorated hay-wagon, to bathe, gather berries, or picnic at Walden Pond. He made a delightful play-fellow, and always found pleasant nooks for them in the woods and meadows, and told them wonderful stories of the woodland pets of his friend Thoreau, upon whose shoulder the wild birds would light fearlessly, and who could dip his hand into the pond and lift it out with a shining fish lying in the palm.

When she grew older and was seized by the "book-mania," as she calls it, she used to haunt his library and ask him to recommend to her books to read, always inquiring for something new and *very* interesting, and seldom failing, through his patient help, to find it. Sometimes, when she wished to try something far above her girlish comprehension, he would advise her to wait awhile for that, and offer something else to take its place.

"For many of these wise books," she adds, "I am waiting still, very patiently, because in his own I have found the truest delight, the best inspiration of my life."

She tells, too, with humorous relish, a characteristic anecdote of her kind and great friend, whose books, on

the occasion of his house taking fire, were thrown unceremoniously out of the window into the yard.

“As I stood guarding the scorched, wet pile,” she says, “Mr. Emerson passed by, and surveying the devastation with philosophical calmness, only said in answer to my lamentations, ‘I see my library under a new aspect. Could you tell me where my good neighbors have flung my boots?’”

It was in Concord, in a pretty summer-house which Mr. Alcott had built for his daughters near a brook, that Miss Alcott first tried composing stories, but only to amuse her sisters and friends. When she was sixteen they all went back to Boston to live, and there she began to teach school. It was not a pleasant occupation to her, and, ere long, she ventured to offer a story to a Boston newspaper. She has herself related, in an interesting letter to the *Saturday Evening Gazette*, how it fared with her in her early attempts to write for publication.

“I still have,” she wrote, “a very vivid recollection of the mingled hope and fear with which I sent my second story to try its fate in a newspaper. My first appeared in Ballou’s *Pictorial Museum*, and the five dollars paid for it was the most welcome money I ever earned. ‘The Rival Prima Donnas’ fared still better, for it brought me ten dollars and a request for more; at which delightful news the heart of the young authoress sang for joy: and she set bravely forth along the literary lane, which for twenty years showed no sign of turning.

“I always considered this tale a very successful one, not only because it was so hospitably received, but because when dramatized, at a hint from the kind friend who said a good word for me, both to editor and manager, it was accepted by Mr. Barry of the Boston Theatre. The ladies who were to play the prima donnas were actually rivals on the stage, and between the two the



poor play fared ill. But I gladly added and altered, and felt quite satisfied in spite of the delay; for a free pass was given me, and I went forty times to the theatre that winter. Rich treat to a stage-struck girl; though the play never came out, and was wisely given to the flames at last, to the great relief of all parties."

"Other stories followed this fortunate one; and, after a first timid call at the office, I was emboldened by my kind reception to go often, and soon went peddling my wares in other places, but never with equal success in the courteous treatment and prompt payment which is so welcome to the soul of the bashful yet ambitious beginner.

"One of the memorable moments of my life is that in which, as I trudged to my little school on a wintry day, my eyes fell upon a large yellow poster with these delicious words: 'Bertha,' a new tale, by the author of 'The Rival Prima Donnas,' will appear in the *Saturday Evening Gazette*. I was late; it was bitter cold; people jostled me; I was mortally afraid I should be recognized; but there I stood, feasting my eyes on the fascinating poster, and saying proudly to myself, in the words of the great Vincent Crummies, 'This, this is fame!' That day my pupils had an indulgent teacher; for, while they struggled with their pot-hooks, I was writing immortal works; and, when they droned out the multiplication table, I was counting up the noble fortune my pen was to earn for me in the dim, delightful future. That afternoon my sisters made a pilgrimage to behold this famous placard, and, finding it torn by the wind, boldly stole it, and came home to wave it like a triumphal banner in the bosom of the excited family. The tattered paper still exists, folded away with other relics of those early days, so hard and yet so sweet, when the first small victories were won, and the enthusiasm of youth lent romance to life's drudgery.

“A dozen or more of these stories were written during those winters when I first set out to seek my fortune, which began with twenty dollars from the good old *Gazette*.

“With what eagerness did I unfold that generous sheet, and read aloud these foolish tales to my partial audience, who all predicted a future which would eclipse the fame of Shakspeare, Scott, and Dickens! Only those who have known this experience can understand the intense satisfaction one feels on seeing his first literary efforts actually in print, and the sheet in which they appear always finds a warm place in the heart of the grateful scribbler. For to no other work ever goes so much love and labor, hope and fear, as to these faulty darlings, whom we secretly cherish long after we are heartily ashamed of them.

“This training in the production of short dramatic stories proved very useful in after years, when orders for tales of certain lengths were plentiful; and a dozen a month were easily turned off, and well paid for, especially while a certain editor labored under the delusion that the writer was a man. The moment the truth was known the price was lowered; but the girl had learned the worth of her wares, and would not write for less, so continued to earn her fair wages in spite of sex.”

Miss Alcott urges ladies who write for publication, not to submit to injustice of this kind, and to inform themselves as to their rights. She says:

“Now that women have made a place for themselves in journalism and literature, it is wise for them to cultivate, not only their intellectual faculties, but their practical ones also, and understand the business details of their craft. The ignorance and helplessness of women writers is amazing, and only disastrous experience teaches them what they should have learned before. The brains that

can earn money in this way can understand how to take care of it by a proper knowledge of contracts, copyrights, and the duties of publisher and author toward one another. Then there will be less complaint on both sides, and fair play for those who win, not only admiration for their work, but respect for their wisdom in the affairs of their trade."

It is the earlier portion of her literary career that Miss Alcott describes so amusingly in "Little Women." I wish my own knowledge enabled me to say exactly what passages of that popular work may be accepted as accurate pictures of real events. I should deem it a privilege could I but vouch for the reality of the top-boots and tin money, those twin glories of the drama in the March household, or state upon good authority that Jo's first visit to the "Spread Eagle" office was Miss Alcott's own experience. It is not my fortune, however, to know just where fact ends and fiction begins, although I think that I could guess and come very near the mark. But, as most of Miss Alcott's readers have probably the same feeling, it is perhaps better that all should be left free to believe just what they prefer, and cherish undisturbed a harmless pride in their own discernment.

The amusing feminine Pickwick Club, at least, we are at liberty to believe in, since Miss Alcott herself, after giving at length the Pickwick Portfolio, says that it is "a *bona-fide* copy of one written by *bona-fide* girls once upon a time." The benevolent Pickwick, the accomplished Winkle, the plump Tupman, and the poetical Snodgrass were doubtless enacted with great spirit by the four merry sisters, and their paper, as given by its former editor, is certainly attractive reading.

The blast of war sounded in the ears of this young writer, the child of an enthusiast. She was one of the women in New England who volunteered for service in

the military hospitals during the late war. She was promptly at her work, and in circumstances that would soon have discouraged her if the impulse which brought her thither had been but a romantic fancy. She had charge at first, all inexperienced as she was, of a ward containing forty beds, where she spent her days, as she remarks, in "washing faces, serving rations, giving medicine, and sitting in a very hard chair, with pneumonia on one side, diphtheria on the other, two typhoids opposite, and a dozen dilapidated patriots hopping, lying, and lounging about, all staring more or less at the new 'Nuss'."

What a change from the tranquil life of a New England home! She almost desired the arrival of wounded men, since unhappily there were such, for there was nothing heroic in rheumatism or liver complaint.

The wounded men came all too soon.

In the gray of early morning, but three days after her arrival, she was roused by a hurried knock at her door, and an excited black contraband of six years thrust in his woolly head and told her that forty ambulances, filled with the wounded from Fredericksburg, were at the door, and the matron required her help at once.

She hastened down, and was greeted as she descended by dreadful odors, which she was told would thenceforth pervade the place, since there was no way to get rid of them. On reaching the large hall, she found numbers of soldiers lying about on the floor or seated with their backs against the wall, while more were continually arriving, some staggering in supported upon rude crutches, others borne upon stretchers or carried in men's arms. Nurses, surgeons, and attendants were hurrying to and fro, and the scene was one of horror and confusion. She remained a moment, dazed with wonder and compassion, looking on, and then repaired to her ward to receive orders from

the matron. They were brief and to the point; all her patients were to be washed and put to bed as quickly as possible.

These directions, although simple, did not appear to the new nurse very easy to follow, but sensibly resolving to put away her scruples, and do as much good as she could, she took her basin and towels and approached the nearest sufferer. He was an old Irishman, wounded in the head, and was at once so brave, so grateful, and so funny, that her task did not seem difficult. Most of the men were at first far too exhausted and sleepy to talk, and merely dozed wherever they chanced to drop down until the smell of food aroused them. But after receiving their rations many became quite communicative, and the new nurse, eager for news, received numerous graphic accounts of the battle, some fierce and brief, some spiced with genuine Yankee humor, as she passed from one bed to another, bathing, bandaging, and feeding her way down the long aisle.

The courage with which the wounded men endured their sufferings, Miss Alcott describes as something marvelous. Rarely did a cry or a groan escape their lips, although during the painful examination and dressing of neglected wounds that day, there was no ether used, the doctors considering it unnecessary because the amputations were deferred until the morrow. One or two irrepressible Irishmen swore at the surgeons or called upon the Virgin, "but as a general thing the work went on in silence, broken only by some quiet request for instruments or plaster, a sigh from the patient, or a sympathizing murmur from the nurse."

The hospital in which Miss Alcott served, and which she has exhibited to the public under the expressive title of "Hurlyburly House," had been a hotel before the war, and was by no means well-suited for the purpose to which



it was afterwards put. The arrangement of the wards was inconvenient, and there were no proper quarters for the nurses and attendants. Her own room, which she shared with another lady, the day-nurse of the ward, was a small, uncarpeted apartment in the fourth story, with a window every pane of which was cracked, a fireplace possessing neither tongs nor shovel, and a miserable closet infested by rats and black bugs. Its furniture consisted of two iron bedsteads provided with unpleasantly meager mattresses, two trunks, two tables, two chairs, a tiny mirror, a tin basin, a blue pitcher, and a pair of yellow mugs. The walls were whitewashed, and the windows were draped with sheets.

Her fare was in accordance with these surroundings. It rarely varied, and it was not good. Moreover, she did not have enough of it, since if she did not appear promptly at table she found nothing left there for her to eat, and it was impossible for her to be punctual with so many sick men demanding her attention. The attendants, too, were convalescents, and were not physically able to cope with the tasks assigned them, so that to spare them she did the work of at least three persons. Under such circumstances it is scarcely to be wondered at that her health broke down and her hospital experiences terminated in a dangerous attack of typhoid fever.

Her struggle with the disease was protracted and severe, and although, thanks to an originally fine constitution, she at last recovered, she lost her beautiful hair, and has never since been the strong and healthy woman she was before she enlisted as a nurse.

The "Hospital Sketches," in which she describes the scenes among which she labored, first appeared separately in a Boston paper, and were afterwards gathered together into a volume. They were her first great literary success. Issued at a time when the public was hungry for every

scrap of news from camp or hospital, these articles, hasty, faulty, often extravagant in fancy and diction, but yet written in the spirit of patriotism and with an honest desire to tell the truth, were read with passionate interest.

Five years later, she gained her second popular triumph: she published "Little Women." This story — for novel it was not — was at once received into wide favor, and is still pre-eminently the book of the American girl. Its charm lies in the reality of its incidents, the bright every-day character of its four heroines and their friends, and the breezy spirit with which the simple narrative is given. An ill-natured critic might descant upon the occasional hasty workmanship, but the best answer to all carping is the unflagging interest with which our young ladies still discuss the question, whether or not Jo should have married Laurie. Most of them, it may be added, think she should; indeed, the amiable Bhaer has scarcely met with the favor he deserves.

Miss Alcott is a busy and voluminous writer. Her "Eight Cousins," "Rose in Bloom," "Under the Lilacs," "Old-fashioned Girl," "Jack and Jill," together with "Aunt Jo's Scrap-Bag Series," and several volumes of short stories, are now established favorites, and a new story appearing above her signature in one of the magazines creates a pleasant stir among the younger members of many households, and in some of the older ones, too. Several hundred thousand copies of her works have been sold in America, and nearly as many more in England and other European countries. A translation of "Little Women" was published not long ago in a children's magazine in Paris, under the title of *Les Quatre Filles du Docteur Marsch* (The Four Daughters of Dr. March). It included, however, only the first volume, with an added chapter in which the interesting sisters are suitably pro-

vided with husbands according to the pleasure of the translator, who owns to never having seen the second volume. The eminently respectable Bhaer, therefore, does not appear, and Jo and Laurie are comfortably established upon a farm in wedded happiness.

The home of Miss Alcott in Concord, Massachusetts, is an object of interest to visitors. It is described in one of the letters of Lydia Maria Child, written in 1876 :

“The house of the Alcotts took my fancy greatly. When they bought the place the house was so very old, that it was thrown into the bargain with the supposition that it was fit for nothing but fire-wood. But Mr. Alcott has an architectural taste more intelligible than his Orphic sayings. He let every old rafter and beam stay in its place, changed old ovens and ash-holes into Saxon arched alcoves, and added a wash-woman’s old shanty to the rear. The result is a house full of queer nooks and corners and all manner of juttings in and out. It seems as if the spirit of some old architect had brought it from the Middle Ages and dropped it down in Concord, preserving much better resemblance to the place whence it was brought than does the Virgin Mary’s house, which the angel carried from Bethlehem to Loretto. The capable Alcott daughters painted and papered the interior themselves. And gradually the artist daughter filled up all the nooks and corners with panels on which she had painted birds or flowers, and over the open fire-places she painted mottoes in ancient English characters. Owls blink at you and faces peep from the most unexpected places. The whole leaves a general impression of harmony of a mediaeval sort, though different parts of the house seem to have stopped in a dance that became confused because some of the party did not keep time. The walls are covered with choice engravings and paintings by the artist daughter. She really is an artist.”

## VII.

### GEORGE ELIOT.

**T**HE illustrious author of *Adam Bede* and *Middlemarch* was born November 22, 1819, at South Farm, in the parish of Colton, Warwickshire.

To this county, the birthplace of the greatest man who ever wrote, and of the greatest woman who ever wrote, we might well apply the words of Charlotte Brontë when she speaks of her heroine as having been reared in "the healthy heart of England." Warwickshire is a small county in the center of the island, hemmed in by such English shires as Oxford, Leicester, and Stafford; but whatever in England is most English, whether men, nature, towns, homes, traditions, relics, usages; whether we seek the England of romance, the England of history, or the England of industry, we find it in Warwickshire. Birmingham is there, but Kenilworth also. There are Warwick Castle, and Alcester, the seat of the needle manufacture. Dr. Arnold's Rugby is there. It is a land of ancient forest and broad meadows, where the beeves of Justice Shallow fattened. Rosalind wandered in its forest of Arden, and melancholy Jaques soliloquized, and one of his merry companions sang:

" Under the greenwood tree  
Who loves to lie with me,  
And tune his merry note  
Unto the sweet bird's throat,  
**Come hither, come hither, come hither;**  
Here shall he see  
No enemy  
But winter and rough weather."

Above all other distinctions, this is the county of the softly-flowing Avon, and of that Stratford which is upon it, and of Shakespeare who was born there.

Near one of the towns of this county, a railroad junction now, called Nuneaton, an obscure country place then, containing an ancient Gothic church, an ancient grammar-school, and the ruins of an abbey connecting it with the life and sentiment of the Middle Ages, was born the writer nearest akin to Shakespeare in the qualities of her mind, Mary Anne Evans, who gave herself the name of George Eliot. I prefer the name by which she was known in her father's house; and the more, as she assumed the masculine appellative merely to serve a transient convenience. She was a plain English country lass, a carpenter's daughter, whose father called her his "Little Wench," and one of whose hands remained larger than the other to her dying day from making and shaping with it so many pounds and pats of butter. She was the youngest of the children of Robert Evans, who was twice married, and who had by the first marriage two children, and by the second three.

This stalwart and right worthy Robert Evans began his active life, like Adam Bede, as a carpenter, rising in due time to master carpenter, becoming afterwards forester, land-surveyor, land-agent, steward of estates, holding positions similar to those which his gifted daughter afterwards assigned to Caleb Garth, one of the noblest of her creations. Although Caleb Garth was by no means intended for an exact delineation of her father, we know that his most prominent characteristics, notably his veneration for "business," and his instinct to perform all tasks thoroughly, were marked traits of Robert Evans. It would be difficult, after reading *Middlemarch*, for us to think otherwise of him than that, like Caleb,



“He thought very well of all ranks, but would not himself have liked to be of any rank in which he had not such close contact with ‘business’ as to get often honorably decorated with marks of dust and mortar, the damp of the engine, or the sweet soil of the woods and fields. Though he had never regarded himself as other than an orthodox Christian, and would argue on convenient grace if the subject were proposed to him, I think his virtual divinities were good practical schemes, accurate work, and the faithful completion of undertakings; his prince of darkness was a slack workman.”

The mother of the authoress was chiefly noted for her qualities as a vigorous and punctual housekeeper. Miss Mathilde Blind describes her as much resembling Mrs. Hackit in *Amos Barton*, “a thin woman with a chronic liver complaint, of indefatigable industry and epigrammatic speech; who, ‘in the utmost enjoyment of spoiling a friend’s self-satisfaction, was never known to spoil a stocking.’ A notable housewife, whose clock-work regularity in all domestic affairs was such that all her farm work was done by nine o’clock in the morning, when she would sit down to her loom.”

Of the special incidents of the childhood of Mary Anne Evans we know little; but many of the experiences of Tom and Maggie Tulliver are drawn from her own early life, and the sonnets entitled *Brother and Sister* are still more plainly autobiographical. Her early wanderings with her brother through the lovely country scenes about Nuneaton were always cherished as among the dearest memories of her life; indeed, she tells us they

“Were seed to all my after good.

My infant gladness through eye, ear, and touch,  
Took easily as warmth a various food  
To nourish the sweet skill of loving much.”

Many of the scenes with which she then became familiar were reproduced with the most perfect fidelity in her

novels. The Red Deeps which figure so prominently in the Mill on the Floss were a favorite resort of hers close to her own home. Cheveril Manor, so beautifully depicted in Mr. Gilfil's Love Story, was Arbury Hall, the seat of the Newdegate family, her father's early employers. Knebley, described in the same story, was Astley Church. The Shepperton of Amos Barton was Chilvers Coton, and Milby, in Janet's Repentance, was Nuneaton itself.

When Miss Evans was fifteen her mother died, and the family removed to Foleshill, near Coventry, where she remained until the death of her father in 1849. Her education had been commenced at Nuneaton under the charge of Mrs. Wallingford, an excellent teacher, to whom she probably owed much of her beauty of intonation in reading poetry. It was continued at Coventry, where she received instruction from Miss Franklin, a lady of whom she always spoke with deep gratitude and respect, and from Mr. Sheepshanks, the head-master of the grammar-school, who taught her Greek and Latin. She also received lessons in French, German, and Italian, and acquired through her own unaided efforts a considerable knowledge of Hebrew, and studied music, of which she was passionately fond, with the organist of a neighboring church. Later in life she played well upon the piano.

It is a satisfaction to be assured by her biographer that her education was not merely an affair of the brain. Her hands acquired skill, and she learned in early life the priceless art of laboring with patient cheerfulness at homely tasks. Miss Blind tells us, that,

“For some years after her mother's death, Miss Evans and her father remained alone together at Griff House. He offered to get a housekeeper, as not the house only, but farm matters, had to be looked after, and he was

always tenderly considerate of 'the little wench,' as he called her. But his daughter preferred taking the whole management of the place into her own hands, and she was as conscientious and diligent in the discharge of her domestic duties as in the prosecution of the studies she carried on at the same time. One of her chief beauties was in her large, finely shaped, feminine hands—hands which she has, indeed, described as characteristic of several of her heroines; but she once pointed out to a friend at Foleshill that one of them was broader across than the other, saying, with some pride, that it was due to the quantity of butter and cheese she had made during her housekeeping days at Griff."

Her appearance at this time is thus described :

"She had a quantity of soft pale-brown hair, worn in ringlets. Her head was massive, her features powerful and rugged, her mouth large, but shapely, the jaw singularly square for a woman, yet having a certain delicacy of outline. A neutral tone of coloring did not help to relieve this general heaviness of structure, the complexion being pale, but not fair. Nevertheless, the play of expression and the wonderful mobility of the mouth, which increased with age, gave a womanly softness to the countenance in curious contrast with its framework. Her eyes, of a gray blue, constantly varying in color, striking some as intensely blue, others as of a pale, washed-out gray, were small and not beautiful in themselves, but, when she grew animated in conversation, those eyes lit up the whole face, seeming in a manner to transfigure it. So much was this the case that a young lady, who had once enjoyed an hour's conversation with her, came away under its spell with the impression that she was beautiful, but afterward, on seeing George Eliot again when she was not talking, she could hardly believe her to be the same person. The charm of her nature dis-

closed itself in her manner and in her voice, the latter recalling that of Dorothea, in being like the voice of a soul that has once lived in an Æolian harp. It was low and deep, vibrating with sympathy."

At this period of her life, she was known among the residents of the vicinity as a quiet and retiring young lady of unusual learning, who was also an excellent housekeeper for her father. Her ability in conversation was also recognized, for, although she did not talk much, she never failed to say something worth hearing when she spoke, whether discussing profound topics of science or politics, or the simple affairs of her neighbors, in which she took an unaffected interest.

Among the more intimate friends whom she made at Coventry were Mr. and Mrs. Bray, of Rosehill, and at their house she met many distinguished people, all of whom soon learned to listen with attention and respect when she joined in the conversation. Sometimes it was very amusing to observe the astonishment displayed by authors and scientists who met her for the first time, when some incidental remark betrayed her unexpected knowledge of profound subjects. Upon one occasion an eminent doctor, venturing to quote Epictetus in the presence of this pale, gray-eyed, pensive young lady, was dazed at having her turn towards him and promptly, although with the utmost modesty and politeness, correct him in his Greek.

It was at Rosehill, too, that she made the acquaintance of Emerson, of whose essays she had been a frequent and appreciative reader. They had talked together but a short time when Emerson asked abruptly:

"What one book do you like best?"

"Rousseau's Confessions," she replied without hesitation.

"So do I," said he with a start of pleased surprise. "There is a point of sympathy between us."

He had the pleasure of visiting Stratford in her company and that of the Brays, going, as he said, "to see Shakespeare." Later they met again in London, where she played for him upon the piano, being unaware that his ear was what he described as "marble to such music." The impression which she retained of him was in every way agreeable, while he expressed his opinion of her to Mr. Charles Bray in these words:

"That young lady has a calm, serious soul!"

Miss Evans' first literary work was a translation of Strauss's *Life of Jesus*, undertaken at the request of Mr. Charles Hennell, a brother of Mrs. Bray. This work had been first entrusted to the lady to whom he was engaged. She had accomplished about a fourth of it, and now wished to relinquish the task on account of her impending marriage. Miss Evans took it up and completed it, and received for her careful and accurate labor of three years the sum of twenty pounds.

After the death of her father she went abroad with the Brays, and remained for some time at Geneva for purposes of study. On her return to England she removed to London and boarded with Dr. Chapman, the editor of the *Westminster Review*. She assisted him for several years in the editorship of this periodical, although the articles, always anonymous, which she contributed to its pages are not very numerous. The most important among them are entitled: "Woman in France—Madame De Sable;" "Evangelical Teaching;" "The Natural History of German Life," "German Wit" (on Heine), "Worldliness and Other Worldliness" (on Young and Cowper). Her literary work in London brought her into acquaintance with many eminent men, including Herbert Spencer, always her warm friend, and George Henry Lewes, whom she afterwards married.

It was Mr Lewes who induced her to attempt fiction,



and it was he who sent her first story, "The Sad Fortunes of the Rev. Amos Barton," to Mr. Blackwood, editor of Blackwood's Magazine, as the work of an anonymous friend. The editor at once perceived the merit of the tale; but as it was offered as the first of a series, he requested to see the others before coming to a decision. His letter to Mr. Lewes concluded with the words:

"If the author is a new writer, I beg to congratulate him on being worthy of the honors of print and pay. I shall be very glad to hear from him or you soon."

The first half of the story occupied the place of honor in Blackwood's Magazine for January, 1857, and it was concluded in the following number. By that time "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story" was completed. It had not been even begun when the editor desired to see the rest of the series, and the "Scenes of Clerical Life" appeared regularly each month until they concluded in the November number for the same year, with "Janet's Repentance." As they proceeded, Mr. Blackwood became more and more firmly convinced of the genius of his new contributor. He did not know her sex or name, and during the earlier portion of their connection she had not even assumed a *nom-de-plume*.

In one letter, referring to her first story, he addresses her, for lack of any more definite title, as "My dear Amos."

"I forgot," he writes, "whether I told you or Lewes that I had shown part of the MS. to Thackeray. He was staying with me, and having been out at dinner, came in about eleven o'clock, when I had just finished reading it. I said to him, 'Do you know that I think I have lighted upon a new author who is uncommonly like a first-class passenger.' I showed him a page or two—I think the passage where the curate returns home and Milly is first

introduced. He would not pronounce whether it came up to my ideas, but remarked afterwards that he would have liked to read more, which I thought a good sign."

Dickens, less guarded in his praise, had the perception to discover the sex of the new author, which was then much discussed, the prevailing idea being that she was a clergyman. He wrote a letter which he knew would be read to her, in which he gave her the generous welcome which he never failed to bestow upon merit, whether known or not yet known.

Adam Bede was begun as soon as the "Scenes" were finished, and it was hailed by Mr. Blackwood with delight.

"Tell George Eliot," he wrote to Mr. Lewes, "that I think 'Adam Bede' all right — most lifelike and real. I shall read the MS. quietly over again before writing in detail about it. . . . For the first reading it did not signify how many things I had to think of; I would have hurried through it with eager pleasure. I write this note to allay all anxiety on the part of George Eliot as to my appreciation of the merits of this most promising opening of a picture of life. In spite of all injunctions, I began 'Adam Bede' in the railway, and felt very savage when the waning light stopped me as we neared the Scottish border."

The book was published in January, 1859, the greater part of the second volume being sent from Munich, George Eliot being in Germany at that time. Its power was at once recognized, and public curiosity about the author grew more and more intense. She had, in her previous work, described with close accuracy many of the scenes around Nuneaton and Coventry; moreover, she had not contented herself with painting merely the background of her scenes from life, but, in "Amos Barton," had chosen as her theme a story well known in the neighborhood.

Amos, Milly, and the Countess, under their real names, were a familiar tradition of the place, and Milly's grave is still pointed out in the quiet country churchyard. These portraits of places and people were soon recognized, and the only question remaining to be solved was, who among the residents of the regions described was capable of writing such a story?

The popular voice soon fixed upon a gentleman by the name of Liggins, who had once run through a fortune at Cambridge and was accordingly considered a person of marked accomplishments. Mr. Liggins at first denied the authorship imputed to him, but he was not believed, and made no very earnest endeavors to convince his admiring neighbors of their mistake. At last, indeed, he ceased altogether to make denials, and a claim was put forward in the *Times* in his behalf. It ran as follows:

“Sir,—The author of ‘Scenes of Clerical Life’ and ‘Adam Bede,’ is Mr. Joseph Liggins, of Nuneaton, Warwickshire. You may easily satisfy yourself of my correctness by inquiring of any one in that neighborhood. Mr. Liggins himself and the characters whom he paints are as familiar there as the twin spires of Coventry. Yours obediently, H. ANDERS, Rector of Kirkby.”

The next day, appeared George Eliot's reply:

“Sir,—The Rev. H. Anders has with questionable delicacy and unquestionable inaccuracy assured the world through your columns that the author of ‘Scenes of Clerical Life’ and ‘Adam Bede’ is Mr. Joseph Liggins, of Nuneaton. I beg distinctly to deny that statement. I declare on my honor that that gentleman never saw a line of those works until they were printed, nor had he any knowledge of them whatever. Allow me to ask whether the act of publishing a book deprives a man of all claim to the courtesies usual among gentlemen? If not, the attempt to pry into what is obviously meant to be withheld — my

name—and to publish the rumors which such prying may give rise to, seems to me quite indefensible, still mere so to state these rumors as ascertained truths. I am Sir, yours, etc., GEORGE ELIOT.”

This very gentleman-like letter carried conviction to most minds, although there were still a few who continued to place their faith in Liggins. Gradually, however, it came to be known in literary circles, and later to the public, that George Eliot was no other than Mrs. Lewes, formerly Mary Anne Evans.

Most readers are aware that the circumstances attending the marriage of this gifted lady to Mr. Lewes were peculiar. Miss Evans, as I have been told by one of her neighbors, lived for some years within a short distance of the house of Mr. Lewes, and was thus drawn into an intimacy with his family. She became, of necessity, a confidante of its fatal secret. His wife had been false to him: She had left his house, and had lived for some time in dishonorable relations with another. She had returned to him penitent, as he believed; he had forgiven her, and she had resumed her place at the head of his household, and her duties as the mother of his children. During this interval, Miss Evans became warmly attached to the children of the house, who were very young, and often needed the tender care and aid which mothers alone usually know how to render, but which in this instance the mother not unfrequently left to another to bestow. More than once, I have been credibly assured, when their mother was absent from her home in quest of pleasure, her duties were performed by Miss Evans, hastily summoned for the purpose.

Time passed. Late one afternoon, Miss Evans was sent for again, and, on reaching the house, she learned that Mrs. Lewes had once more abandoned her home, her children, her duties, and had rejoined her paramour.

The household, as we may readily conceive, was thrown into confusion. The husband, overwhelmed, was unable to lend his usual helping hand to the indispensable routine, and, in particular, there was no one competent to put little children to bed, and attend to them during the night. Miss Evans, quite as a matter of course, took the place of the absent mother, as she had done before, and remained an inmate of the house until the affairs of the family were again in some orderly train. She continued to watch over them, as any affectionate woman would who saw little children left worse than motherless.

These things had their natural effect upon the feelings of the injured husband. In due time he proposed to her, and she accepted him, both assuming that, in so plain a case, there could be neither difficulty nor delay in completing the requisite divorce. The wife, who was living in open defiance of law, it was well known would offer no opposition to the formal severance of a tie already rudely broken by her. Nevertheless, an obstacle arose. An ancient and originally well-meant provision of English law debars an injured husband from obtaining a divorce if he has once forgiven an erring wife and resumed cohabitation with her.

The discovery of this statute threw the parties concerned into painful embarrassment. They thought at first of marrying abroad, but no foreign marriage is valid in England against English law; nor indeed can a lawful marriage be contracted in the continent of Europe unless the authorities of the country are legally notified that no obstacle exists in the laws of the country to which the couple belong. In these circumstances, Mr. Lewes invited a number of his friends to his house, in whose presence and with whose sanction they contracted matrimony, deeming it within their right, both as human beings and as citizens, to disregard a law so manifestly



unjust. It may have been an error of judgment on their part; but, so far as appears, no inconveniences resulted from their action. Even those who disapproved made charitable allowance for the peculiarities of the case, and others felt that what George Eliot deliberately concluded to be right could not be wrong.

In *Adam Bede*, her first long novel, George Eliot had left Warwickshire, and sought her scene in Derbyshire, the ancient home of her ancestors. In *Adam* himself, as in *Caleb Garth*, she depicts some of her father's traits of character, while *Dinah Morris*, though by no means, as has been claimed, an exact portrait, was undoubtedly suggested by her aunt, *Elizabeth Evans*. This lady was a Methodist, and had been a preacher; she was sweet and gentle in manner, and possessed the clear grey eyes and pleasant voice attributed by the great novelist to *Dinah*. She used to hold long conversations with her niece, and on one occasion related how she had converted a young woman who was in prison for the crime of child-murder. The woman was hardened, ordinary, and uninteresting, she said, and she entered into no details regarding the matter. From this simple incident arose *Hetty* and *Dinah*, and that marvelous scene in the prison. Other portions of the book have also their foundation in life—the death of *Adam's* father, for example—but in all a mere hint has sufficed, and she has not sought to retain the actual details. Many people, however, insisted that she was much more indebted to her aunt than this; and, of one of their most frequent assertions, she writes to her friend, *Miss Hennell*:

“How curious it seems to me that people should think *Dinah's* sermon, prayers, and speeches were copied, when they were written, with hot tears, as they surged up in my own mind!”

Her next book, issued in April, 1860, was “*The Mill*

on the Floss." It sustained the reputation which Adam Bede had won for her, but did not enhance it. The title first given to the work was "Sister Maggie," but this was afterwards discarded as not being sufficiently distinctive, and the title which it now bears was suggested by the editor of Blackwood.

In the description of Maggie Tulliver, and, more especially, in the awakening and development of her religious nature, George Eliot spoke from the heart. Many of Maggie's struggles, failures, and triumphs were her own. It is well known that, in her early youth, she was deeply religious, perhaps even morbidly so. She spent much of her time in prayer and tears; and she did not escape into a healthy clearness of view until she came under the influence of her friends, the Brays. The "Imitation of Christ" of Thomas à Kempis, which plays so important a part in the novel, was one of her own favorite books; and she has given us few more touching pictures than that of poor, untaught, passionate Maggie Tulliver poring over the little worn volume with the faded pen marks running along its leaves, where some one else before her had sought and found comfort; she now reading "where the quiet hand pointed."

"Silas Marner," which many consider the most perfect of all her works, and the noblest of all fictions, came after "The Mill on the Floss." *Romola*, that wonderful living picture of ancient Florence, followed; then, after three years, "Felix Holt;" then, after a longer pause of five years, "Middlemarch;" then *Daniel Deronda*, her last novel, and finally the little volume of sketches, entitled, "Theophrastus Such." The Spanish Gypsy and other poems, beside one or two short stories, formed an interlude between the periods of her more extended labors.

Among the few letters of George Eliot which have been printed since her death, there are two or three

addressed to a German critic, Professor Kaufmann, who had written a generous review of *Daniel Deronda*, and sent the authoress a copy of it. Her acknowledgment of the courtesy led to a correspondence, which was continued to near the close of her life. The letters were furnished by Professor Kaufmann to an English periodical :

## I.

“THE PRIORY, 21 NORTH BANK, May 31, '77.

“MY DEAR SIR.—Hardly, since I became an author, have I had a deeper satisfaction, I may say a more heartfelt joy, than you have given me in your estimate of ‘*Daniel Deronda*.’

“I must tell you that it is my rule, very strictly observed, not to read the criticisms on my writings. For years I have found this abstinence necessary to preserve me from that discouragement as an artist which ill-judged praise, no less than ill-judged blame, tends to produce in me. For far worse than any verdict as to the proportion of good and evil in our work, is the painful impression that we write for a public which has no discernment of good and evil.

“My husband reads any notices of me that comes before him, and reports to me (or else refrains from reporting) the general character of the notice or something in particular which strikes him as showing either an exceptional insight or an obtuseness that is gross enough to be amusing. Very rarely, when he has read a critique of me, he has handed it to me, saying, “*You must read this.*” And your estimate of ‘*Daniel Deronda*’ made one of these rare instances.

“Certainly, if I had been asked to choose *what* should be written about my book and *who* should write it, I should have sketched—well, not anything as good as you have written, but an article which must be written by a

Jew who showed not merely sympathy with the best aspirations of his race, but a remarkable insight into the nature of art and the processes of the artistic mind. Believe me, I should not have cared to devour even ardent praise if it had not come from one who showed the discriminating sensibility, the perfect response to the artist's intention, which must make the fullest, rarest joy to one who works from inward conviction and not in compliance with current fashions. Such a response holds for an author not only what is best in "the life that now is," but the promise of "that which is to come." I mean that the usual approximative, narrow perception of what one has been intending and professedly feeling in one's work, impresses one with the sense that it must be poor, perishable stuff, without roots to take any lasting hold in the minds of men; while any instance of complete comprehension encourages me to hope that the creative prompting has foreshadowed, and will continue to satisfy, a need in other minds.

"Excuse me that I write but imperfectly, and perhaps dimly, what I have felt in reading your article. It has affected me deeply, and though the prejudice and ignorant obtuseness which has met my effort to contribute something to the ennobling of Judaism in the conception of the Christian community, and in the consciousness of the Jewish community has never for a moment made me repent my choice, but rather has been added proof to me that the effort was needed—yet I confess that I had an unsatisfied hunger for certain signs of sympathetic discernment, which you only have given. I may mention as one instance your clear perception of the relation between the presentation of the Jewish element and those of English social life.

"I work under the pressure of small hurries; for we are just moving into the country for the summer, and all

things are in a vagrant condition around me. But I wished not to defer answering your letter to an uncertain opportunity. . . .

“My husband has said more than once that he feels grateful to you. For he is more sensitive on my behalf than on his own.

“Always yours faithfully,

“M. E. LEWES.”

II.

“October 12, '77.

“MY DEAR SIR,—I trust it will not be otherwise than gratifying to you to know that your stirring article on ‘Daniel Deronda’ is now translated into English by a son of Professor Ferrier, who was a philosophical writer of considerable mark. It will be issued in a handsomer form than that of the pamphlet, and will appear within this autumnal publishing season, Messrs. Blackwood having already advertised it. Whenever a copy is ready we shall have the pleasure of sending it to you. There is often something to be borne with in reading one’s own writing in a translation, but I hope that in this case you will not be made to wince severely.

“In waiting to send you this news I seem to have deferred too long the expression of my warm thanks for your kindness in sending me the Hebrew translations of Lessing and the collection of Hebrew poems, a kindness which I felt myself rather presumptuous in asking for, since your time must be filled with more important demands. Yet I must further beg you, when you have an opportunity, to assure Herr Bacher that I was most gratefully touched by the sympathetic verses with which he enriched the gift of his work.

“I see by your last letter to my husband that your Theological Seminary was to open on the 4th of this



month, so that this too retrospective letter of mine will reach you in the midst of your new duties. I trust that this new Institution will be a great good to professor and students, and that your position is of a kind that you contemplate as permanent. To teach the young personally has always seemed to me the most satisfactory supplement to teaching the world through books, and I have often wished that I had such a means of having fresh, living, spiritual children within sight.

“One can hardly turn one’s thought toward Eastern Europe just now without a mingling of pain and dread; but we mass together distant scenes and events in an unreal way, and one would like to believe that the present troubles will not at any time press on you in Hungary with more external misfortune than on us in England.

“Mr. Lewes is happily occupied in his psychological studies. We both look forward to the reception of the work you kindly promised us, and he begs me to offer you his best regards.

“Believe me, my dear sir,

“Yours with much esteem,

“M. E. LEWES.”

Apart from her works George Eliot was little known to the public. She was always in delicate health, and led a retired life, visiting but little, and caring nothing for general society, although delighting to receive and entertain her chosen friends.

An American lady, who enjoyed the privilege of attending one of her receptions, describes her as the most charming of hostesses, her conversation simple yet often profound, and often “when you least looked for it taking an odd, quaint turn that produced the effect of wit.” Not only did she talk herself, but she possessed the gift of making others talk, and of drawing from each the best that was in him. Her voice was beautiful, and

reminded the hearer, as before remarked, of Caleb Garth's description of Dorothea Brooke:

“She speaks in such plain words, and a voice like music. Bless me, it reminds me of bits in the ‘Messiah!’—‘and straightway there appeared a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying;’ it has a tone with it which satisfies your ear.”

George Eliot's features, as is well known, remained to the last imposing rather than pleasing, bearing a striking resemblance to those of Savonarola. But she retained her abundant hair, and her clear, expressive grey eyes, and her face continued to lighten up so beautifully when she smiled or became interested, that no one who knew her well could think of her as plain. Her head, although very massive, did seem out of proportion to her small and fragile figure. She wore, as her American visitor reports, a high-bodied black velvet dress, with rich lace in the neck and sleeves. At her throat was a fine cameo set in pearls. Her hair was brought low upon her forehead and around her ears, and coiled at the back; and a square of lace, matching that in her dress, was pinned lightly upon the top of her head.

Her reception room was both home-like and elegant. Over the piano hung a fine engraving of Guido's Aurora, water-color paintings of bright flowers adorned the corners of the wall, and small tables standing upon soft Persian rugs supported vases filled with flowers, easel pictures, and small casts of antique statues. Books were everywhere.

This is surely a pleasant picture of her winter home. Her summers were passed sometimes in visiting the continent, and later at Witley, among the lovely hills of Surrey.

Her married life was one of great happiness. Miss Blind tells us that “it seemed to those who saw them

after their union that they could never be apart. Each seemed to gain strength by contact with the other. Mr. Lewes' mercurial disposition now assumed a stability greatly enhancing his brilliant talents, and for the first time facilitating that concentration of intellect so necessary for the production of really lasting philosophic work. On the other hand, George Eliot's still dormant faculties were roused and stimulated to the utmost by the man to whom this union with her formed the most memorable year of his life. By his enthusiastic belief in her he gave her the only thing she wanted—a thorough belief in herself. Indeed, he was more than a husband; he was, as an intimate friend once pithily remarked, a very mother to her. Tenderly watching over her delicate health, cheering the grave tenor of her thoughts by his inexhaustible buoyancy, jealously shielding her from every adverse breath of criticism, Mr. Lewes in a manner created the spiritual atmosphere in which George Eliot could best put forth all the flowers and fruits of her genius."

He died in 1878. Among the many letters of sympathy which she received after her loss, was one from Professor Kaufmann, her reply to which has been published since her death.

"My dear Sir," she writes, "your kind letter has touched me very deeply. I confess that my mind had more than once gone out to you as one from whom I should like to have some sign of sympathy with my loss. But you were rightly inspired in waiting until now, for during many weeks I was unable even to listen to the letters which my generous friends were continually sending me. Now, at last, I am eagerly interested in every communication that springs out of an acquaintance with my husband and his works.

"I thank you for telling me about the Hungarian translation of his 'History of Philosophy,' but what would

I not have given if the volumes could have come a few days before his death; for his mind was perfectly clear, and he would have felt some joy in that sign of his work being effective. I do not know whether you enter into the comfort I feel that he never knew he was dying, and fell gently asleep after ten days of illness, in which the suffering was comparatively mild.

“One of the last things he did at his desk was to despatch a manuscript of mine to the publishers. The book (not a story and not bulky) is to appear near the end of May, and as it contains some words I wanted to say about the Jews, I will order a copy to be sent to you.

“I hope that your labors have gone on uninterruptedly for the benefit of others, in spite of public troubles. The aspect of affairs with us is grievous — industry languishing and the best part of our nation indignant at our having been betrayed into an unjustifiable war (in South Africa).

“I have been occupied in editing my husband’s MSS., so far as they are left in sufficient completeness to be prepared for publication without the obtrusion of another mind instead of his. A brief volume on ‘The Study of Psychology’ will appear immediately, and a further volume of psychological studies will follow in the autumn. But his work was cut short while he still thought of it as the happy occupation of far-reaching months. Once more let me thank you for remembering me in my sorrow, and believe me,

“Yours with high regard,

“M. E. LEWES.”

In 1880, George Eliot again married, becoming the wife of Mr. John Walter Cross, long the friend of herself and her husband. Her second union gave every promise of happiness, and a wedding tour in Italy appeared to restore her health, which had been drooping since the

death of Mr. Lewes. But the winter which followed her return to England was unusually rigorous, and she was unable to bear its severity. She died only two weeks after removing to her new home at Cheyne Walk, Chelsea.

She lies buried in Highgate Cemetery, beside the grave of George Henry Lewes. Her funeral took place on a day of mist and rain; yet, in addition to the numerous friends, distinguished, most of them, in science, art, or philanthropy, who came to do her honor, there was gathered a crowd, quiet, orderly, and sorrowful, of people, friends also, who had never known her face or voice. All stood silent while the Unitarian service was concluded by her grave; then they slowly dispersed, each pausing a moment to look down upon the coffin covered with flowers.

If George Eliot's work in literature is of the highest, so, too, is her place as a friend and helper among men. No one reading her works can think of her as an artist merely, high and honorable although that title is. She is much more; she is that which she longed to be when she wrote the aspiration that closes her volume of poems:

“O may I join the choir invisible  
Of those immortal dead who live again  
In minds made better by their presence; live  
In pulses stirred to generosity,  
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn  
For miserable aims that end with self,  
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,  
And with their mild persistence urge man's search  
To vaster issues.”





PRINCESS LOUISE.



## VIII.

### THE PRINCESS LOUISE.

**T**HIS lady, who has been for some years past our neighbor and our occasional visitor, always welcome, is the sixth child of the Queen of England. If any suppose that people who inhabit royal palaces are exempt either from the sorrows or from the apprehensions of the human lot, they have but to turn to the letters of Prince Albert in which the Prince mentions the birth of this daughter, to discover their mistake. It was in 1848, the year of revolution in Europe, when Louis Philippe of France fled across the sea, and every throne on the continent seemed tottering to its fall. There was panic in every royal abode. At Buckingham Palace, where the Queen of England was then expecting the birth of her child, if there was less alarm, there was not less grief for the troubles and perils of near and dear relations. In the midst of the political convulsion, Prince Albert received the news of the death of his grandmother, and he wrote of this sad event quite in the human style, as though he were no Prince at all.

“Alas!” said he, “the news you sent were heavy news indeed. The dear, good grandmamma! She was an angel upon earth, and to us ever so good and loving. What dismal times are these! I cannot give full way to my own grief, harrassed as we both are with the terrible present. Augustus, Clémentine Nemours, and the Duchess of Montpensier have come to us, one by one, like people shipwrecked; Victorie, Alexander, the King, the Queen, are still tossing upon the waves, or have drifted

to other shores ; we know nothing of them. France is in flames ; Belgium is menaced. We have a ministerial, money, and tax crisis ; and Victoria is on the point of being confined. My heart is heavy.”

These words were written February 29, 1848. One after another, the French princes and ministers came straggling in from frantic France to steady-going England, finding refuge in her royal palaces. In a few days the Prince wrote joyfully to his staunch and able friend, Baron Stockmar :

“I have good news for you to-day. Victoria was safely delivered this morning, and, though it be a daughter, still my joy and gratitude are very great, as I was often full of misgiving because of the many moral shocks which have crowded upon Victoria of late. V. and the baby are perfectly well.”

Thus, the Princess was born in the midst of the storm that swept over the world in March, 1848. The tempest was of such a nature that no precautions could prevent the thunder of it penetrating the apartments of the Queen. She was able, nevertheless, to preserve her tranquility through it all.

“From the first,” she wrote to King Leopold, as soon as she held a pen, “I heard all that passed ; and my only thoughts and talk were politics. But I never was calmer, and quieter, or less nervous. Great events make me calm ; it is only trifles that irritate my nerves.”

A few weeks later, while public affairs were still stringent and alarming, the child was baptized in the chapel of Buckingham Palace, when she received the names of Louise Caroline Alberta. For this interesting occasion Prince Albert adapted the music of a chorale which he had composed some years before. It was performed at the christening, and has since become a popular tune in England under the name of Gotha. It

was about this time that Prince Albert made his first public address in England, which was well received by the people, and caused him to write with exultation that "monarchy never stood higher in England than it does at the present moment."

The life of a Princess, viewed from the exterior, is but a series of pageants, of which in this country it is impossible to tell the significance, and therefore they need not occupy us. The Princess Louise shares to the full that temperament of the artist, that taste for everything beautiful and high, which characterizes several of Prince Albert's children. Her talents were cultivated under the best influences and appliances. At the age of twenty-three years she departed from the usage of royal families in marrying the Marquis of Lorne, the eldest son and heir of the Duke of Argyle, the author of the "Reign of Law," and of other works that hover along the verge of heterodoxy. In 1878, the late Lord Beaconsfield, who knew so well how to pay court to the royal family, named Lord Lorne Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada, to succeed Lord Dufferin, the most gifted person who ever held the office. It was a severe test to a young man of twenty-three, though invested with the prestige of a royal alliance. It will probably be found when the account comes to be made up, that the young Governor, by his extensive tours in the remote parts of the Dominion, has done as much to make Canada known, and to attract emigration, as the brilliant and humorous speeches of his more experienced predecessor.

Certainly, our friends, the people of Canada, have been very happy of late in seeing the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise the occupants of their Governor-General's mansion. The British empire in general gets a great deal of comfort and exhilaration from its royal family, and no portion of the empire more warmly



cherishes the sentiment of loyalty than the distant colonies.

We can observe this by just stepping across the border line between Canada and the United States. Recently, I spent a day or two at Calais, in Maine, which is separated from St. Stephens, in New Brunswick, by the river St. Croix, a stream so narrow that it is crossed by a covered wooden bridge. The two towns are not more than a hundred yards apart. People cross and recross as freely as they go from one street to another of their own town. Calais ladies who want a pair of kid gloves step over to New Brunswick and buy them; and St. Stephens ladies in quest of a patent nutmeg-grater cross to the United States and supply their want. Between the inhabitants of the two places there is the most perfect friendliness of feeling. They intermarry; they become partners in business; they go to one another's parties, lectures, concerts, churches; in short, they mingle in every way, and co-operate in everything—except one!

The exception is politics. Over Calais wave the stars and stripes; over St. Stephens “the meteor flag of England.” At Calais—town meetings, republican rallies, democratic caucuses, the Maine Law, Fourth of July, and Hurrah for Blaine. At St. Stephens—our gracious queen, gossip of changes in the dominion ministry, and portraits of the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise. It is like two people sitting side by side with their hands almost touching; but, near as those hands are, each draws its life blood from another heart, and its nervous force from another brain.

Some of the polite inhabitants of St. Stephens have a “Peerage” upon their tables; while two-thirds of the people of Calais scarcely have an idea what a Peerage is. A little information, therefore, concerning the new Governor-General may not be unacceptable on our side of

the river. Lord Dufferin, in speaking of his successor, said that the Marquis of Lorne "came of good Whig stock," or, in other words, of a family whose historical importance was founded upon "the sacrifices they had made in the cause of constitutional liberty."

"When a couple of a man's ancestors," added Lord Dufferin, "have perished on the scaffold as martyrs to the cause of political and religious freedom, you may be sure there is little likelihood of this descendant seeking to encroach upon the privileges of Parliament, or the independence of the people."

Lord Dufferin referred in this passage, first, to the Earl of Argyll, executed in 1660, for the firmness with which he maintained the independence of the Scottish Presbyterian Church. It was he who said, as he laid his head upon the block :

"I could die like a Roman, but choose rather to die as a Christian."

The son of this nobleman, another Earl of Argyll, lost his head a few years after, in the reign of James II. Being called upon to take what was called the test oath of 1661, he refused on two grounds: first, that the oath was inconsistent with itself; and, secondly, that it was inconsistent with the Protestant religion. Upon this he was convicted of high treason, sentenced to death, his estates confiscated, and his arms torn down. He escaped into Holland; whence returning, after the death of Charles the Second, he joined the Duke of Monmouth in his rebellion, and soon shared the misfortunes of that incompetent leader. Argyll being taken prisoner, was executed upon his former sentence, and met his death with fortitude.

The family from which the Marquis of Lorne descends is one of the most ancient in Europe; it may even be the *most* ancient; for there is some reason to think that

while the Romans possessed Britain one of his ancestors was already chief of a Scottish clan, afterwards known as the Clan Campbell. From about the year 1250 the history of the family is recorded and traceable; the present Duke of Argyll, father of the Marquis of Lorne, being the twenty-first lineal inheritor of the family honors. Two centuries before the discovery of America the head of the Campbells fought for Robert Bruce; and one of his sons appears to have founded a line from which sprang Duncan, King of Scotland, who was murdered by Macbeth. About the year 1300 the chief of the Campbells married Marguerite, daughter of the King of Scotland. Two centuries later, Colin V, the first of the Campbells who was called Count of Argyll, married Isabelle Stuart, another princess of the blood royal. The present Marquis of Lorne, therefore, is the third of his family who has married a princess of royal lineage.

During many ages the chief of a Scottish clan was little more than the head of a numerous band of robbers, who lived in rude, precarious abundance, in habitations which had no other desirable quality but that of strength to repel attacks. His landed possessions were extensive, but little productive, until better modes of culture and the working of mines and quarries enabled the lands to support a more numerous population. The present Duke of Argyll is one of the few great landowners of his country. He has, it is said, an estate so extensive that he can ride thirty miles in a straight line without going off his own land. This seems highly absurd; and it is reasonable to think that, in the course of another century or so, social science will have devised some agreeable and just mode of relieving the family of a part of this burden.

During the last two or three generations the Dukes of Argyll, though descended from this long line of mail-clad

chiefs, men of the spear and the battle-axe, have been noted for literary tastes, a love of science, and a devotion to the general intellectual interests of their country. A Duke of Argyll of the last century collected one of the best private libraries in Europe. The present Duke, as just remarked, has written a work of much celebrity called, "The Reign of Law." He has written also an essay upon the ecclesiastical history of Scotland from the time of John Knox. His eldest son, the Marquis of Lorne, is the author of a small book of travels, called "A Trip to the Tropics and Home through America." He also gave the world, a year or two since, a book of poems, which I should judge, from the extracts published in the English papers, to be of a mild and harmless quality, not exactly what we should expect from a descendant of the Scottish Chiefs.

The reader, perhaps, may like to know the name of the Governor-General. He is well supplied with the article of name. It is John George Edward Henry Douglas Sutherland Campbell, Marquis of Lorne. He is now thirty-eight years of age. He has served in the House of Commons, and as private secretary to his father, when his father was in the ministry. In 1871 he married the Princess Louise, a princess of whom such good things are spoken that, doubtless, she would have been beloved if she had not been a princess. Lord Dufferin, who began his public life as Lord-in-waiting to Queen Victoria, an office which brought him into familiar intercourse with the Queen and her children, pronounced a noble eulogium upon her, on taking leave of the people of Canada. He spoke of her "artistic genius," of her devotion to good objects, of her ready sympathy with the poor and lowly. He described her as being not only a princess of what he called "majestic lineage," but a good and noble woman, in whom the humblest settler in Canada would find an intelligent and sympathetic friend.

“She will soon be among you,” said he, “taking all hearts by storm by the grace, the suavity, the sweet simplicity of her manners, life, and conversation. Gentlemen, if ever there was a lady who in her earliest youth had formed a high ideal of what a noble life should be—if ever there was a human being who tried to make the most of the opportunities within her reach, and to create for herself, in spite of every possible trammel and impediment, a useful career and occasions of benefiting her fellow-creatures, it is the Princess Louise, whose unpretending exertions in a hundred different directions to be of service to her country and generation have already won for her an extraordinary amount of popularity at home.”

The people of Canada are to be congratulated upon having at the head of their government two individuals who are exempt from the harsh criticism to which partisan strife usually subjects party leaders. This, indeed, is one of the excellent points of their system; the head of the government being removed from party contests, not affected by party changes, not liable to party animosities, a center to which all eyes are directed with fondness and pride. The republicans of the future will probably have this advantage, without the inconveniences attached to hereditary rank. The French Republic enjoys it, in some degree, at the present moment, since the president governs through ministers, who go out of office when they cannot command a majority of the national legislature. Thus there is a happy blending of the fixed and the changeable; of the useful and the ornamental; of the conservative and the progressive.

It is not improbable that we may have something of the kind in due time; a president elected for a somewhat longer term than at present, not eligible for a second term, and governing through ministers sitting in the



House of Representatives. The president could then be something more of an ornamental person than he now is, and be free from the excessive toils of administration. I am glad we have the Dominion of Canada for a neighbor, that each country may, now and then, get a valuable notion from the other.

## IX.

### FANNY MENDELSSOHN.

WOMEN occupy themselves so much with music, that it is surprising so few of them compose it. In some branches of the fine arts women have won the first rank ; in others, high rank ; but the sex has not yet furnished one composer of music who can be named with the great masters, nor with any masters. The career of Fanny Mendelssohn may throw some light upon the reason why this is so. She had the requisite genius ; she was nurtured in the atmosphere of music ; she was trained in her art to a certain point ; she gave more than promise of original power. But she was a woman, and the traditions of all the past ages, speaking to her with the voice of her father, said : *Thus far, and no farther!* Living when she did, and where she did, her cheerful obedience was wise.

She was the child of a gifted and noble race. Her grandfather, Moses Mendelssohn Bartholdy, once said :

“Formerly, I was the son of my father ; now, I am the father of my son.”

That father of whom he spoke, was the famous Jewish philosopher, Moses Mendelssohn ; his son was the great composer, Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy. The family of which these two men were the public representatives, was a most remarkable one, for there was not a member of it who was not endowed in an unusual degree with intelligence and talent. These hereditary powers, combined with a family affection beautiful to witness, reached their

highest development in the four children of Abraham Mendelssohn Bartholdy—Fanny, Felix, Rebecca, and Paul—the most brilliant of whom were the eldest daughter Fanny, and her renowned brother Felix.

Fanny Mendelssohn was born at Hamburg, Nov. 14, 1805, in a pretty, irregular little cottage, called Martin's Mill, the balcony of which commanded a view of the river Elbe. Her father, in writing to announce the birth to old Madame Salomon, his mother-in-law, mentions a curiously prophetic remark of his wife's concerning her first-born, then but a few days old :

“Leah says that the child has Bach-fugue fingers.”

From her earliest years the little girl showed the same marvelous musical talent as her brother Felix, who was born in 1809. The two were educated together, receiving the best instruction obtainable, and displaying equal aptitude and application. Both began to compose at a very early age, and both displayed extraordinary memory. Fanny, when only thirteen, learnt twenty-four of Bach's preludes, and played them without notes as a surprise for her father. At fifteen, while she was away from home, she sent him in a letter a number of songs of her own composition.

“They went over your Romances yesterday at Viry,” he wrote to her, “and you will be glad to hear that Fanny Sebastiani sang ‘Les Soins de mon Troupeau,’ very nicely and correctly, and likes them much. I confess that I prefer that song to all the others—so far as I can judge of them, for they were only very imperfectly performed. It is bright, and has an easy, natural flow, which most of the others have not; some of them are too ambitious for the words. But that one song I like so much that since yesterday I have often sung it to myself, whilst I remember nothing of the others, and I think facility one of the most important qualities of a song. At the same time,

it is far from trivial, and the passage 'si j'ai trouvé pour eux une fontaine claire' is even very felicitous; only it appears to me to give too decided an end to the lines immediately following the words 's'ils sont heureux.' I strongly advise you to keep as much as possible to this lightness and naturalness in your future compositions."

It is a curious fact that the author of this careful criticism (he was a man of business) had no technical knowledge of music, yet his ear was so exquisite and his taste so perfect, that his children, including Felix when at the height of his fame, always considered him as the highest authority upon their compositions.

Fanny's music, while she was yet a child, earned her two triumphs, of which she fully appreciated the value. Felix, when eleven years of age, spent some time at Weimar, where he was constantly in the society of Goethe, who became very fond of him, and listened every day to his playing. Sometimes he improvised, or played compositions of his own or Fanny's. In a letter to the family he says, after relating various bits of news:

"Now something for you, my dear coughing Fanny! Yesterday morning I took your songs to Frau von Goethe, who has a good voice and will sing them to the old gentleman. I told him that you had written them, and I asked him whether he would like to hear them. He said, 'Yes, yes, with pleasure.' Frau von Goethe likes them very much indeed, and that is a good omen. To-day or to-morrow he is to hear them."

Goethe was so pleased with the songs when he did hear them, that he at once composed a beautiful little poem for Fanny, wrote it down himself, and gave it to Zelter (her music teacher and her brother's) with the words:

"Take that to the dear child."

Her second success, although it won her no such honor as this, was perhaps even more gratifying in its results.

Fanny's father and mother had been brought up in the Jewish faith, but were extremely liberal in their ideas, regarding the spirit as all, the form as nothing, and they desired to have their children educated as Christians. This was done, though at first secretly, in order not to wound the feelings of their grandparents, who were much more strict in their adherence to the ancient belief. Madame Salomon, especially, was so orthodox a Jewess, that she had cursed and cast off her own son for adopting Christianity. With this formidable old lady, however, Fanny was a great favorite, and she used often to visit her and play to her. One day, after she had been playing exquisitely well, Madame Salomon told her to choose what she would like best for her reward. To Madame's great surprise, the reply, given without a moment's hesitation, was :

“Forgive Uncle Bartholdy.”

The request, so earnest and so unexpected, touched the old lady's heart, and eventually brought about a reconciliation, “for Fanny's sake,” as she wrote to her son.

Although Fanny Mendelssohn received a thorough musical education, studying always with her brother, and as earnestly and aptly as he, and although her talent was recognized by the family as being almost, if not quite, equal to his, yet none of them for a moment thought of regarding music as her career. In the eyes of Abraham Mendelssohn, as in those of most men at that time, there was but one worthy profession for a woman—that of housewife; and so Fanny, in spite of some irrepressible longings for the distinction which she felt it within her power to attain, acquiesced in his views. In the very letter in which he praised her Romances, her father wrote to her :

“What you said to me about your musical occupations with reference to and in comparison with Felix, was both



rightly thought and expressed. Music will perhaps become his profession, whilst for *you* it can and must only be an ornament, never the root of your being and doing. We may therefore pardon him some ambition and desire to be acknowledged in a pursuit which appears very important to him, because he feels a vocation for it, whilst it does you credit that you have always shown yourself good and sensible in these matters; and your very joy at the praise he earns proves that you might, in his place, have merited equal applause. Remain true to these sentiments and to this line of conduct; they are feminine, and only what is truly feminine is an ornament to your sex."

Between Felix and Fanny there was, from the first, a beautifully intimate relation. They worked together daily, each fully appreciating and admiring the labors of the other. Felix concealed nothing from his sister, and, as she afterwards declared, she was acquainted with his compositions from their birth.

"Up to the present moment," she wrote after many years, "I possess his unbounded confidence, I have watched the progress of his talent, step by step, and may even say, I have contributed to his development. I have always been his only musical adviser, and he never writes down a thought before submitting it to my judgment. For instance, I have known his operas by heart before a note was written."

When she was seventeen, a plump, pleasing girl, with a face spirited and refined rather than beautiful, and a pair of magnificent dark eyes, Fanny won the heart of Wilhelm Hensel, a young artist of great promise, whose affection she reciprocated. The young man, however, had as yet attained no recognized position; he was poor, and had relatives dependent upon him for support. Marriage was as yet impossible, and Fanny's discreet

parents would not permit her as yet to become formally engaged.

It was in 1821 that the young people made each other's acquaintance. In that year the Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia and his wife visited Berlin, and court festivities of the most elaborate description were given in their honor. The entertainment provided for one evening in particular was a representation, by means of tableaux and pantomime, of scenes from Moore's Oriental poem, *Lalla Rookh*, the characters being assumed by the ladies and gentlemen of the court. The exhibition was characterized by artistically grouped figures, beautiful faces, and a lavish display of costly draperies, gorgeous jewels, and rare articles of Eastern manufacture. When the performance was at last ended, *Lalla Rookh* (represented by the Grand Duchess herself) exclaimed with a sigh:

"Is it really over now? And are those who come after us to have no remembrance of this happy evening?"

These words reaching the ear of the King, he resolved to have the scenes painted in an album, the performers all sitting for their portraits, and the work when complete to be presented to the Grand Duchess. This commission was awarded to Wilhelm Hensel, who, before the book was sent away to St. Petersburg, exhibited it for a few days in his studio, where it was viewed by many visitors, among whom came Fanny Mendelssohn and her parents. The exquisite manner in which these drawings were executed brought the young artist at once into favorable notice, and he soon received from the Prussian government a scholarship, which enabled him to study in Rome, accompanied by an order for a copy of Raphael's *Transfiguration*, to be of the size of the original. Before setting out he wished to become engaged to Fanny; but this, as we have seen, her parents would not permit. Although they were not opposed to his suit, they could

not feel convinced of the depth of a love founded upon so short an acquaintance, and they were, besides, afraid of his becoming a Catholic, as his sister Louise had done.

Fanny, although she had perfect confidence in him, submitted without protest to the family decree, and the two were not even allowed to correspond. Her mother, however, wrote to him frequently, so that he did not lack news of his sweetheart; while she, in her turn, knew that she was not forgotten, for the young lover, when the pen was forbidden to him, turned to his old ally, the pencil. Beautiful drawings, from memory, of her four lovely children were constantly received by Madam Mendelssohn, whose heart could not fail to be softened by such pleasing homage. They were all addressed to her, none to her daughter, but in each picture Fanny held the post of honor, and it was *her* face that was most carefully and delicately elaborated; *her* dark eyes that gazed with the most lifelike expression from the paper. Wilhelm Hensel spent five years in Italy.

In 1825, Abraham Mendelssohn purchased the house and grounds known as No. 3 Leipsick Street. Here he and his wife passed the remainder of their lives, and here, too, Fanny was married and lived until her death. The house was spacious and beautiful, with lofty ceilings and large windows. One room, in particular, so constructed as to overlook the garden, and opening by a series of three arches into an adjoining apartment, was of stately proportions, and peculiarly adapted to theatrical purposes. Ordinarily, it was Madam Mendelssohn's sitting-room, but, upon Christmas, birth-days, and other festive occasions, it was the scene of all kinds of joyous celebrations — songs, plays, tableaux, and operettas. The garden was still more attractive, being, as Madam Mendelssohn wrote to Hensel, "quite a park, with splendid trees, a field, grass-plots, and a delightful summer

residence." This summer residence was a roomy, rambling, one-storied garden-house, freezing cold in winter, but a paradise in summer, where Wilhelm Hensel and Fanny afterwards lived.

Leipziger Strasse, No. 3, soon became the scene of what Fanny's son, Sebastian Hensel, described as a "singularly beautiful, poetic life." Indeed, there can be no lovelier thing to contemplate than a gifted, affectionate, and united family, surrounded by a circle of faithful friends, passing their time, after the performance of their daily duties, in the enjoyment of music, literature, and the natural gayeties of youth. Their dearest and merriest friend was Klingemann, a diplomatist, and the author of the words of Felix's opera, "Son and Stranger," whose correspondence with Fanny and Felix it is a delight to read. Rietz, a violinist, was another member of the circle, and Marx, the editor of a musical paper, besides several more. In the garden-house, too, lived an old lady with a bevy of nieces and granddaughters, all bright, pretty, and intelligent, who added their share to the general enjoyment.

During the summer of 1823, this gay party, favored by beautiful weather, passed the greater part of their time out of doors, wandering at will in the old garden, filling their hours with music, poetry, games, tricks, and dramatic representations. In one of the summer-houses writing materials were kept constantly at hand, and whoever had any pretty fancy or odd conceit, hastened to put it down on paper. From these jottings they formed a little journal called the *Garden Times*, which was afterwards continued in winter under the name of *Tea and Snow Times*, and proved a great success. At this period, too, they read much, the favorites being Jean Paul and Shakespeare. Shakespeare's comedies especially they delighted in, and, above all, the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*. It was here, among the trees and flowers, in

the quiet walks and shady alleys of the old garden, in the company of congenial friends, surrounded by the spirit of lightness, grace, and affection, that Felix Mendelssohn became acquainted with that airy fantasy and set it to music worthy of it. It was in this year that he composed the overture to the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, and so fully did it express the spirit of the play that, when twenty years after he wished to continue the work, he allowed the overture to remain untouched, not finding it necessary to alter a note in the work of his youth.

At this time, too, and evidently inspired by the same feeling, he set to music, as a birthday present for his friend Rietz, the stanza from the *Walpurgis-Night Dream* in *Faust*:

“The flight of the clouds and the veil of the mist  
Are lighted from above,  
A breeze in the leaves, a wind in the reeds  
And all has vanished.”

“And he has been really successful,” says Fanny, proudly. “To me alone he told his idea: the whole piece is to be played staccato and pianissimo, the tremulandos coming in now and then, the trills passing away with the quickness of lightning; everything new and strange, and, at the same time, most insinuating and pleasing. One feels so near the world of spirits, carried away in the air, and half inclined to snatch up a broomstick and follow the aerial procession. At the end, the first violin takes a flight with feather-like lightness, and — all has vanished.”

In the autumn of 1827, the merry Klingemann went to London, and his friends of *Leipziger Strasse*, No. 3, missed him sadly, although an animated correspondence was kept up between him and Fanny.

“I only wish I were less near-sighted,” he writes in his first letter, “especially for the sake of the English ladies.



They do not know how to bake a pancake, and are mostly occupied with useless things, but they look desperately pretty. A peripatetic girls' school, dozens of which you see daily in Regent's Park, where they come for fresh air, appears to me like as many pathetic Peris, one more beautiful than the other, marching two and two, the grown-up ones together and conscious enough of their victorious gifts, the severe Ayah in the rear looking daggers at every male person. My idea of English ladies formed long ago at Paris was quite erroneous. . . . By the way, they are ridiculously learned."

"If you were here," Fanny wrote in reply, "you would find plenty of scope for your wit and fun in the taste for learning which the public exhibits this year. Of Alexander von Humboldt's lecture on physical geography at the university, you must have heard. But do you know that at His Majesty's desire he has begun a second course of lectures in the hall of the Singakademie attended by everybody who lays any claim to good breeding and fashion, from the king and the whole court, ministers, generals, officers, artists, authors, *beaux esprits* (and ugly ones, too), students, and ladies, down to your unworthy correspondent? The crowd is fearful, the public is imposing, and the lectures are very interesting indeed. Gentlemen may laugh as much as they like, but it is delightful that we, too, have the opportunity given us of listening to clever men. We fully enjoy this happiness, and must try to bear the scoffing. And now I will give up completely to your mockery, by confessing that we are hearing another course of lectures, from a foreigner, about experimental physics."

These confessions sound oddly in our day of lady doctors and female colleges. Poor Fanny was evidently in doubt as to how they would be received by the sarcastic Klingemann, but he was quite gracious in his reply.

“Now do not, for heaven’s sake,” he wrote, “believe that I mean to become satirical as regards the progress of my young lady friends in the knowledge of the chemical elements of a collar or a cake; they are deeply important and necessary things. And why should not a young lady know how and where her shawl has grown, quite as well as the professor, who is behind her in the knowledge of its practical use? And another great advantage: suppose you were suddenly cast away in Mongolia, you would only have to submit some mountain or river or earth to a trifling investigation to say for certain, here I am in Mongolia; consequently so and so many post stages from Leipziger Strasse, No. 3, and quietly order your horses. . . . One thing, however, I have to reproach you with, which is, that you follow the false principle that prevails among women and do not carry your knowledge into life and letters. I find (in your letter) no comparison or metaphor from chemistry, and yet they would be so ornamental! If I did but know anything of the matter, I would make a better use of it!”

In October, 1828, Wilhelm Hensel returned from Italy. He found Fanny grown from a gay girl of seventeen to a brilliant young woman of twenty-two, surrounded by a circle of intimate and admiring friends, whom she won alike by her personal charms and by her art. The circle, which went by the name of “The Wheel,” was so close, so complete in itself, it possessed so many jokes and by-words that he could not understand, so many memories that he did not share, that at first he felt himself a stranger, and was jealous. Fanny’s friends in their turn regarded him somewhat in the light of an intruder, come to carry away a prize which several secretly coveted for themselves, and few were willing to see bestowed upon another. But these feelings were but transient and superficial, as Hensel himself soon recognized. It was, as

usual, his art to which he resorted to break down the barrier.

In a daintily executed drawing he depicted the Leipziger Strasse coterie as a real wheel, the hub formed by Felix in a Scotch costume (an allusion to the journey he was about to undertake) and occupied with his music, while the spokes were composed of the various members of the little society, two and two, with costumes and attributes suggested by the nicknames which they had bestowed upon each other. Fanny and Rebecca, embracing, each holding a sheet of music, formed one spoke, while upon the outside of the wheel appeared Hensel himself, bound like Ixion, one end of the chain which fettered him being held in the hand of Fanny, who seemed about to draw him into the charmed circle. This bright little plea had its due effect, and Hensel soon became one of the most animating members of the Order of The Wheel.

The formal betrothal took place in January, 1829, a month before Felix's journey to England, so that between her brother's near departure and her own approaching marriage, Fanny's days passed in unusual excitement.

"We are going to send you Felix," she wrote to the sympathetic Klingemann. "He has left himself a beautiful memorial here by two crowded representations of the 'Passion' for the benefit of the poor. What used to appear to us as a dream, to be realized in the far-off future times, has now become real: the 'Passion' has been given to the public, and is everybody's property. Before I can tell you more about it, there are other subjects—Felix's journey and my engagement; and I really should not know in this throng of events how to begin, if I made this at all a matter of reflection. So then. Your last letter, in which, not guessing what has happened here, you gave us a minute description of all the misery and ridicule of the affianced state, has amused us exces-

sively, and I assure you that your sarcasms did not touch us in the least. You may believe my assurance, that we belong to the better class of our order, and are not a nuisance to other people. Only ask my brother and sister. Nor do I think it difficult to appear merry when one is inwardly happy, and to behave decently when one has been well brought up. I repeat it, I cannot comprehend those couples who are intolerably sentimental. I must not forego the pleasure I have in telling you that your letters have acquired you the affection of Hensel, who formerly, like all the rest of your far-off friends, did not know you. And last, not least, let me thank you for offering to become one of my female friends, and accept my assurance that our friendship will remain unchanged, as my speedy answer may show. My memory, such a bad one for learning, is faithfully retentive for all experiences in life, nor shall new ties or any decree of fate make me forget the friends and companions of my happy youth. Our correspondence, moreover, will gain a new impulse by Felix's visit to England. . . Take good care of him, and let him find one warm heart for the many he leaves behind!"

In a later letter to the same faithful friend we get another glimpse of her tender relation to her brother, and her anxiety to accommodate herself to his mood in spite of time and distance.

"Here comes again a little request," she says; "Felix will receive by the next courier a parcel containing love-tokens and sentimental keepsakes; be so kind and carry it to him yourself, and take care that it finds him in good humor; and should a copyist or a fly just then have vexed him, better keep it till some better day."

Felix and Klingemann both deserved all the affection which Fanny bestowed upon them. They traveled through Scotland together and were untiring correspondents, send-

ing her the most delightful letters, long, graphic, gossipy, and gay, interspersed with rhymes by the one, and music by the other. Felix had of course intended to return in time for Fanny's wedding, but while in London he was thrown from a carriage and his knee so severely injured that it was impossible for him to leave in season. He was terribly disappointed, and so was Fanny. He could but submit and console himself as best he might with the friendly nonsense of Klingemann, who promptly installed himself as nurse, and the devoted attentions of the many friends he had in England.

"Live and prosper," he wrote to his sister; "get married and be happy; shape your household so that I shall find you in a beautiful home when I come (that will not be long), and remain yourselves, you two, whatever storms may rage outside. However, I know you both, and that is enough. Whether I address my sister henceforward as Mademoiselle or Madame is of no consequence. What is there in a name? . . . Much better things I ought to have written, but it will not do. Say what you like, body and mind are too closely connected. I saw it the other day with real vexation when they bled me, and all those free and fresh ideas which I had before, trickled drop by drop into the basin, and I became weak and weary. Klingemann's epigram proves also how they rob me of the little bit of poetry left; and this letter shows it—I am sure in every line it is written that I may not bend my leg."

Klingemann, too, wrote her a congratulatory letter, half merry and half serious, wishing her joy and hoping the clergyman would keep his oration within due bounds.

The wedding took place upon the third of October, and was a joyful and beautiful occasion. Fanny passed up the aisle of the church in her bridal array to the sound



of a wedding anthem of her own composition, in which her hopes and happiness found lovely musical expression. She was a happy and confident bride, and it was her good fortune to become also a happy wife and a happy mother.

In the summer of 1830 her son Sebastian was born, and she and her husband took possession of the garden-house at Leipziger Strasse, No. 3, which had received the addition of a studio built to accommodate Hensel. Here the greater part of Fanny's future life was passed, and here the young couple soon became the center of another and a wider "Wheel," frequented by authors, artists, actors, singers, musicians, and scientists. Here Hensel began and carried to completion that marvelous collection of pencil and crayon portraits, which at the time of his death filled forty-seven volumes, and contained upwards of a thousand drawings. These were likenesses of relations, friends, and visitors, all made without formal sittings, being sketched in, frequently without the knowledge of the subject, during the conversation or music which usually passed away the time of an evening. The faces, probably for this reason, have a singularly animated look, and the value of the collection is enhanced by the autograph signatures attached to the portraits by their originals.

Even more famous than her husband's portrait gallery were Fanny Hensel's musical matinees, which took place every Sunday morning. These beautiful celebrations, originating in the meeting of a few musical friends to play or sing together upon holidays and Sundays, gradually developed into regular concerts with choral and solo singing, trios and quartets, participated in by the best musicians in Berlin, and listened to by an audience that crowded the beautiful parlor which opened into Hensel's studio upon the one hand, and upon the other on the garden terrace.

In the spring of 1836, Fanny received from Felix a letter describing his first performance of one of her songs in public.

“I must write you about your song yesterday,” he said. “How beautiful it was! you know what my opinion of it always has been, but I was curious to see whether my old favorite, which I had only heard hitherto sung by Rebecca to your accompaniment in the gray room with the engravings, would have the same effect here in the crowded hall, with the glare of the lamps, and after I had been listening to noisy orchestral music. I felt so strange when I began your soft, pretty symphony, imitating the waves, with all the people listening in perfect silence; but never did the song please me better. The people understood it, too, for there was a hum of approbation each time the refrain returned with the long E, and much applause when it was over. Mme. Grabow sang it correctly, though not nearly as well as Rebecca, but she did the last bars very prettily. Bennett, who was in the orchestra, sends his compliments, and begs me to tell you all that you already know about the song, and I thank you in the name of the public of Leipzig and elsewhere for publishing it against my wish.”

The last sentence refers to a song which Fanny had published and which had met with great success. Several of her songs had appeared among her brother's works, but without her name, and with nothing to distinguish them as the work of another, although Felix made no secret of their authorship, which was well known to the friends of the family. An incident which took place during a later visit of Felix to England owed its origin to this fact. He visited Prince Albert and Queen Victoria at Buckingham Palace, and wrote home a glowing account of the event. Prince Albert played and sang for him, and then, after some coaxing, the Queen consented to sing also.

“After some consultation with her husband,” wrote Felix, “he said: ‘She will sing you something of Gluck’s.’ Meantime, the Princess of Gotha had come in, and we five proceeded through various corridors and rooms to the Queen’s sitting-room, where there stood by the piano a mighty rocking-horse and two great bird-cages. The walls were decorated with pictures; beautifully bound books lay on the tables, and music on the piano. The Duchess of Kent came in, too, and while they were all talking I rummaged about amongst the music, and soon discovered my first set of songs. So, of course, I begged her rather to sing one of those than the Gluck, to which she very kindly consented; and which did she choose?—‘Schöner und schöner schmückt sich’—sang it quite charmingly, in strict time and tune, and with very good execution. . . . Then I was obliged to confess that Fanny had written the song (which I found very hard, but pride must have a fall), and to beg her to sing one of my own also.”

The Queen complied, singing, as Felix declares, “really quite faultlessly, and with charming feeling and expression;” and when she had concluded he sat down to play, introducing into a beautiful improvisation the songs which she and the Prince had sung. A handsome ring, the gift of the Queen, remained to keep fresh the memory of this pleasant visit when it was numbered among the things of the past.

Later in her life, in fact, only a year before she died, Fanny Hensel issued a volume of her own compositions which met with the success it deserved. Felix, who never quite desired her to publish, generously conquered his prejudice on this occasion, and wrote to wish her good fortune in her venture:

“My dearest Fance—Not till to-day, just as I am on the point of starting, do I, unnatural brother that I am,

find time to thank you for your charming letter, and send you my professional blessing on your becoming a member of the craft. "This I do now in full, Fance, and may you have much happiness in giving pleasure to others; may you taste only the sweets, and none of the bitternesses of authorship; may the public pelt you with roses, and never with sand; and may the printer's ink never draw black lines upon your soul--all of which I devoutly believe will be the case; so what is the use of my wishing it? But it is the custom of the guild, so take my blessing under my hand and seal. The journeyman tailor, Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy."

The greatest joys of Fanny Hensel's life, apart from her music and her pride in the successes of her husband and brother, were probably her two journeys to Italy, of which a full account is given in her delightful diary. Yet her home life was most beautiful and most happy, and she seemed continually learning to appreciate it more. One of the last entries in her diary bears touching witness to this fact:

"Yesterday," she wrote, "the first breath of spring was in the air. It has been a long winter, with much frost and snow, universal dearth and distress; indeed, a winter full of suffering. What have we done to deserve being among the few happy ones in the world? My inmost heart is at any rate full of thankfulness, and when in the morning, after breakfasting with Wilhelm, we each go to our own work with a pleasant day to look back upon and another to look forward to, I am quite overcome with my own happiness."

On the afternoon of May 14, 1847, while sitting at the piano playing the accompaniment for her little choir which was rehearsing for the performance of the next Sunday, she was suddenly seized with mortal illness. Her hands fell at her sides; she could neither speak nor

move; and soon she became unconscious. Before midnight she was dead.

While she lay in her coffin, surrounded by flowers, her husband drew her likeness. It was one of the most perfect portraits he ever made, and it was his last. He resigned all his commissions and never again painted anything worthy of himself. The happiness and inspiration of his life were gone, and during his fifteen remaining years he was restless and unhappy, and devoted himself to politics, which he had formerly abhorred. He died at length of injuries received in saving a child from being run over.

Upon Felix, although he was in the full enjoyment of a happy household of his own, the blow fell with yet more crushing weight. He never recovered from it. He survived his sister only a year.

Fanny Hensel lies buried in the church-yard of the Holy Trinity at Berlin, between the brother and husband to whom she was so devoted.

It is to her son, Sebastian Hensel, that we owe the precious volume upon the Mendelssohn Family in which her story is given to the world. It is one of the most pleasing exhibitions of domestic happiness, ennobled by high feeling and great talent, ever given to the world.\*

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\* The Mendelssohn Family. From Letters and Journals. By Sebastian Hensel, Translated by Carl Klingemann and an American Collaborator. 2 vols. Harper & Brothers, N. Y., 1882.



## X.

### ANGELICA KAUFMANN.

THE name of Angelica Kaufmann has outlived the celebrity of her works. Most of us have heard enough of her to know that she was in her day an artist of note; but few besides those who have read the charming romance of "Miss Angel," which Mrs. Richmond Ritchie (Miss Thackeray) has founded upon her career, know or care to know much more. Some of her pictures, but chiefly those which she considered as of minor importance, are still popular in the form of engravings and photographs; but the originals are little cared for, and hold, in the opinion of critics, by no means so high a place as was once awarded them.

The truth seems to be that, although she was a painstaking and gifted artist, deserving of recognition, the extent and duration of her fame are due rather to her precocity, her sex, and her attractive personality, than to the merit of her work.

Maria Anne Angelica Catharine Kaufmann—she was well provided with names—was born at Coire, in Switzerland, October 30, 1741. She was the daughter of John Joseph Kaufmann, an artist of limited reputation. He was one of those artists who, if his own paintings were mediocre, was an excellent teacher. Very early in life she displayed a marked inclination for music and painting, and her father cultivated these tastes to the uttermost. Her instruction in art and its theories was, under his care, exceptionally thorough, and she

proved herself an apt and diligent pupil. While still a child she was deep in the mysteries of light and shade, of perspective and coloring, working many hours a day and delighting in the ever-increasing mastery which she obtained over her pencil and brush. Her progress at this stage of her career was indeed extraordinary. Nor were the other elements of her education neglected. She studied all the ordinary branches, acquired several languages, read history and poetry with an eagerness and intelligence beyond her years, while of music she made a serious pursuit, devoting to it nearly as much time as to painting. Yet in spite of this unusual mental activity she preserved her health and her simplicity, retaining all the frankness and grace of ordinary childhood.

While residing with her father at Morbegno before she was twelve years of age, the Bishop of Como, who had heard of her talents, came to see her and examined some of her works. Her youth, her beauty, and her modesty so pleased him that he desired to sit to her for his portrait, and this important commission she did not hesitate to undertake. She executed it, moreover, with promptitude and success, fully satisfying the prelate and his friends, who spread the fame of the achievement far and wide. She became the fashionable artist of the moment, orders showered upon her from all sides, and the Duke of Modena became her patron. A portrait of Cardinal Roth, painted shortly afterwards, was still more admired and revealed a great advance in skill. All this occurred before she had ceased to be a child.

At Milan, whither she removed at the age of fifteen, she was placed under the most famous masters of the day and continued her studies with unabated eagerness. Later she traversed Italy, visiting Bologna, Venice, and Rome, feted, admired, and made much of wherever she went.

Winckelmann, who met her at Rome, writes of her to

his friend Franke, describing her "popularity, her pleasing manners, and her interesting conversation, which she carried on with equal fluency in Italian, German, French, or English.

"She may be styled beautiful," he says, "and in singing may vie with our best virtuosi."

Her voice was excellent and well trained; indeed, she had become so proficient in music that when, at twenty, she made her final choice of a profession, she hesitated long as to whether she should adhere to painting, or adopt music and the operatic stage. Many of her best friends advised the latter course, assuring her that success lay within her easy grasp. She finally resolved to pursue the career in which she had already made so hopeful a beginning, rather than to enter upon an untried path. That the choice was no easy one we may infer from that picture in which she has represented herself as standing between music and painting, yielding to the representations of the latter, but addressing to the other an affectionate and regretful farewell.

During her stay at Venice she made the acquaintance of Lady Wentworth, the wife of the English ambassador. The acquaintance ripened into intimacy, and Angelica was at length induced by her new friend to go with her to England. In London, she soon became as popular as she had been in Italy. Lady Wentworth introduced her into society, and her agreeable gifts rendered her everywhere a welcome guest. She made the acquaintance of many distinguished people, several of whom became her warm friends for life. Foremost among these was Sir Joshua Reynolds, in whose note-books frequent references to her appear, sometimes as "Miss Angelica," but oftener under the abbreviated title of "Miss Angel."

Heartily as she entered into the gaities of the capital, Angelica did not sacrifice her work to her pleasure. She

painted constantly and successfully, one of her earliest efforts being a portrait of Garrick, which was exhibited, as a contemporary chronicle informs us, at "Mr. Moreing's great room in Maiden Lane," where it found immediate favor. Other works rapidly followed. She executed portraits of several members of the royal family, with whom she was a great favorite, and the marked kindness which they showed her greatly increased her popularity. She also painted a likeness of Sir Joshua Reynolds, thus courteously returning a compliment which the illustrious artist had previously paid to her.

Her life up to this time appears to have been a singularly happy one. Her father, of whom she was extremely fond, was devoted to her; she had plenty of friends; she was beautiful, gifted, and admired; and her career in art had been, even from childhood, a series of notable successes. But the spell was soon to be broken. First, according to a well supported tradition, her dear friend Sir Joshua Reynolds fell in love with her. He was then a man of middle age, hardly past his prime, and at the height of his renown. He had already won her friendship, even her affection, but she had no wish to marry him, and it could not but have been painful to her to disappoint him. Their intimacy, however, remained unbroken, and in the bitter trial which was about to come upon her she had no friend more faithful or more untiring in her service than he.

About the year 1768, London society was agitated by the advent of a brilliant and dashing foreigner, who gave his name as Count Horn of Sweden. He was handsome; he dressed elegantly and expensively; he employed numerous servants in gorgeous liveries; he drove about in costly equipages; and lived upon a scale of extravagance beyond what his rank required. He was, moreover, fluent and persuasive of speech. Angelica's fame

attracted his notice; he obtained an introduction to her, courted her, at length fascinated her, and after a brief delay they were married. Shortly after the marriage a terrible truth came to light: the pretended count was no count at all, but an imposter, a scoundrel who had formerly been in the service of a nobleman bearing the name and title which he had assumed.

For a time his unfortunate wife was overwhelmed by the shame and horror of this discovery. She left him at once, and, at length, thanks to the exertions of Sir Joshua and other influential friends, the marriage was annulled. She gradually recovered from the shock, and devoted herself with increased earnestness to her art, encouraged and assisted by Reynolds. It was probably due to him that her name is found among the signatures to the famous petition to the king for the establishment of the Royal Academy. In its first catalogue her name appears, followed by the "R. A.," and she contributed four classical compositions, one representing the Parting of Hector and Andromache. The honor of membership she shared with one other lady, Mary Moser. From this time she was an annual contributor to the Academy, sending occasionally as many as seven pictures, usually upon classical or allegorical subjects. In 1778 she exhibited one of her most noted productions, representing Leonardo da Vinci expiring in the arms of Francis the First. Previous to this she had been, with others, appointed by the Academy to the honorable task of decorating St. Paul's, and it was she who, in concert with Beaggio Rebecca, painted the Academy's old lecture-room at Somerset House.

In 1781, after the death of her first husband, she was again married, this time happily. The man of her choice was Antonio Zucchi, a Venetian landscape painter then living in England, where his works met with much favor.



After the wedding she and her husband removed to Venice, and the remainder of her life was spent in Italy. For a few years she enjoyed a life of tranquil industry; then again misfortune came upon her. She lost her fortune, and her husband died.

“Poverty does not terrify me,” she exclaimed, “but isolation kills me!”

Even her art failed her. She ceased to paint, and drooped beneath a constantly increasing melancholy. She was in Rome when it was invaded by the French, and although treated with distinction by the conquerors, her grief was increased by the fall of her beloved city. She never recovered her health, but slowly sank under the burden of a sorrow which she could not control, and died in November, 1807. She was buried in the chapel of St. Andrea delle Frate, and was honored by a splendid funeral under the direction of Canova. The Academy of St. Luke followed her in a body to the grave, and, as at the funeral of Raphael, two of her pictures were carried in the procession. They were the two last she had painted.

People to-day are not fond of allegorical subjects and classical groups, unless exceptionally treated. The loftier attempts of Angelica Kaufmann (she retained her maiden name until her death) have lost much of their charm; but those who have seen the photographs of her “Vestal Virgin” which are to be found in our art stores, will admit that in simpler subjects her style is graceful, pleasing, and expressive.

## XI.

### BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS.

THERE was upon the London stage, in the year 1815, a pretty actress named Harriet Mellon. Her abilities, though by no means commanding, were yet considerable, and in a certain line of parts she was at that time without a superior. She played soubrette rôles, for which she was fitted by her style of beauty and her vivacious manners. Leigh Hunt refers to her with praise, speaking especially of her acting of chambermaids' parts.

“She catches with wonderful discrimination,” he says, “their probable touches of character and manner.”

Besides being an agreeable actress, Miss Mellon was a person of unblemished reputation at a time when there were many engaged in her profession of whom the same could not be said. Her first London engagement was obtained through the efforts of Sheridan, who was visiting a friend, a banker, in the town of Stafford, while she was acting there with a strolling company. This gentleman's daughters had made her acquaintance, and were so greatly pleased with her that they insisted on Sheridan's going to see her act. He did this, and was so well satisfied that shortly afterward he obtained her a situation at the Drury Lane Theatre, where she first appeared as Lydia Languish in his own play of *The Rivals*. Her success was immediate, and she was for several years a favorite with London audiences.

Among the frequenters of the theater where she per-

formed was Thomas Coutts, a well-known banker of great wealth. Although a man of business, and famous for his success in the business world, he possessed a marked taste for literature and the drama, and counted among his friends many of the most noted authors and actors of the day. Nor was he without a tinge of romance in his composition, and the unusual circumstances of his first marriage were no secret. His wife, whose maiden name was Elizabeth Starkey, was in the house of his niece in the capacity of a servant, when he fell in love with her and married her. They lived together very happily for many years, and had three daughters, Susan, Frances, and Sophia, all of whom grew to womanhood and made advantageous marriages. About 1815 Mrs. Coutts died, and not very long afterward the widower, then eighty-four years of age, became enamored of Miss Mellon, procured an introduction to her, courted her, and married her.

The young lady was accustomed to relate that the first she knew of her future husband was his sending her five guineas on her benefit night; and these coins she never spent, keeping them always laid carefully away by themselves. Upon her marriage she retired from the stage, and made a most excellent and devoted wife to her very aged husband during the remaining seven years of his life. When he died, at the age of ninety-one, he bequeathed to her the whole of his immense wealth. At the expiration of five years she married again, becoming the wife of the Duke of St. Albans. Ten years later she died, leaving the fortune which she had received from her first husband to his grandchild, Miss Angela Burdett, the youngest daughter of Sir Francis Burdett and of his wife, Sophia Coutts. The sole condition attached to the inheritance was, that the young lady, in addition to her own name and arms, should adopt the name and arms of Coutts.

The fortune, at the time Miss Burdett-Coutts received it, was estimated at about three million pounds sterling. To make a proper use of so vast a sum is in itself a career, and an arduous, difficult career. Miss Burdett-Coutts—or simply Miss Coutts, as she was usually called—perceived this, and devoted herself with courage, constancy, and intelligence to the task of wielding worthily the powerful instrument for good or for evil which had been entrusted to her hands. The mistakes which she has made in this endeavor have not been few, nor insignificant; her successes have been many and glorious.

She is a lady who can listen to advice; but, also, she is capable of deciding whether the advice is good or otherwise, and of acting according to her decision. She had common sense, reasonable docility, and a strong will. A person in her position needs to be able to say *No*, perhaps even more than to be able to say *Yes*, and Miss Coutts has always been able to utter the harder monosyllable. This useful quality of decision she probably derived from her father, Sir Francis Burdett, who was a man of strong and peculiar character. Impressed while traveling in France at the time of the Revolution with the most ultra-liberal ideas, Sir Francis, on his return to England, gave open expression to them in private and in Parliament. For a letter which he wrote to his constituents denying the right of government to commit for libel (as had recently been done) his arrest was ordered by the House of Commons. Officers were sent to his house, but he refused to surrender, barricaded the doors and windows, and maintained the siege for three days, at the end of which he was captured with much difficulty. Another letter, written at the time of the Manchester riots, brought upon him a trial for libel; he was found guilty and sentenced to three months' imprisonment and a fine of a thousand pounds.

A daughter of this vigorous gentleman we should scarcely expect to find lacking in firmness.

Miss Coutts has given large sums of money to public charities which she knew to be useful and carefully conducted. In this way she has done much good; but she has not contented herself with beneficence made easy. She has herself originated and founded charities; she has by her own efforts abolished abuses: and she has matured educational schemes which her government has seen fit to approve and adopt.

A member of the Church of England, liberal in her views, always tolerant of those who differ, while ardently upholding her own faith, she has long been known for her munificence toward religious objects. She has contributed toward the building of numerous churches, and has erected two solely at her own expense—one at Carlisle, the other St. Stephen's at Westminster, a beautiful edifice, with a parsonage and three schools belonging to it. The three colonial bishoprics of Adelaide, Cape Town, and British Columbia, were founded and endowed by her at an expense amounting in all to nearly fifty thousand pounds. She also founded in South Australia an establishment for the improvement of the natives. She procured Greek manuscripts from the East, for the purpose of verifying the New Testament. She supplied the funds for Sir Henry James's Topographical Survey of Jerusalem, and offered to restore the ancient aqueducts of Solomon to provide the city with water; but the government, although it accepted her proposal and promised the work should be accomplished (at her expense), neglected to keep its word.

With regard to matters of education, Miss Coutts has been equally active in her sympathies. Observing that in the national schools girls were taught many things which the majority of them would not require upon leaving the



institution, while sewing and other familiar household branches were ignored, she exerted herself to the utmost to reverse this arrangement, and, in the end, after much delay and difficulty, with success. Then in order that remote rural schools and those of neglected city suburbs might be enabled to undergo the government inspection necessary before receiving their share of the public money granted for educational purposes, she worked out a plan for having them visited by regularly appointed traveling school-masters. This scheme was submitted to the Privy Council and adopted.

But it is perhaps within the area of the city of London that Miss Coutts' good works have been most successful, or, at least, that their results are most apparent. She founded there a shelter and reformatory for young women who had gone astray. Of those who received its benefits during a period of seven years, half were known to have begun new lives, to have remained virtuous and become fairly prosperous, in the colonies. In Spitalfields, when that region of London had become a haunt of misery and destitution, she established a sewing school for grown women, where they were not only taught, but provided with food and work—government contracts being undertaken for them and executed by their labor. From this institution nurses are sent out among the sick of the neighborhood, who are supplied with wine and proper nourishment. Thence, too, outfits are provided for poor servants, and winter clothes distributed among needy women.

In the same squalid region was a place, a plague-spot upon the city for years, known and dreaded by the police under the title of Nova Scotia Gardens. This place Miss Coutts purchased, and, clearing the ground of all the refuse, filth, and squalor that had so long polluted it, she erected thereon the block of model dwellings, now called Columbia Square. This block consists of separate ten-

ments let at low weekly rents; it is occupied to-day by more than three hundred families. Within a short distance stands Columbia Market, one of the most magnificent buildings in northeastern London, and connected with the Great Eastern Railway by a horse-car railroad under especial parliamentary regulations. This spacious and costly edifice was presented by Miss Coutts as a free gift to the Corporation of London, in order that cheap and wholesome food, particularly fish, might be conveniently supplied to a neighborhood more than all others in need of it.

In Victoria Park near by, stands a superb drinking fountain; another for both men and animals adorns the entrance to the Zoölogical Gardens in Regent's Park, and a third stands close to Columbia Market itself. All these are the gifts of the same generous lady.

Among the miscellaneous charities of Miss Coutts may be mentioned an arrangement with Sir Samuel Cunard by which, in a time of great distress, many families were enabled to emigrate. Again, when the people of Girvan in Scotland were reduced to extremities, she advanced a large amount of money to enable those who wished to do so to seek better fortune in Australia. In Ireland, too, when the people of Cape Clear near Skibbereen were perishing of starvation, she sent them food, clothes, and money, assisted many to emigrate, and provided a vessel and suitable fishing tackle to enable others to carry on more efficiently their old means of earning a livelihood. She also greatly aided Sir James Brooke in improving and civilizing the Dyaks of Sarawak, and a model farm is still carried on in that region at her expense, from which the natives acquire some knowledge of agriculture. Already, it is said, the productiveness of their country has been much improved.

One of her most popular schemes was the establishment

of the "Shoe-black Brigade," in which boys were tested as to their real character and general fitness for promotion, and in due time were provided with work by railway companies or were admitted to the army or navy service. A most timely and helpful act was the institution of an organization and fund for the relief of Turkish and Bulgarian peasantry during the Russian invasion, in connection with which she sent to the British ambassador more than \$150,000. In London, where her labors were so incessant, she connected with the emigration scheme a reformatory or home for poor and unfortunate women, which was established at Shepherd's Bush, in London. After a period of seven years' residence and training in this noble institution, the inmates were sent to the colonies to start life afresh, which many of them did most worthily.

It will not surprise our readers to learn that the Baroness is the Patron of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The deep, tender feeling towards suffering humanity which is the spring of all her charities to the poor, could not exist in a bosom inaccessible to the unworded appeals of the lower animals in their sufferings. Her exertions on behalf of the society have been unremitting, and they are singularly illustrative of her sympathetic and kindly nature. No pain that can be spared or alleviated seems to escape her watchful eye. To mention a single example: Some years ago she wrote to the *London Times* (September 14th, 1869), complaining of the cruel usage to which cattle were subjected, and suggesting "to all persons engaged in teaching, in whatever rank of life, that some plan should be adopted for inculcating, in a definite manner, principles of humanity towards animals, and a knowledge of their structure, treatment and value to man." The cattle sent up to London from the remote districts of England and Scotland used to suffer intensely in their transit by railway from thirst, and often from hunger. At her own

expense she provided the fittings for trucks constructed so as to enable the cattle to eat and drink on the road to London, and such trucks are now in general use on all the great railroads.

In all these widely varied schemes she was a thoughtful and conscientious worker. On coming into possession of her wealth in 1837, she began a life of studious and systematic beneficence, giving largely, not to one particular favorite scheme of charity, but to many and widely-differing objects; and not indiscriminately, but considerately, by keeping statistics of work accomplished and to be accomplished, and gathering innumerable facts with painstaking care, that her noble deeds might not fail of their intention. This method of action she never abandoned. The evil effects usually attending lavish gifts, such as injuring the self-reliance and self-respect of recipients or encouraging pauperism, she avoided as far as possible by most vigilant and continuous supervision.

Miss Coutts' private charities it is of course impossible to estimate; but they are known to have been large. She has always been a liberal and discriminating patron of music, painting, and the drama. She possesses many valuable works of art, selected with excellent taste and judgment, and arranged in the most favorable manner. The entertainments given at her house have been frequently graced by the presence and talents of the best actors and singers of the day, while the conversation has been of the animated kind that occurs when artists, authors, men of science, and men of the world mingle freely in discussion or exchange interesting glimpses of their different professions and experiences. Her hospitality has been at times upon the most generous scale. Upon one occasion she gave a dinner party (one of the largest upon record) to two thousand Belgian volunteers, who were invited to meet the Prince and

Princess of Wales, and five hundred other distinguished guests. Yet, in spite of the immense number to be accommodated, we are assured that the entertainment passed off as easily and pleasantly as if there had been but a dozen people present.

She is hospitable to the poor as well as to the wealthy. The beautiful garden and grounds of her villa at Highgate are open to school children, who visit them literally in thousands.

The public and patriotic benevolence of Miss Coutts has not passed unrecognized. She is, and has long been, one of the most beloved women in England. Mr. Julian Young relates that in 1868, when the great Reform procession was passing her house, she was at the window looking on, accompanied by himself and a group of friends.

“Though she stood more out of sight than any of us,” he says, “in one instant a shout was raised. For upwards of two hours and a half the air rang with the reiterated huzzas—huzzas unanimous and heart-felt, as if representing a national sentiment.”

In June, 1871, the Queen bestowed upon Miss Coutts a peerage, and she became Baroness Burdett-Coutts. In 1872, she was admitted to the freedom of the city of London, and in 1874 to that of the city of Edinburgh.

In 1881, she was married to Mr. William Ashmead-Bartlett, an American gentleman naturalized in England, who had long been her confidential adviser, friend, and man of business. Some were surprised by this marriage, their grounds of objection being the difference in age between the parties, Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett being the younger of the two, and also the fact that a portion of the Baroness's property was held upon such a tenure that she forfeited it if she married. For the first objection, it was certainly the affair of no one but the two most intimately concerned, and their minds were already made up in



regard to it; for the second, it was evident that she could afford the loss. Neither of them appeared at all disturbed by the stir which their engagement created, and the wedding took place in due season, the bridesmaids upon the occasion being little girls carrying large bouquets.

It is not desirable, perhaps, that an individual, and least of all a lady, should be burthened with the care and expenditure of so great an estate as that which has fallen to her lot, and it is probable that, as society matures and social science is perfected, such anomalies will cease to exist. It is also true that the best schemes which she has executed belonged properly to the government of her country. Such scenes of pollution as Nova Scotia Gardens could not be permitted by a government attentive to its duties. But so long as governments expend their chief energies and a great part of their resources upon distant and illegitimate objects, leaving their very capitals to grow foul and hellish under their eyes, so long will it be necessary for private generosity to mitigate evils which only the well directed resources of the whole people could remove.



*Portrait of a woman in 17th-century attire.*



## XII.

### GIRLHOOD OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

**I**F the great Elizabeth was the most wary of sovereigns, it was because she grew from childhood to maturity with the headsman's axe always before her, glittering and terrible. Her first recollection must have been of her father's awful frown. Henry VIII had put away his lawful wife, Catherine of Aragon, and married Anne Boleyn, hoping thereby to get an heir to his throne. He had longed for a son, and it was a daughter who came.

From that hour the heart of the king was dead to his wife, and this became more and more manifest from day to day. Elizabeth was born and lived the first three years of her life in the palace of Greenwich on the Thames, a few miles below London, a palace which is now the naval hospital. On the day of Anne Boleyn's arrest she made one last attempt to soften the heart of her husband. Seeing him standing at a window she approached as a suppliant, holding out to him with her hand their only child, the Princess Elizabeth, then a little more than three years old. He frowned upon them both, turned toward the window again, and with a menacing gesture ordered them away. Before the sun set the traitor's gate of the Tower opened to receive one of the royal barges, which contained this hapless queen, destined ere long to lay her beautiful head upon the block.

The little girl was sent to one of the king's houses at Hunsdon, thirty miles north of London, with her governess, Lady Bryan, a relation of her dead mother. The

king appeared to have forgotten her and left her unprovided with many things that a child needs. Her governess, not daring to address the king, who was absorbed then in the pursuit of a new wife, wrote to a gentleman of the court, begging him to intercede and cause the child to be furnished with suitable clothing and other articles necessary to her comfort. Lady Bryan wrote:

“She hath neither gown nor kirtle, nor peticoat nor no manner of linen, nor forsmocks (aprons), nor kerchiefs, nor rails, nor body stichets, nor handkerchiefs, nor sleeves, nor mufflers, nor biggens” (hoods).

She entreats her correspondent to use all his influence to get the king to supply these articles, and to soften his heart toward the family of Anne Boleyn, suddenly reduced from royal state to poverty and disgrace. The governess added that her “Lady Elizabeth” had much pain in getting her large teeth.

“They come very slowly forth,” she wrote, “which causeth me to suffer Her Grace to have her will more than I would.”

Mothers who have teething children can understand this passage perfectly well. The governess goes on to say that when the little lady had got all her teeth well cut, she hoped to make her better behaved, so that “the King’s Grace shall have great comfort in Her Grace.” She described her as a promising and gentle child, and one that would do great honor to the King by and by.

The biggins, the kerchiefs, and the body stichets arrived before long, and the child appears to have enjoyed some of the comfort and dignity appertaining to her rank. Meanwhile, Henry VIII married his third wife, Jane Seymour, who gave him the long desired heir, the prince who afterwards reigned as Edward VI. The Princess Elizabeth’s first appearance in public was at the baptism of this child, born little more than a year after her own



mother's death. At the baptism her sister Mary, seventeen years older than herself, led Elizabeth to the font, where she also held the infant in her arms. Elizabeth was then four years old, but she already showed a certain prudence and propriety of demeanor not usual in so young a child.

These two children, four years apart in age, spent much of their childhood together, having some of the same teachers, and pursuing the same studies. They appear to have been tenderly attached to one another. Once when they were parted, Elizabeth proposed a correspondence, and Edward's answer to the proposal has been preserved. It is very much such a letter as an intelligent boy of ten might now write to a sister of fourteen who had gone into the country.

At length, that monstrous father of theirs died, and the little boy was styled king. They had an interview before Edward went away to London to be invested with royal state, and, strange to say, they both shed tears while conversing of their father's death. In their subsequent correspondence, too, they spoke of their father as if he had been an affectionate parent, and the young king even congratulates his sister upon the *fortitude* with which she had borne and was bearing their father's death.

We should suppose that the dangers which had surrounded the childhood of Elizabeth were now at an end. The brother with whom she had studied side by side, and who was strongly attached to her, was nominally King of England; but he was only a boy; studious indeed, and thoughtful beyond his years, but not robust in body or mind, and doomed to early death. The power of the realm was wielded by ambitious nobles, who endeavored in various ways to use the young Princess Elizabeth for their own ends. Her head was never quite safe upon her shoulders, and even her maidenly character was not spared.

The manners of the age were rude, and she was closely watched by hostile spies.

Her brother Edward, however, remained her steadfast friend, and she herself acquired an extraordinary tact and caution in avoiding the perils which beset her. When she was seventeen and the king thirteen, he made her a present of a country house at Hatfield, a day's ride north of London, now the seat of Lord Salisbury, a member of the last Beaconsfield Cabinet. Here she maintained a liberal establishment, and had a considerable retinue of servants and retainers.

In one of these retainers she was fortunate above all the princesses of her time. I mean Roger Ascham, her tutor, and afterwards her secretary. In truth the school children of all the world might very properly unite in building a monument to Roger Ascham. He was the great apostle of the gentle and kind system of teaching. He was among the first to discover and to teach that there are other ways of training and instructing the young than by the lash. He was also the first to come out distinctly against the cramming and forcing system. Over and over again, he advises schoolmasters not to teach their pupils too much and too long.

"If," said he in one of his letters, "if you pour much drink at once into a goblet, the most part will dash out and run over."

He was born in England about 1515, and showed such excellent traits in his childhood that a gentleman of rank and wealth took him into his family, educated him with his own children, and sent him to the University of Cambridge. After graduating, he became a tutor at Cambridge, where he was the room-mate for several years of William Grindall, who was appointed tutor to Queen Elizabeth. Ascham himself had given lessons in penmanship to the children of Henry VIII. He wrote a

beautiful hand. Readers who have seen the writing of Queen Elizabeth must have noticed how elegantly and clearly she wrote; and it was from Roger Ascham that she learned how to use the pen so well.

The princess, when she was a young lady, remembered with pleasure her old writing master, and William Grindall frequently wrote to his tutor at the University, asking his advice how to proceed with his distinguished pupil. The consequence was that when Grindall suddenly died of the plague, the princess asked that Roger Ascham might be appointed his successor. Her request was granted; Ascham resigned a Cambridge professorship, and went to live at the court of the princess.

He was one of the most learned and accomplished men then living; an excellent mathematician, well versed in the Greek language, an enthusiast for Greek art and learning, a musician, a man of wit, taste, and agreeable conversation. The princess became warmly attached to him, and, with some intervals, he remained in her service all the rest of his life. There was a great revival of learning in England then, and many a promising child fell a victim to the excessive zeal of teachers. Elizabeth's own brother, the young King Edward, probably owed his premature death to this cause. He was early put to studying the works of Cyprian, Jerome, Augustine, Plato, Cicero, Seneca, and a long list of other authors, Greek and Latin, pagan and Christian. The poor, sickly little king was crammed to death. Five times a week, we are told, his tutor and himself studied together in the morning, Herodotus, Isocrates, and Demosthenes, and in the afternoon, by way of recreation, they translated one of the Greek tragedies.

Roger Ascham, alive to the danger of dealing thus with the tender mind of youth, pursued an opposite course, and with such success that his royal pupil became one of

the most learned of women; perhaps the most learned woman of her day. Among his writings is a treatise on the art of teaching, in which he explains his method; a work which, I suppose, has had more effect in softening the modes of training the young than any other of the kind in the English language. The reader will be amused at its quaint, old-fashioned title-page, which I will here copy with its ancient spelling:

“The Scholemaster, or plaine and perfite way of teachynge children to understand, write and speak the Latin tongue, but specially purposed for the private brynging up of youth in Jentlemen and Noblemen’s houses, and commodious also for all such as have forgot the Latin tongue, and would by themselves without a Scholemaster in short tyme, and with small paines recover a sufficient habilitie to understand write and speak Latin.”

Before the appearance of this wise and good little book, the modes of education were almost universally barbarous, and had been so from ancient times. In the buried city of Pompeii, the common sign of a school was a picture or carving which represented the master whipping a boy upon his naked back. Luther speaks of his school as a purgatory, and mentions that in the course of one morning he was whipped fifteen times. In Shakespeare there are thirteen allusions to going to school, all of which are in harmony with the well-known passage which represents “the school-boy creeping like a snail unwillingly to school.” Children had to learn most things by rote, with little explanation, or none, and for every offence and every infirmity there was only one remedy, bodily torment. Roger Ascham rose against this barbarous system, and denounced it with quaint but eloquent indignation. Over and over again, he says that a kind and gentle manner, accompanied by just praise for good conduct, would produce better results than keeping the pupils in perpetual fear.

“If ten gentlemen,” he remarks, “be asked why they forgot so soon in court that which they were learning so long in school, eight of them, or let me be blamed, will lay the fault on their ill handling by their schoolmasters.”

A school, he says, should be “a sanctuary against fear,” and nothing should be learned unless the *mind* of the pupil grasps it and goes along with it. He enforces his doctrine by two illustrious examples, Lady Grey and Queen Elizabeth. It is from Roger Ascham’s “Schoolmaster” that we have those agreeable glimpses of Lady Jane Grey which have made her name so interesting to posterity. Ascham visited her at her father’s seat when she was a girl of fourteen, and found her reading Plato, while all the rest of the family were out hunting in the park. He asked her why she did not join in the hunt. She answered with a smile :

“I wist all their sport is but a shadow to that pleasure that I find in Plato. Alas, good folk! they never felt what true pleasure meant.”

He asked her how she acquired this taste for learning. Her answer shows the barbarous manners of the period, and illustrates in the most striking manner Roger Ascham’s doctrine. She told him that she had been blessed with severe parents and a gentle schoolmaster. When she was in presence either of father or mother, she was always in trouble or disgrace.

“Whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go; eat, drink, be merry, or sad; be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing anything else, I must do it, as it were, in such weight, measure, or number, and even so perfectly as God made the world, or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea, presently, sometimes with pinches, nips, and bobs (or in other ways which I will not name for the honor I bear them), so without measure disordered, that I think myself in hell.”



But then, she added, would come the summons to her tutor, Mr. Elmer, who taught so gently and so pleasantly that time passed without her knowing it, and she cried when obliged to leave him. Thus it was, she said, that she became so fond of learning.

Ascham dwells fondly upon this noble, ill-starred lady, and claims her as a bright proof of the excellence of this gentle system. Not less does he extol his own pupil, who was Queen when he wrote this book. While she was still under his care he was full of enthusiasm for her talents and learning. "She shone like a star among all the ladies of England." She had "the genius of a man, without the weakness of a woman." She was not only a deep and sound theologian, but she spoke Latin and Greek so well that she could defend her opinions so as to be victorious over the most learned doctors. When she was queen, she still kept up her habits of daily study with her old tutor.

"Point forth," he says, "six of the best given gentlemen of this court, and they altogether show not so much good will, spend not so much time, bestow not so many hours, daily, orderly, and constantly, for the increase of learning and knowledge, as doth the Queen's majesty herself."

He declared that, besides her familiarity with Latin, Italian, French, and Spanish, all of which she had occasion to use frequently in public business, she read more Greek every day than some dignitaries of the Church read of Latin in a whole week. Seldom has a work been written more adroitly than this *Schoolmaster* of Roger Ascham. The great examples which he adduces, and the skillful manner in which he introduces them, greatly contributed to its influence. He is certainly entitled to the gratitude of the whole world of scholars and students.

He died in 1568, in his fifty-fourth year, Queen Eliza-

beth being then thirty-five years of age. When the queen heard of his death she exclaimed that she would rather have lost ten thousand pounds than her tutor Ascham. Nevertheless, she did not, in his lifetime, compensate him too liberally. His salary was twenty pounds per annum; but I think that sum was fully equal to ten times the amount in the money of to-day.

There can be no doubt that the praises which Ascham bestowed upon the queen were in some degree deserved. She was in truth a highly educated lady, with all her foibles and faults. At Oxford you may see her copy of St. Paul's Epistles, with the binding ornamented with designs by her own hand, and with her thoughts written in Latin that were suggested by reading the epistles. We have also some verses of her composition which are not wanting in force and fluency. She did credit to her schoolmaster.

This renowned princess in some particulars lived with extreme simplicity, for even kings in that age enjoyed few of the comforts and decencies of civilization. The housekeeping books of some of the great families of that period have been published, from which we learn that few houses then had the luxury of a chimney, and that only princes' beds were provided with two sheets. Carpets were unknown, and floors were strewn with rushes.

The household of the Princess Elizabeth were called at six in the morning, and the whole of them, perhaps sixty in number, repaired at once to the chapel, where Mass was said, as the Church of England prayers were still frequently called. At seven o'clock the Princess and her ladies sat down to breakfast. And what did they have for breakfast? Not coffee, tea, chocolate, or cocoa. Before each person was placed a pewter pot of beer, and another of wine. On fast days the breakfast chiefly consisted of salt fish, and on other days a great joint of

mutton or beef, with bread. Vegetables were few in number, and only of the coarser kinds, such as cabbages and turnips. The potato was unknown, to say nothing of the more delicate vegetables, of which the poorest family now has a share.

It is really surprising to read of the way in which people in good circumstances were then accommodated. The Princess Elizabeth, when she was eighteen years of age, *may* have had sheets upon her bed, but probably she had no garment similar to the modern nightgown. Her bed was probably stuffed with coarse wool, and if she had a pillow at all, it was filled with bran, or chaff. Prosperous farmers in that age slept upon straw beds, and had "a good round log under their head for a pillow." As for servants, they lay upon the straw without any intermediate fabric to protect what an old writer styles their "hardened hydes."

The Princess Elizabeth may have had one or two silver spoons for her own use, though most of her household had spoons only of pewter or wood. And yet at that time people wrote of the prevalence of luxury, and of the consequent degeneracy of the race, just as we do in these days. The historian Hume quotes a curious passage from an author of Queen Elizabeth's day :

"In times past men were contented to dwell in houses builded of sallow, willow, etc. ; so that the use of the oak was in a manner dedicated wholly unto churches, religious houses, princes' palaces, navigation, etc. ; but now willow, etc. are rejected, and nothing but oak anywhere regarded. And yet see the change ; for when our houses were builded of willow, then had we oaken men ; but now that our houses are come to be made of oak, our men are not only become willow, but a great many altogether of straw, which is a sore alteration. Now we have many chimneys ; and yet our tenderlines complain of rheum, catarrh, and poses" (colds).

This fine old conservative *lamented* that the houses were no longer filled with smoke, which, he said, not only hardened the timber of a house, but kept the good man and his family from taking cold and catching disease.

The Princess Elizabeth was twenty years of age when the death of her brother Edward VI raised to the throne her sister Mary. Her conduct at this terrible crisis was equally prudent and right. The ambitious Northumberland offered her money and lands if she would consent to the setting aside of Mary, and the elevation to the throne of Lady Jane Gray. She simply and firmly replied that, so long as her sister Mary was alive, she had no rights to the throne either to claim or to surrender.

During the reign of Mary she was frequently in the most imminent and deadly peril; not from any hostility borne her by her sister, but through the intrigues of corrupt and ill-disposed men who wished to use her intense popularity for their own advantage. In her twenty-fifth year, after a series of vicissitudes and escapes, Elizabeth reigned. On hearing the news of her sister's death, she appeared stunned. Drawing a deep sigh, she knelt down and said:

“This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes.”

### XIII.

#### THE WIFE OF THOMAS CARLYLE.

“DON'T marry a man of genius,” Mrs. Carlyle used to say, in moments of depression, to her intimate friends. Who would like to be judged by the words that escape when the burthens of life press too heavily, or when morbid conditions distort the view? Carlyle inherited from a line of laborious ancestors the frame and constitution of a bricklayer, with the peasant instinct of mastership over the female. A little Latin, Greek, and German do not radically change a man's nature. The old saying, that it takes three generations to make a gentleman, is not destitute of truth, and the process did not begin in Thomas Carlyle till he was already too old to take to it kindly. The true moral to be deduced from the mass of Carlylian material with which we have been recently favored, is: Destroy your letters, or else have them edited by a person who can discriminate between words that express an exceptional and transitory feeling, and those which reveal the state of mind which is habitual and characteristic.

Jeannie Welsh, at all periods of her life, was a cheery, fascinating creature. The very earliest incidents related of her exhibit to us a little person of will, opinion, and talent. She was quick at her lessons, a capital mimic, and possessed by a wide and intelligent curiosity which it was not always easy to satisfy. The usual girl's education was not enough for her: modern languages, music, and drawing were well in their way; but she aspired to



the dignity of Latin, undeterred by her father's good-natured indifference and her mother's opposition. It was not her custom either to tease or pout; she simply took the matter into her own hands, sought out a school-boy whom she induced to teach her the mysteries of nouns of the first declension, and pursued her studies by herself. One night when she was supposed to be in bed, a small voice was heard issuing from beneath a table, murmuring diligently to itself, "*penna*, a pen; *pennae*, of a pen." Amid the laughter of the family she crawled from her hiding place and running to her father, said:

"I want to learn Latin; please let me be a boy."

The school of Haddington, her native place (a large market town twenty miles east of Edinburgh), was but a short distance from her father's house, and thither she was soon afterward permitted to go, attired, as Carlyle tells us, in a light blue pelisse, black belt, dainty little cap, caught up with a feather, and her satchel carried in her hand.

"Fill that little figure with elastic intellect, love, and generous vivacity of all kinds," he adds, "and where in nature will you find a prettier?"

The little lady's vivacity and generosity were both soon displayed to her school-fellows. The boys and girls usually said their lessons in separate rooms, but arithmetic and algebra they recited together. Most of the boys were devoted to her, but now and then difficulties arose, due, perhaps, to her so easily surpassing them all. Once, when the master had left the room, one of them said something disagreeable to her; instantly her temper was aroused, and doubling up her little fist she struck him on the nose and made it bleed. At that moment the master returned and demanded to know who had been fighting. There was silence. Fighting was punished with flogging, and no one would tell tales of a girl. The teacher

declared that he would flog the whole school if he was not told the culprit's name. It was well known that he would keep his word; but still no one spoke until Jeannie, the smallest, most fairy-like of little girls, looked up and announced:

“Please, it was I.”

Severity was impossible. The teacher tried to keep his countenance, failed, burst out laughing, called her “a little devil,” and bade her go her ways to the girls' room.

Soon afterward the school changed masters; Edward Irving, a young man freshly laden with college honors, came to Haddington to teach. Besides having her in his classes at the school, he was entrusted with the care of her more private education. He directed her reading, assisted her in her studies, taught her astronomy on star-light nights, and introduced her to Vergil.

Vergil was to her, as he has been to so many others, an inspiring revelation. She read, studied, declaimed the poet with passionate delight. She tried to conform her own life to the Roman model. When she was tempted to commit an unworthy act, she said to herself with sternness, “A Roman would not have done it.” When she gallantly caught by the neck and flung aside a hissing gander of which she had long stood in dread, she felt that she “deserved well of the Republic,” and merited a civil crown. Furthermore, having become convinced that a doll was now beneath her dignity, she burned her ancient favorite, with all its dresses and its cherished four-post bed, upon a funeral pyre, constructed of “a fagot or two of cedar allumettes, a few sticks of cinnamon, and a nutmeg.” Then, delivering with much emphasis and solemnity the dying words of Dido in their original tongue, the doll (with Jeannie's assistance), kindled the pyre, stabbed herself with a penknife, and a moment later, being stuffed with sawdust and highly combustible, was in a fine blaze,

while her poor little mistress, repenting too late, stood helplessly by, shrieking till the household hastened to the spot.

While she was yet a child she began to write, and at fourteen she had composed a tragedy, rather inflated in style, but of great promise. She continued for many years to write poetry, and her two dearest friends, Irving and Carlyle, both expected her to shine in literature. That she possessed the talent for such a career her clear, graphic style, its witty allusions, and the appreciative humor of her letters sufficiently attest.

She was still a young girl when her father, Dr. Welsh, a highly accomplished physician, was prostrated by a fever caught while attending an old woman in the town of Haddington. His disease being contagious, he gave orders to exclude his daughter from the room. She forced her way to his side. He sent her out, and she passed the night lying before his door. His death, her first great sorrow, was well nigh insupportable to her, and perhaps permanently impaired her health.

“A father so loved and mourned,” says Carlyle, “I have never seen. To the end of her life his title even to me was ‘*He*’ and ‘*Him*.’ Not above twice or thrice, did she ever mention—and then in a quiet, slow tone—*my father*.”

His death left her an heiress; all his property except a small annuity to his widow having been bequeathed to her. She was young, agreeable, brilliant, rich (for the time and place), and beautiful. She was fair, with black hair and black eyes “shining with soft mockery,” as Froude describes them, and an irregular nose, in harmony with the satirical expression of her face. Her forehead was white and broad, her figure “slight, airy, and perfectly graceful.”

We cannot wonder that this young lady was blessed

with many suitors. She made herself agreeable to them, talked, laughed, and danced with them, and refused them very politely when they asked her hand. Many people considered her a flirt, and the gay manner in which she alludes to the charge shows that she did not resent it. But if she was merry, she was neither frivolous nor unfeeling. She had bestowed all the love she had to give upon a man who fully returned her affection, yet could not marry her. This was her old teacher, Edward Irving. He had become engaged to another lady before again meeting the beautiful Miss Welsh whom he had so long known only as little Jeannie. When at length he saw her again, he fell in love with her. He would not break his engagement, nor would she permit him to do so. At length, he asked the young lady to release him: she would not, and he married her.

This affair, so quickly told, lasted long, and while the issue was yet uncertain, Irving introduced Miss Welsh to his friend, Thomas Carlyle, in the hope that he would guide and assist her in her studies. The friendship between them soon became warmly affectionate. Carlyle discussed his projects, prospects, and opinions with her, corrected her verses, and planned works which they were to write in concert. Not aware of Irving's love for her, he even adopted a complimentary, gallant tone in his letters; but this she did not permit to continue. Gradually his affection and admiration increased, until he felt that she was the perfect woman. He was not hopeful of success in his suit, nor had he reason to be, for until Irving's marriage she persistently discouraged him. He was very much in love for so austere a man, and wrote verses which sound strangely to the ear familiar with his ordinary — or extraordinary — style. They are ardent, at least:

“Bright maid, thy destiny as I view,  
Unuttered thoughts come o'er me;

Enrolled among earth's chosen few,  
Lovely as morning, pure as dew,  
Thy image stands before me.

“Oh, that on Fame's far shining peak,  
With great and mighty numbered,  
Unfading laurels I could seek;  
This longing spirit then might speak  
The thoughts within that slumbered.

“Oh, in the battle's wildest swell,  
By hero's deeds to win thee,  
To meet the charge, the stormy yell,  
The artillery's flash, its thundering knell,  
And thine the light within me.

“What man in Fate's dark day of power,  
While thoughts of thee upbore him,  
Would shrink at danger's blackest hour,  
Or faint in Life's last ebbing hour,  
If tears of thine fell o'er him?”

Irving once married, Miss Welsh viewed her devoted but impracticable suitor in a different light. She recognized his genius, she believed in his affection, she was proud of his preference: why not marry him? She was not, as she frankly told him, *in love* with him; yet she loved him, and at last accepted him. Their engagement was stormy. If he made impossible plans for the future, she, with a stroke of satire, a positive *No*, or an elaborate explanation, upset them. Then he thought she was dismayed at the prospect of such a retired life as his profession necessitated, and offered to release her. Then she wrote refusing to be released, soothing and reassuring him, and proposing some other arrangement. Each cheered and encouraged the other to such sacrifices as the circumstances required, and indeed, as Mr. Froude remarks: “They comforted one another as if they were going to execution.”



Married they were, however, after much difficulty and delay, owing to the impossibility of Carlyle's arranging the necessary details as anybody else would have done. Miss Welsh had to instruct him in regard to each detail of the ceremony. Her last letter before the wedding, relating to something about the banns which he did not understand, is headed :

“ *The last Speech and marrying Words of that unfortunate young woman, Jane Baillie Welsh.*”

An unfortunate young woman, her friends indeed considered her to be, knowing as they did her husband's irascible temper and fantastic whims. Nor, bravely as she faced the future, did she herself expect other happiness than was to be won by a life of self-sacrifice, nor ask other reward than the appreciation and confidence of the man of genius whom she had resolved to serve. Having these, she had been well content to bear his irritability and moroseness, to stand between him and poverty's daily worries, to accept menial duties to which she was unaccustomed, and to lose the friends whose society he would not tolerate.

The first eighteen months of their married life, Carlyle was accustomed to look back upon as the happiest period of his existence.

“For my wife,” he wrote to his mother shortly after taking possession of his new home, Comely Bank, “I may say in my heart that she is far better than any wife, and loves me with a devotedness which it is a mystery to me how I have ever deserved. She is gay and happy as a lark, and looks with such soft cheerfulness into my gloomy countenance, that new hope passed into me every time I met her eye.”

She, too, was most happy. “My husband is so kind,” she writes in a postscript to one of his letters home, “so in all respects after my own heart. I was sick one day,

and he nursed me as well as my own mother could have done, and he never says a hard word to me unless I richly deserve it. We see great numbers of people, but are always most content alone. My husband reads then, and I read or work, or just sit and look at him, which I really find as profitable an employment as any other."

Already, however, she was beginning to encounter the social and household difficulties which her husband's temperament rendered inevitable. He was dyspeptic, and required the simplest food, cooked with unvarying perfection, storming at fate, or shrouding himself in deepest gloom if his oatmeal was scorched or his eggs not fresh. As no servant could satisfy him, Mrs. Carlyle went into the kitchen, and studied cookery. The slightest noises distracted him when he was at work; Mrs. Carlyle was ever on the alert to prevent doors from banging, dishes from clattering, and shoes from creaking. Visitors had to be received; his tender epithet for them was "nauseous intruders." Mrs. Carlyle managed with such adroitness that, without offence to any, they were so winnowed and sifted that only those whose society he could enjoy or endure, reached his presence. She was a charming hostess, and even succeeded in giving small tea-parties which her gifted spouse found not unpleasant.

Meanwhile, Carlyle's literary and financial ventures not proving successful, he was possessed by a growing restlessness and gloom, and before the first year was ended, made up his mind to leave Edinburgh and retire to Craigenputtock, a bleak, barren little moorland estate belonging to his wife, sixteen miles from the nearest town. Mrs. Carlyle, whose health was impaired, dreaded the change, and might even have refused her consent, but that her mother then lived at Nithsdale, fifteen miles from Craigenputtock. She did remonstrate, but Carlyle's mind was made up, and to Craigenputtock

they went. They lived there seven years — years of alternating depression and good cheer to Carlyle, but marked by improvement in his literary power and growing reputation. To his wife they were years of desolation.

As only incapable Scottish servants could be obtained, Mrs. Carlyle was obliged to make good their deficiencies. She cooked, cleaned the rooms, scoured the floors, polished grates, milked cows, gathered eggs, looked after the garden, took charge of the dairy, and, in short, did the work herself, with occasional assistance from her blundering maid. If anything was unexpectedly required from the village, it was she who must mount and gallop away in quest of it.

Her hardest struggles were with the cookery. She had cooked, indeed, at Comely Bank, but only now and then the dainties, not as she cooked at Craigenputtock. After thirty years, she wrote to a friend the comic-pathetic story of the baking of her first loaf of bread. The bread from Dumfries not agreeing with her husband, she says:

“It was plainly my duty as a Christian wife to bake at home. So I sent for Cobbett’s ‘Cottage Economy,’ and fell to work at a loaf of bread. But knowing nothing of the process of fermentation or the heat of ovens, it came to pass that my loaf got put into the oven at the time that myself ought to have been put into bed; and I remained the only person not asleep in a house in the middle of a desert. One o’clock struck, and then two, and then three; and still I was sitting there in an immense solitude, my whole body aching with weariness, my heart aching with a sense of forlornness and *degradation*. That I, who had been so petted at home, whose comfort had been studied by everybody in the house, who had never been required to *do* anything but *cultivate my mind*, should have to pass all those hours of the night in watching a *loaf of bread* — which mightn’t turn out bread

after all! Such thoughts maddened me, till I laid down my head on the table and sobbed aloud. It was then that somehow the idea of Benvenuto Cellini sitting up all night watching his Perseus in the furnace came into my head, and suddenly I asked myself, 'After all, in the sight of the Upper Powers, what is the mighty difference between a statue of Perseus and a loaf of bread, so that each be the thing one's hand has found to do? The man's determined will, his energy, his patience, his resource, were the really admirable things, of which his statue of Perseus was the mere chance expression. If he had been a woman living at Craigenputtock, with a dyspeptic husband, sixteen miles from a baker, and he a bad one, all these same qualities would have come out more fully in a *good* loaf of bread.'

Of these labors she never complained till her health gave way, though the solitude of the place was terrible to her, and Carlyle, occupied with his work and blind to her misery, withdrew himself from her society, and rode, smoked, and mused by himself. His nervous condition made it impossible for him to sleep unless he slept alone: at least, it made him think he could not. Sometimes for days she scarcely saw him, except at meals, and in the early morning when she stole into his room for the few moments while he was shaving. It is little wonder that she called the place "the Desert," or shuddered to remember that of the three previous residents one had taken to drink, and two had gone mad. A touching relic of this time is a little poem of hers, enclosed in a letter to her friend, Lord Jeffrey. It is called "To a Swallow Building Under Our Eaves":

"Thou too hast traveled, little fluttering thing—  
 Hast seen the world, and now thy weary wing  
     Thou too must rest.  
 But much my little bird, couldst thou but tell,  
 I'd give to know why here thou lik'st so well  
     To build thy nest.

“For thou hast passed fair places in thy flight;  
 A world lay all beneath thee where to light;  
     And, strange thy taste,  
 Of all the varied scenes that met thine eye —  
 Of all the spots for building 'neath the sky —  
     To choose this waste.

“Did fortune try thee? was thy little purse  
 Perchance run low, and thou, afraid of worse,  
     Felt here secure?  
 Ah no! thou need'st not gold, thou happy one!  
 Thou know'st it not. Of all God's creatures, **man**  
     Alone is poor!

“What was it, then? some mystic turn of thought,  
 Caught under German eaves, and hither brought,  
     Marring thine eye  
 For the world's loveliness, till thou art grown  
 A sober thing that dost but mope and moan,  
     Not knowing why?

“Nay, if thy mind be sound, I need not ask,  
 Since here I see thee working at thy task  
     With wing and beak.  
 A well-laid scheme doth that small head contain,  
 At which thou work'st, brave bird, with might and **main**,  
     Nor more need'st seek.

“In truth, I rather take it thou hast got  
 By instinct wise much sense about thy lot,  
     And hast small care  
 Whether an Eden or a desert be  
 Thy home, so thou remain'st alive and free  
     To skim the air.

“God speed thee, pretty bird; may thy small nest  
 With little ones all in good time be blest.  
     I love thee much;  
 For well thou manageth that life of thine,  
 While I! oh, ask not what I do with mine!  
     Would I were such!”



At length, in 1834, they moved to London, to the now famous No. 5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea, their home for the rest of their lives. They were both pleased with the change, and Carlyle even enjoyed the moving in and settling down, although noise and bustle usually drove him into his worst humor. A year after the removal Mrs. Carlyle writes merrily to her mother:

“I have just had a call from an old rejected lover, who has been in India these ten years: though he has come home with more thousands of pounds than we are ever likely to have hundreds, or even scores, the sight of him did not make me doubt the wisdom of my preference. Indeed, I continue quite content with my bargain; I could wish him a little *less yellow*, and a little more *peaceable*; but this is all.”

She did not add, “and a little more practical,” but she might well have done so. Throughout his life Carlyle’s dismay and helplessness, when confronted with the ordinary necessities of existence, was something which would have been merely ludicrous had it not cast upon his brave, too generous wife, a burden she was ill able to bear. He shrank from ordering his own coats and trowsers; she went to the tailor’s for him, much to the astonishment of that functionary. If the house needed repairing, he took to flight, and enjoyed a journey to Scotland, while she remained among the dismantled rooms, superintending the labors of plumbers, plasterers, and paper-hangers. When a howling dog, a talkative parrot, a too cheerful cock, distracted him at his writing and invoked a tempest, it was she who by appealing letters, personal persuasion, or threats of the law, induced the neighbors to abolish the nuisance, and so allayed the storm. She, too, it was who still faced and routed inquisitive visitors, who managed the household expenditure, who covered and remodeled ancient sofas, repainted old furniture, kept the books in

order, attended to the taxes, and arranged the terms on which they leased their home. With regard to the lease, she writes to her husband at Llandough, during a period when he had escaped into the country, leaving her to reign alone in a house where "the stairs were all flowing with whitewash," and a young man was scraping the walls with pumice-stone to the tune of "Oh, rest thee my darling, Thy sire is a Knight."

"It will be a clean, pretty house for you to come home to, and should you find that I have exceeded by a few pounds your modest allowance for painting and papering, you will find that I have not been thoughtless nevertheless, when I show you a document from Mr. Morgan, promising to 'indemnify us for the same in the undisturbed possession of our house for five years!' A piece of paper equivalent to a lease of the house for five years, 'with the reciprocity all on one side,' binding him and leaving us free. . . . This was one of those remarkable instances of fascination which I exercise over gentlemen of a 'certain age;' before I had spoken six words to him it was plain to the meanest capacity that he had fallen over head and ears in love with me; and if he put off time in writing me the promise I required, it was plainly only because he could not bear the idea of my going away again! No wonder! probably no such beatific vision as that of a real live woman, in a silk bonnet and muslin gown, ever irradiated that dingy, dusty law chamber of his, and sat there on a three-foot-high stool, since he had held a pen behind his ear; and certainly never before had either man or woman, in that place, addressed him as a human being, not as a lawyer, or he would not have looked at me so struck dumb with admiration when I did so. For respectability's sake, I said, in taking leave, that 'my husband was out of town, or he would have come himself.' 'Better as it is,' said the old gentleman; 'do you think I

would have written to your husband's dictation as I have done to yours?' He asked me if your name were John or William—plainly he had lodged an angel unawares."

Carlyle's sins, we must own, were more those of omission than commission, but he was liable to be seized at any time by some whimsical desire that had to be gratified at once, whatever the inconvenience to the household. Thus his wife writes to her friend, Dr. Russell, apologizing for her delay in sending him a photograph and letter:

"On the New Year's morning itself, Mr. C. 'got up off his wrong side,' a by no means uncommon way of getting up for him in these overworked times! And he suddenly discovered that his salvation, here and hereafter, depended on having, 'immediately, without a moment's delay,' a beggarly pair of old cloth boots, that the street-sweeper would hardly have thanked him for, 'lined with flannel, and new bound, and repaired generally!' and 'one of my women'—that is, my one woman and a half—was to be set upon the job! Alas! a regular shoemaker would have taken a whole day to it, and wouldn't have undertaken such a piece of work besides! and Mr. C. scouted the idea of employing a shoemaker, as subversive of his authority as master of the house. So, neither my one woman, nor my half one, having any more capability of repairing 'generally' these boots than of repairing the Great Eastern, there was no help for me but to sit down on the New Year's morning, with a great ugly beast of a man's boot in my lap, and scheme, and stitch, and worry over it till night; and next morning begin on the other! There, you see, were my two days eaten up very completely, and unexpectedly; and so it goes on, 'always a something' (as my dear mother used to say)."

Her difficulties with servants form a tragi-comedy by themselves, very funny in some of its details, but a very

real and exhausting misery to the poor lady whose dyspeptic of genius had to be guarded from every breath of domestic disturbance. She had servants who stole, servants who drank, servants who brought upon the house the horror of bugs, servants who were incompetent, servants who were insolent. One, while her mistress was ill upstairs, entertained people of evil character in the kitchen and terrified her fellow-servant into keeping silence; another was found dead-drunk upon the kitchen floor with a whisky bottle by her side, surrounded (having overturned the table in her fall) by a quantity of broken crockery that filled a clothes-basket when gathered up. All this she had to bear and set right without help, and with much hindrance from her husband's irritable temper.

"I should not be at all afraid," she once wrote to her beloved friend, Mrs. Russell, "that after a few weeks my new maid would do well enough if it weren't for Mr. C.'s frightful impatience with any new servant untrained to his ways, which would drive a woman out of the house with her hair on end if allowed to act directly upon her! So that I have to stand between them, and imitate in a small, humble way the Roman soldier who gathered his arms full of the enemy's spears, and received them all into his own breast. It is this which makes a change of servants, even when for the better, a terror to me in prospect, and an agony in realization—for a time."

Carlyle, collecting and reading over his wife's letters after her death, added to this one—"Oh Heavens, the comparison! It was too true."

Even when all was going well and the household in perfect running order, he could not spare her, and, much as her health demanded change of scene, rest, and the careful attendance of friends, she dared make no-visits.

"Ah, my dear," she wrote to Mrs. Russell, "your kindness goes to my heart, and makes me like to cry, because

I cannot do as you bid me. My servants are pretty well got into the routine of the house now, and if Mr. C. were like other men, he might be left to their care for two or three weeks, without fear of consequences. But he is much more like a spoiled baby than like other men. I tried him alone for a few days, when I was afraid of falling seriously ill, unless I had change of air. Three weeks ago I went with Geraldine Jewsbury to Ramsgate, one of the most accessible sea-side places, where I was within call, as it were, if anything went wrong at home. But the letter that came from him every morning was like the letter of a Babe in the Wood, who would be found buried with dead leaves by the robins if I didn't look to it."

Mrs. Carlyle's lot was indeed in many respects a miserable one. Another woman in her state of health would almost from the first have claimed the rights of an invalid. She was burdened far beyond her strength; Carlyle did not see it, did not appreciate her heroic toil, and gave her little of the comfort of his society. At one period he sought and frequently enjoyed the conversation of a brilliant and titled lady, who was his admiring friend, but was scarcely civil to his wife. At this time the spirit, the confidence, the humor, the gayety, that had so long sustained her no longer sufficed, and her sorrow found vent in a bitter journal; kept, as she records on the first page, because she had taken a notion to, and "just as the Scotch professor drank whisky, because I like it, and because it's cheap." During this period, which fortunately did not last long, her letters to Carlyle are short and cold; but gradually the matter adjusted itself, her jealousy died a natural death, and she wrote to him once more in the old, lover-like tone, and the old, merry humor.

There was a bright side to the picture. Her husband was famous. She was proud of him, proud of being consulted concerning his works; and he never failed to ask



her criticism, as he really valued her judgment. She had, too, a large circle of friends, whom she attached to herself by a bond of peculiar tenderness. She enjoyed the friendship of many distinguished men—among them Darwin, Dickens, and Tennyson—she entertained them at her house, and she was justly famed as a hostess. It used to be said that many who came to sit at her husband's feet, remained at hers. When he was present, however, she persistently kept herself in the background, devoting all her energies to drawing him out to the best advantage, by means of a judicious word here and there, by warding off interruption, and by an occasional well-timed cup of tea. When he was absent she revealed herself as a brilliant talker, quiet, witty, eloquent, humorous, adding piquancy to the conversation by quaint quotations of Scotch proverbs, odd by-words, or sudden touches of mimicry.

In 1863, her health, long declining, became worse than ever, and she suffered greatly from neuralgia in her arm. One day, feeling rather better than usual, she went out to visit a cousin in the city. After making her call, she hailed an omnibus to ride home; but, as the street was undergoing repairs, the omnibus could not approach the curbstone, and just as she left the sidewalk to cross to it, a cab dashed toward her at full speed. To avoid being run over she was obliged to throw herself suddenly to one side. She fell, and the desperate effort she made to keep from striking upon her helpless arm in falling, wrenched and lacerated the sinews of her thigh. Nor did she succeed in saving her arm, which received the full force of the blow. She lay for a moment unable to rise or move; then kind hands lifted her and placed her in a carriage, when she was driven home. Her suffering was terrible; but in the midst of it she could still think of her husband, and when at length the carriage

stopped she caused the driver to call her next neighbor first of all, that he might break the news to Carlyle.

Slowly she recovered from the worst effects of this accident, and was able to move about, and resume in some measure her old place. But darker days were yet to come. The neuralgia increased to such a degree, that she was scarcely ever without pain; and to this a still more distressing malady, the result of her fall, was afterwards added. When she was able to be moved she was taken for a time to St. Leonards-on-Sea; later, to the country-house of a relative, and then to Holm Hill, where she could be under the care of old friends. Her letters to Carlyle were but a record of anguish, often a cry of despair. It is impossible to read them without a degree of sympathy that is painful in its intensity.

“Oh,” she wrote, “this relapse is a severe disappointment to me, and God knows, not altogether a selfish disappointment! I had looked forward to going back to you so much improved, as to be, if not of any use and comfort to you, at least no trouble to you, and no burden on your spirits! And now God knows how it will be! Sometimes I feel a deadly assurance that I am progressing towards just such another winter as the last! only what little courage and hope supported me in the beginning, worn out now, and ground into dust, under long fiery suffering!”

But at last she grew a little better, and it was thought best that she should return to London. Her arrival was of course a joyful event, and her welcome most cordial.

“Very excited people they were,” she wrote, “Dr. C. had stupidly told his brother he might look for us about ten, and, as we did not arrive until half after eleven, Mr. C. had settled it in his own mind that I had been taken ill somewhere on the road, and was momentarily expecting a telegram to say that I was dead. So he rushed out in his

dressing-gown, and kissed me, and wept over me as I was in the act of getting down out the cab (much to the edification of the neighbors at their windows, I have no doubt); and then the maids appeared behind him, looking timidly, with flushed faces and tears in their eyes; and the little one (the cook) threw her arms round my neck and fell to kissing me in the open street; and the big one (the housemaid) I had to kiss, that she might not be made jealous the first thing."

Though still weak and often suffering, she was never again as ill as she had been. She resumed the management of the household, wrote gay letters again, entertained company, and drove out frequently in a neat little carriage given her by Carlyle, and selected with deep pride and pleasure by herself. Her husband, during these last days (which neither of them knew to be her last), was as kind to her as his unpliant nature permitted, while she turned constantly to him with clinging affection pitiful to see. It was at this time that he went to Edinburgh to address the University. Her anxiety as to his success, and her final delight in his triumph, were characteristic and beautiful.

"Mrs. Warren and Maggie were helping to dress me for Forster's birthday," she wrote, "when the telegraph boy gave his double knock. 'There it is!' I said. 'I am afraid, cousin, it is only the postman,' said Maggie. Jessie rushed up with the telegram. I tore it open and read 'From John Tyndall' (Oh, God bless John Tyndall in this world and the next!) 'to Mrs. Carlyle. A perfect triumph!' I read it to myself, and then read it aloud to the gaping chorus. And chorus all began to dance and clap their hands. 'Eh, Mrs. Carlyle! Eh, hear to that!' cried Jessie. 'I told you, ma'am,' cried Mrs. Warren, 'I told you how it would be.' 'I'm so glad, cousin! you'll be all right now, cousin,' twittered Maggie,

executing a sort of leap-frog round me. And they went on clapping their hands, till there arose among them a sudden cry for brandy! 'Get her some brandy!' 'Do, ma'am, swallow this spoonful of brandy; just a spoonful!' For, you see, the sudden solution of the nervous tension with which I have been holding in my anxieties for days—nay, weeks past—threw me into as pretty a little fit of hysterics as you ever saw."

Next day she wrote again: "Now just look at that! If here isn't, at half after eleven, when nobody looks for the Edinburgh post, your letter, two newspapers, and letters from my aunt Anne, Thomas Erskine, and David Aitken besides. I have only as yet read your letter. The rest will keep now. I had a nice letter from Henry Davidson yesterday, as good as a newspaper critic. What pleases me most in this business—I mean the business of your success—is the hearty personal affection towards you that comes out on all hands. These men at Forster's with their cheering—our own people—even old Silvester turning as white as a sheet, and his lips quivering when he tried to express his gladness over the telegraph: all that is positively delightful, and makes the success 'a good joy' to me. No appearance of envy or grudging in anybody; but one general, loving, heartfelt throwing up of caps with young and old, male and female! If we could only sleep, dear, and what you call *digest*, wouldn't it be nice?"

Carlyle was still away when the end came. She had had gone out to drive as usual, taking with her a favorite dog. At a quiet place near the Victoria Gate, she stopped the carriage to let the creature get out for a run, and drove on slowly, the dog following. Presently a passing brougham struck the dog and threw it down, when she and the lady who was driving the brougham alighted to see if it was hurt. She stood talking a moment with this

lady, then returned to her seat, lifting in the dog, and again went on. The coachman drove for some time, until receiving no further orders, and noticing that Mrs. Carlyle was sitting very still, he became alarmed, and approaching a park gate addressed a lady and asked her to look into the carriage. The lady complied; then called a gentleman who was passing, who confirmed her fears. Mrs. Carlyle was dead. She was leaning back with eyes closed and hands lying folded in her lap, and a peaceful, happy expression upon her face.

Many hours after the telegram which announced her death, her husband received from her a merry, tender little letter, putting off all "long stories" until next week, when he would be at home, but promising another and better letter the next day, after the tea-party which was to take place that evening.

When her friends were making preparations for the burial, the housekeeper told them that one night when Mrs. Carlyle was very ill, she had asked that two candles which would be found upon a certain shelf, should be lighted and burned when she was dead. Once (as she had proceeded to explain), soon after coming to London, and while very poor, she had wished to give a party, and her mother, who was staying in the house, had gone out and bought candles and confectionery, with which she decorated the supper room, unknown to her daughter, whom she desired to surprise. But Mrs. Carlyle had been offended instead of pleased, explaining that people would think she was extravagant and meant to ruin her husband. She removed two of the candles, and some of the delicacies, at which her mother had been deeply hurt, and could not be comforted. Mrs. Carlyle, overcome with remorse, had then wrapped the two candles in paper and laid them aside where they could easily be found, with the resolve that they should serve at her death.



She lies buried by the side of her father in the choir of Haddington Church. Her husband's hand penned the words which the visitor may read upon the memorial stone above her grave :

“In her bright existence she had more sorrows than are common ; but also a soft invincibility, a clearness of discernment, and a noble loyalty of heart, which are rare. For forty years she was the true and ever-loving help-mate of her husband, and by act and word unweariedly forwarded him, as none else could, in all of worth that he did or attempted. She died at London, 21st April, 1866 ; suddenly snatched away from him, and the light of his life as if gone out.”

## XIV.

### THE WIFE OF BENEDICT ARNOLD.

**D**URING the occupation of Philadelphia by the British in 1778, the Quaker city became the scene of unaccustomed festivities. Parties, theatricals, entertainments of all kinds, some given in honor of Lord Howe and his officers, the greater number originating with the officers themselves, followed each other in quick succession. Among those who figured most prominently in these gay scenes were two individuals who were destined not long afterward to be involved in a tragedy which brought upon one of them misery and disgrace, and consigned the other to death upon the gallows. These ill-starred persons were Major André of the British army, and Miss Margaret Shippen, a young lady of the city in which that army was quartered.

Major John André was the son of a Swiss merchant, long settled in London, where he gained a considerable fortune. His mother, though of French parentage, was born in London. The native language, therefore, of both his parents, was French; his name was French; and there was in his character a spice of French sentiment and romance. He was French enough to think, for example, that to be an officer in an army is a thing more desirable, more honorable, and more becoming a man, than to serve his country as a man of business. Nevertheless, when he was a lad of seventeen, his father placed him in a counting-house, where he remained, plying the assiduous pen, till he was past twenty-one.

He was an agreeable, winning, and handsome youth. The diligence of his biographer, the late Winthrop Sargent, has brought together some of his earliest letters, written when he was passionately in love with an extremely beautiful girl, who afterwards married the father of the celebrated Miss Edgeworth. He drew the portrait of this lady, which still exists, with several other efforts of his pencil and brush. His letters reveal to us an affectionate, ardent, innocent mind, and a talent for composition which practice might have developed into a decided gift. He tells his beloved in one of his letters how much he hates the slavery of his desk, and how he sits in the counting-house and indulges his imagination with anticipations of the future.

“Borne on the soaring pinions of an ardent imagination,” he writes, “I wing my flight to the time when Heaven shall have crowned my labors with success and opulence. I see sumptuous palaces rising to receive me; I see orphans and widows, and painters and fiddlers, and poets and builders protected and encouraged; and when the fabric is pretty nearly finished by my shattered pericranium, I cast my eyes around and find John André by a small coal fire, in a gloomy counting-house in Warnford Court, nothing so little as what he has been making himself, and, in all probability, never to be much more than he is at present. But, oh! My dear Honora! It is for thy sake only I wish for wealth.”

Many of his letters are in this strain. He tells her, in one of them, that, for her sake he has overcome his repugnance to a mercantile life, and that, if ever something whispers in his ear that he is not of the right stuff for a merchant, he draws his Honora's picture from his bosom, and the sight of that dear talisman so inspirits his industry, that no toil appears distressing.

But this romantic affection in a merchant's clerk of

eighteen had no results. Soon after coming of age he entered the army, and, about two years after, his Honora gave her hand to that terrific being whom lovers are supposed to style with gnashing teeth — “another.” In 1774, the year before the revolutionary war began, he was ordered to Canada to join his regiment.

Scarcely had the contest begun when he was taken prisoner by General Montgomery at the capture of St. Johns; and he was held on his parole for about fourteen months. The American troops, he says in one of his letters, robbed him of everything he had except a miniature of his Honora, which he concealed in his mantle; and having preserved that, he thought himself lucky. He spent most of his time as a prisoner at Lancaster and Carlisle, in Pennsylvania, having the liberty to go to a distance of six miles from his appointed residence. His chief amusement was drawing and painting, and he gave instructions in those arts to the young people of the families he visited, some of whom preserve to this day specimens of his skill. The grandfather of the late Caleb Cope, of Philadelphia, of the eminent mercantile family of that name, was one of his pupils in 1776. There is still a tradition in those towns of his agreeable and polite behavior.

After his exchange he was stationed for a while in the city of New York, where he held the rank of captain. He probably owed his further rise in the army to a memoir which he wrote upon the war, in which he embodied the results of his observations during his long confinement, and in preparing which he was aided by a journal carefully kept, and illustrated by drawings of everything curious and rare that he had seen. The intelligence displayed in this memoir procured him a staff appointment, and finally led to his being adjutant-general of the whole army. He was eminently fitted to shine upon a general's staff.

During the British occupation of Philadelphia, Major André was one of those who were quartered in Dr. Franklin's house, from which the family had fled. Amateur theatricals were the reigning amusement of that winter, and it was André who painted the drop curtain, and most of the scenery, some of which did duty in a Philadelphia theatre many years after the war. The drop curtain was in use until 1821. One of the plays in which he took part was "The Liar," which was revived a few years ago in the city of New York. André amused the garrison also with various comic pieces of verse, in the style of Yankee Doodle, designed to cast ridicule upon the starving and shivering patriot army at Valley Forge.

With all his talents, he was one of the last men in the British army to be employed in any affair requiring nerve and duplicity. Brave and high-principled he was; but he had not the toughness of fibre, the coolness of temperament, the fertility of resources, and the callousness of conscience requisite in a man who ventures into the lion's den with intent to deceive and entrap the lion. He was too talkative, too confiding, too sensitive, too quick in surrendering the game. He would have led a forlorn hope up into the breach of a beleagured city with the most splendid valor; but he was not the man for the complicated, cool-blooded business of a spy.

Peggy Shippen, as she was usually called, was one of the most beautiful young ladies in Philadelphia, and a member of one of its most distinguished and ancient families. Her father, Judge Edward Shippen, was a wealthy and hospitable gentleman of Quaker lineage, the owner of a fine mansion, the orchard and grounds of which were famed throughout the colonies. He was, like many of the old Quaker residents, a Tory in his feelings, and, prior to the arrival of the British, had been several times fined for his neglect of militia duty, to which, of



course, he was averse. His pretty daughter was naturally of her father's politics, and, probably, owing to her age and sex, she was a Tory of a more positive cast than he. Her loyalty could not but be much strengthened by the opportune arrival of a large body of victorious troops, whose officers showed every disposition to appreciate her devotion to their cause. Her father's house soon became a popular resort with these gentlemen, who always found a welcome there; and the most frequent and favored visitor among them was Major André.

In the gorgeous festival given in honor of Lord Howe just before his departure for England, both Major André and Miss Shippen were conspicuous figures. The celebration, which from its mingled character was named the *Mischianza*, included a regatta, a mock-tournament, a ball, a supper, and a display of fireworks. In the tournament, which was the most novel and brilliant feature of the occasion, Major André was one of the Knights, and Miss Shippen one of the fourteen chosen damsels in whose honor the jousting took place.

The two sides, as we learn from an elaborate account which Major André wrote to a friend, adopted for their distinguishing devices, the one a Burning Mountain, with the motto *I burn forever*, the other a Blended Rose, of red and white intertwined, with the motto *We droop when separated*. A distinguishing costume was worn by the knights and ladies of each party, in addition to which each knight bore a shield with his private motto and device, and each lady wore a favor intended to be given as a reward to her champion.

The costumes—at least, those of the ladies—were made in accordance with designs prepared by Major André. He refers to them as *Turkish habits*, although there was nothing beyond a veil and turban to indicate such a nationality. Trowsers are not mentioned, and he

probably considered it within the license of an artist to provide a substitute for them.

The costume therefore in which Miss Shippen, as a Lady of the Blended Rose, was arrayed on this occasion, consisted of a flowing robe of white silk, a rose-colored sash covered with spangles, spangled shoes and stockings, a spangled veil trimmed with silver lace, and a towering turban adorned with pearls and jewels. To us this description conveys a slight suggestion of the circus; but we must remember it was made before the day of aesthetic art, and that it was designed by a man. It is probable, too, that Peggy Shippen was lovely enough to look well even in spangled incongruity.

The tournament took place upon the lawn in front of the house of Mr. Wharton, a beautiful green slope rising by a gentle ascent from the Delaware river. The company, who arrived in boats, were marshaled to their places in the procession, and advanced to the stirring music of "all the bands in the army," through an avenue formed by two lines of grenadiers, and spanned by two triumphal arches.

"Two pavilions," wrote Major André, "with rows of benches rising one above the other, and serving as wings of the first triumphal arch, received the ladies; while the gentlemen ranged themselves in convenient order on each side."

Upon the front seat of one of these pavilions sat the seven ladies of the Blended Rose, doubtless in a flutter, wondering how their knights would acquit themselves. Presently these gentlemen, attired in red and white silk, mounted upon gray horses, and each attended by his squire, made the circuit of the field, preceded by their Herald. Each saluted his lady in passing, and they then ranged themselves in line before the pavilion. The Herald proclaimed the superiority of the ladies of the

Blended Rose to all others in "wit, beauty, and every accomplishment"; and added to that, should this assertion be disputed, their knights were ready to maintain it by force of arms. The Herald of the Burning Mountain *did* dispute the bold assertion; the knights of that device rode in; a gauntlet was thrown down and taken up; and presently the jousting began.

"The knights then received their lances from their esquires," says Major André, "fixed their shields on their left arms, and making a general salute to each other, by a very graceful movement of their lances, turned round to take their career, and, encountering in full gallop, shivered their spears. In the second and third encounter they discharged their pistols. In the fourth they fought with their swords."

The two chiefs then engaged in single combat, and fought until the Heralds interfered and declared that the ladies were satisfied. A procession was again formed; the knights dismounted and joined the ladies; and all passed through the garden and into the house, where in a beautiful hall the knights kneeling received each a favor from his lady. What was the favor that Peggy Shippen bestowed is not recorded; but the fortunate warrior who received it was a Lieutenant Sloper, who had borne his part in the tourney with the device of a Heart and Sword upon his shield; his motto was *Honor and the Fair*.

Shortly after this grand festival, Philadelphia was abandoned by the British. When we next hear of Margaret Shippen she is a married woman, the wife of an American general. Her husband was no other than Benedict Arnold, the commander of the American troops that occupied the city after the departure of the enemy.

This post Arnold held for nine months, and during that period conducted himself in a manner so arbitrary that the council of Pennsylvania charged him with mis-

conduct, and demanded a trial by court-martial. He was tried, and sentenced to be reprimanded by the commander-in-chief, who showed as much leniency as possible in the discharge of this unpleasant duty. Throughout his trial Arnold professed himself devotedly attached to his country; yet he had for some months been carrying on a treasonable correspondence with the enemy. His letters, signed *Gustavus*, were sent to Sir Henry Clinton, who entrusted to Major André the task of answering them. The replies were signed *John Anderson*. Neither Sir Henry Clinton nor Major André knew with whom they were corresponding, until gradually the information contained in the letters betrayed the author.

On the sixth of August, 1779, Mrs. Arnold had the pleasure of receiving a letter from her old friend, Major André, then in New York. A year had passed since they parted; yet he had never written to her before, nor did he continue the correspondence thus abruptly opened.

“Madame,”—so runs the letter—“Major Giles is so good as to take charge of this letter, which is meant to solicit your remembrance, and to assure you that my respect for you, and the fair circle in which I had the honor of becoming acquainted with you, remains unimpaired by distance or political broils. It would make me very happy to become useful to you here. You know the Mesquianza made me a complete milliner. Should you not have received supplies for your fullest equipment from that department, I shall be glad to enter into the whole detail of cap-wire, needles, gauze, etc., and, to the best of my abilities, render you in these trifles services from which I hope you would infer a zeal to be farther employed. I beg you would present my best respects to your sisters, to the Miss Chéws, and to Mrs. Shippen and Mrs. Chew. I have the honor to be, with the greatest regard, Madame, your most obedient and most humble servant, John André.”

There has been much discussion with regard to this letter. Many deem it to be what it purports to be — a letter of friendship, and nothing more. Others think with much probability, that it was written to indicate, by a veiled allusion to “further employment,” and by the similarity of the handwriting to that of “John Anderson,” who that mysterious individual really was. It is worded, moreover, in a careful and conciliatory manner. The slighting reference to the war as “political broils,” is immediately noticeable. Whether, from his knowledge of the character of his fair Tory friend, he imagined that, since there was a plot, she would be sure to be in it, or whether he wrote the letter merely that she might show it to her husband, we can only conjecture.

In 1780, with the express and deliberate purpose of betraying an important post, Benedict Arnold solicited an appointment to the command at West Point. Shortly after his removal to this place he was joined by his wife, whose beauty and agreeable manners had already made her as popular with the American officers, in spite of her well-known Tory inclinations, as she had been with the British. But her American admirers had neither time nor opportunity to enjoy her society as their enemies had done. “Political broils,” perhaps, appeared to them too serious a matter to permit of such distractions as balls and amateur theatricals. And if, while still in her native city, surrounded by old friends and new acquaintances, Mrs. Arnold looked back with regret to the gayeties of the British occupation, she could scarcely have found the military routine of life at West Point much to her taste.

Meanwhile, the treacherous plans of her husband were maturing. The impulse that precipitated André upon his fate was, as we can clearly discern in the records of the time, honorable and patriotic. He looked forward with the utmost confidence to being the means of putting



an end to the war through the defection of Arnold and the capture of West Point. Immense supplies had been gathered in and about that post, which had been fortified by three years' constant labor of a large force of men, and an expenditure of three millions of dollars. The post was not only of infinite value as keeping open communication between the various posts of the country, but it was relied upon as a last resort for the army in case a series of disasters should render an impregnable refuge necessary. It was André's belief that the patriot cause could not survive the two-fold calamity of the defection of so important an officer, and the loss of so important a place.

At the ancient mansion of Jacobus Kip, which stood at what we now call the corner of Second avenue and Thirty-fourth street, Major André dined, for the last time, with Sir Henry Clinton and his staff, before leaving New York for his fatal interview with Arnold. After dinner, when he was called upon, as usual, for a song, he gave the one attributed to General Wolfe, who sang it the evening before he climbed the heights of Quebec :

“Why, soldiers, why  
Should we be melancholy, boys?  
Why, soldiers, why,  
Whose business 'tis to die!  
For should the next campaign  
Send us to Him who made us, boys,  
We're free from pain;  
But should we remain,  
A bottle and kind landlady  
Makes all well again.”

Thus sang the light-hearted soldier of twenty-nine, with his comrades around him, and his general at the head of the table. Early the next morning he started on his mission. Four days after, he was a prisoner. Nine days after, he swung from a gibbet.

The scenes which occurred at West Point during those momentous days are too well known to require repetition here. Let us merely recall those in which Mrs. Arnold so unhappily figured. It so chanced, as the reader is aware, that General Washington was then upon his way to meet Count de Rochambeau at West Point. He and his suite were nearing this place in the early morning, when he paused, and turning his horse into a by-way leading to the river, was about to ride on in that direction. Lafayette, who was beside him, protested, saying that word had been sent to West Point that they were coming, and it would be a pity to cause Mrs. Arnold to wait breakfast.

“Ah,” replied Washington, “I know you young men are all in love with Mrs. Arnold, and wish to get where she is as soon as possible. You may go and take your breakfast with her, and tell her not to wait for me. I must ride down and examine the redoubts on this side of the river, and will be there in a short time.”

Lafayette chose to remain with his chief. Two aides were sent on with the message, who, upon arriving, sat down to the table with General and Mrs. Arnold, and a few officers. They were still occupied with their meal when a letter was delivered to General Arnold which caused him, apparently, some slight embarrassment. He remained in his place for some minutes, continuing to sustain his part in the conversation; then, urging the plea of business, and requesting his guests to excuse him and make themselves at home during his absence, which should be brief, he left the room.

News traveled slowly in those times. Two full days had then passed since the arrest of André. The letter which Arnold received was the one written by Colonel Jameson to inform him of that arrest and of the transmission of the fatal papers to Washington. There was obviously not a moment to be lost.

Hastily giving the orders necessary for his escape, he entered his wife's room to bid her farewell. She was there awaiting him. Her quick eye had told her that something serious had occurred, and his forced calmness at the table had not deceived her. She, too, had excused herself to her guests, and gone to her room, ready to receive his confidence. In a few hurried words he explained to her the necessity of his immediate departure. She, overcome by the suddenness of the blow, uttered a shriek of terror that summoned her maid to the spot; while he, clasping her once more in his arms as she appeared about to faint, kissed her and his child, bade the girl attend to her, and hurried from the room. On his way out of the house he paused a moment at the dining-room to explain to the guests that Mrs. Arnold was suddenly seized with illness and could not leave her chamber. Then he mounted his horse and dashed at full speed toward the river.

Not long after, Washington arrived, and was surprised and displeased to learn of Arnold's departure. He spent a couple of hours in inspecting the fort, and then recrossed the river and rode with his suite to Robinson's House. Here he found awaiting him the papers which explained the plot. Hastily despatching some officers in pursuit of Arnold, he returned to West Point and at once asked to see Mrs. Arnold.

She was apparently distracted. Her condition was pitiable to witness, and convinced all present that she was not implicated in her husband's treason. She protested her innocence; she wept, she raved, she evinced at times the utmost terror if approached, declaring wildly that the life of her child—a baby in arms—was endangered; that they meant to murder it. In short, she appeared as if crazed by sorrow. General Washington and his aides, touched with pity for her condition,

soon left her to her grief, and withdrew to the dining-room to discuss further measures.

They were still seated at the table when two letters from Arnold were brought in; one addressed to the commanding general, and the other to Mrs. Arnold. In the first he declared her innocence and requested protection for her. Upon reading it Washington at once turned to an aide.

“Go,” he said, “to Mrs. Arnold, and inform her that though my duty required that no means should be neglected to arrest General Arnold, I have great pleasure in acquainting *her* that he is now safe on board a British vessel of war.”

Mrs. Arnold’s conduct had convinced General Washington and his staff of her innocence, especially the young and ardent Hamilton, who has left us a moving account of her beauty and distress. But public opinion condemned her, and the residents of her native city in particular were convinced that she was her husband’s accomplice, if indeed she had not tempted him to treason. They knew her best, and we are justified in saying that they were right.

One evening, not long after the events just narrated, Colonel Aaron Burr was at the house of Mrs. Theodosia Prevost, the accomplished lady whom he afterwards married. Suddenly, horses’ hoofs were heard upon the road without, and presently a lady in a riding habit, veiled, burst into the room, and hurried up to Mrs. Prevost. She was about to speak, when she observed Colonel Burr, although without recognizing him in the dim light. She paused and asked anxiously:

“Am I safe? Is this gentleman a friend?”

“Oh, yes,” Mrs. Prevost answered, “he is my most particular friend, Colonel Burr.”

“Thank God!” exclaimed the lady, who was none other

than Mrs. Arnold; "I've been playing the hypocrite, and I'm tired of it."

Colonel Burr was also an old friend of herself and the Shippen family. He had been an inmate of her father's house. Feeling herself at liberty to speak freely at last, Mrs. Arnold avowed her deception of General Washington, who had even given her an escort of horse from West Point. She further confessed that she had been aware of the whole progress of the plot, and that it was she who had induced her husband to betray his country. She passed the night at Mrs. Prevost's house, being careful, when strangers entered the room, to resume the piteous and distracted bearing which had already served her so well.

Many have doubted the truth of this incident because it rests upon the word of Aaron Burr. But Burr, whatever his faults, was by no means the man to invent a lie which could be of no service to himself or any one else, for the mere pleasure of telling it. His story is but too probable. False, frivolous, and ambitious, she naturally desired, after the taste of distinction she had enjoyed during the days of the British occupation, followed by the bitter ordeal of her husband's disgrace in the eyes of her own Philadelphians, to escape to the brilliant social life of England.

Upon reaching Philadelphia, where she wished to reside for a while with her family, the authorities refused to allow her to remain, although she protested her patriotism, promised to write no letters to her husband until after the war, and to send all received from him at once to the government. She was forced to go to New York, where, after a period of suitable dejection, she again entered society and shone as brilliantly as ever.

Her life in England, when at length she was enabled to rejoin her husband there, can scarcely have been



agreeable to her. Arnold received some compensation in money and in military rank from the British government; but men of honor would not know him, and he was frequently insulted. His wife shared the mortification which such slights inflicted. Of her subsequent life, history gives us but a few faint glimpses.

One of these shows her standing at his side in Westminster Abbey before the monument erected by the king to the memory of her old friend Major André, reading the inscription that told of his untimely death—due, indeed, if Burr's story be true, in large measure to her influence.

The reader has, perhaps, seen, or will see, the monument to André in Westminster Abbey. It has a very insignificant appearance, but the name in the inscription arrests every American eye, and the few words accompanying it impress every American mind:

“Sacred to the Memory of MAJOR JOHN ANDRE, who, raised by his merit, at an early period of life, to the rank of Adjutant-General of the British Forces in America, and employed in an important but hazardous enterprise, fell a sacrifice to his zeal for his king and country, on the second of October, 1780, aged twenty-nine; universally beloved and esteemed by the army in which he served, and lamented even by his foes. His gracious Sovereign, King George the Third, has caused this monument to be erected.”

Mrs. Arnold returned at length to her native country. Her husband dead, her children mature and settled in life, she left a country where her illusions had been destroyed and her hopes unfulfilled, and came home to die.

To America she came, but not to her old family home in Philadelphia; not to her relatives and friends—if any friends there remained to her. She did not enter Pennsylvania. She preferred to remain in Massachusetts, the state where an ancestor of hers had been publicly whipped

for being a Quaker. She died at Uxbridge, Mass., February 14, 1834, eighty-three years of age.

Some of her descendants still survive in England, worthy and honorable persons. The present head of the family is a clergyman of the Church of England, owner of the estate of Little Messenden Abbey, in Buckinghamshire. He is now a wealthy man, a tract of land near Toronto granted by the government to Benedict Arnold, having recently become of great value. He is a kindly and pleasant gentleman, and not at all averse to talking of an ancestor of whom he cannot be proud. One of the sons of the traitor died a few years ago, a Lieutenant-General of the British army.

At Tappantown, in Rockland county, New York, a village about three miles west of the Hudson river, and about forty from the city, there is an elevated field, in the midst of which there might have been seen till recently a withered tree, and a heap of stones; and for a little space round about, the ground was never ploughed. Strangers occasionally came, who gazed upon the spot with evident interest. It is a pleasant, romantic region, interesting to New Yorkers because of the vicinity of Rockland Lake, which supplies us with part of our ice, and gives name to much of the rest.

This heap of stones marked the spot where the remains of Major André reposed from the day of his execution in 1780, until 1821, when they were transferred to Westminster Abbey in London. His grave was dug directly beneath the gallows, and there he was interred at the depth of three or four feet. A peach-tree, planted by a sympathetic woman's hand to mark the grave, struck down its roots, pierced the coffin, and formed a net-work of fibres around the skull. This tree was taken up with the remains and replanted in one of the royal gardens in London. The skeleton, enclosed in a mahogany coffin, which was

exceedingly massive and richly decorated with gold, and covered with velvet black and crimson, was conveyed to London in a British man-of-war, and interred in the abbey with religious ceremonies, near the monument erected to his honor by George the Third. For forty-one years the body had remained in a cheap pine coffin, painted black, and in the unhonored grave of a spy, to be buried at last in the mausoleum of heroes, orators, poets, and statesmen.



ADELAIDE PROCTOR.





## XV.

### ADELAIDE PROCTER.

THERE are many who love this sweet and gentle poet. Patience, disinterested devotion, faith, earnestness, courage, these are the themes which inspired her songs, and frequently the virtues which they directly urge upon the reader. None of her poems lapse into rhymed sermons; they are true poems, when most moral and didactic. Of their authoress we know little, but that little is just what it is most pleasing to know. We learn, on the authority of Charles Dickens, that her poems were but the expression of her daily life; she was a too arduous worker, a faithful friend, a devoted helper of the poor and suffering.

When she was yet too young to write, Dickens tells us, in the preface which he wrote for an edition of her works, she had a little album made of small sheets of note-paper neatly sewed together, into which her mother copied for her her favorite verses. This little book she read and re-read, and constantly carried about with her. In her studies she displayed a precocious ability, learning easily and rapidly, and showing a remarkable memory. As she grew older she acquired French, German, and Italian, played well upon the piano, and evinced a marked talent for drawing; but she tired of each of these branches when she had mastered its chief difficulties. Her father, Bryan Waller Procter (the poet known as Barry Cornwall), although he considered her a girl of unusual capacity, never suspected that she had inherited his poetical gift, nor did he know that she had ever composed a line of

poetry, until her first verses appeared in print. These were published in the *Book of Beauty*, and a few others followed in various magazines, but her first volume, entitled *A Chaplet of Verses*, was not issued until 1862, when she was thirty-seven years of age.

This little volume was published for the benefit of a London Night-Refuge, and in a preface Miss Procter advances the claims of the institution, narrates its history, and solicits aid for its treasury. But she makes a much more powerful plea in two of the poems—"Homeless," and "The Homeless Poor." The latter, a striking dialogue between the Angel of Prayers and the Angel of Deeds, in which the splendid services going on within the churches of the city are contrasted with the misery of the poor creatures left shivering in the streets at night, is still a favorite with many of her readers. Some of the other poems too—such as "Milly's Expiation," a story told by an Irish priest, "A Legend," and "Our Titles," are in her best manner. Many of the poems pertain to her faith—she was a Roman Catholic—but it is not necessary to be a catholic to appreciate the artistic beauty of such pieces as the "Shrines of Mary," and "A Chaplet of Flowers."

It was in 1853 that Dickens, then editor of "Household Words," noticed among the contributions with which his office table was littered, a short poem which he considered unusually good. It ~~was~~ <sup>he</sup> ~~professed~~ <sup>thought</sup> to be the work of a Miss Mary Berwick, a name quite unknown to him, who was to be addressed through a London circulating library. He wrote to her immediately, accepting the poem and requesting her to contribute another. She did so, and became a writer for the periodical.

Miss Berwick was none other than Miss Procter, whom Dickens had known since she was a little girl, and whose father was one of his oldest and dearest friends. She had

chosen to correspond with him under an assumed name, because she feared, had she used her own, and her poem not been such as he desired, that he would either have accepted it for friendship's sake, or have found it very painful to refuse. It was more than a year before the facts became known to him. Then, during the month of December, when going to dine with Barry Cornwall, he carried with him an early proof of the Christmas number of *Household Words*, entitled "The Seven Poor Travelers." As he laid it down upon the parlor table before the assembled family, he remarked that it contained an exceedingly pretty poem by a certain Miss Mary Berwick. The next day he was informed that Miss Berwick and Miss Procter were one, and shortly afterward she had the happiness of receiving the following delightful letter from her editor:

"My dear Miss Procter, you have given me a new sensation. I did suppose that nothing in this singular world could surprise me, but you have done it.

"You will believe my congratulations on the delicacy and talent of your writing to be sincere. From the first, I have always had an especial interest in that Miss Berwick, and have over and over again questioned Wills about her. I suppose he has gone on gradually building up an imaginary structure of life and adventure for her, but he has given me the strangest information! Only yesterday week, when we were 'making up' 'The Poor Travelers,' I said to him, 'Wills, have you got that Miss Berwick's proof back, of the little sailor's song?' 'No,' he said. 'Well, but why not?' I asked him. 'Why, you know,' he answered, 'as I have often told you before, she don't live at the place to which her letters are addressed, and so there's always difficulty and delay in communicating with her.' 'Do you know what age she is?' I said. Here he looked unfathomably profound, and returned, 'Rather advanced in life.' 'You said she

was a governess, didn't you?' said I; to which he replied in the most emphatic and positive manner, 'A governess.'

"He then came and stood in the corner of the hearth, with his back to the fire, and delivered himself like an oracle concerning you. He told me that early in life (conveying to me the impression of about a century ago) you had had your feelings desperately wounded by some cause, real or imaginary—'It does not matter which,' said I with the greatest sagacity—and that you had then taken to writing verses. That you were of an unhappy temperament, but keenly sensitive to encouragement. That you wrote after the educational duties of the day were discharged. That you sometimes thought of never writing any more. That you had been away for some time 'with your pupils.' That your letters were of a mild and melancholy character, and that you did not seem to care as much as might be expected about money. All this time I sat poking the fire, with a wisdom upon me absolutely crushing; and finally I begged him to assure the lady that she might trust me with her real address, and that it would be better to have it now, as I hoped our further communications, etc. You must have felt enormously wicked last Tuesday, when I, such a babe in the wood, was unconsciously prattling to you. But you have given me so much pleasure, and have made me shed so many tears, that I can only think of you now in association with the sentiment and grace of your verses.

"So pray accept the blessing and forgiveness of Richard Watts, though I am afraid you come under both his conditions of exclusion. Very faithfully yours, Charles Dickens."

The allusion in the last paragraph is to the house at Rochester known as "Watts' Charity," the inscription upon which states that it will furnish a night's lodging to six poor travelers, "not being *Rogues* or *Proctors*."

The volume of *Legends and Lyrics*, Miss Procter's second book, is much better than her first, and contains many of her finest poems, including such favorites as "The Angel's Story," "True Honors," "A Tomb in Ghent," etc. American readers may note with interest that the motto placed beneath her dedication to a friend is from Emerson. The second series which followed under the same title opened with the "Legend of Provence," one of the loveliest of Italian traditions clothed in exquisite verse, and contained other poems briefer but not less beautiful. It was her last book.

Adelaide Procter died of overwork—not literary work, for all her poems together make a volume of but moderate size, but of the ceaseless labors which she undertook in the cause of charity. She visited the sick; she taught the ignorant; she aided the widening of woman's sphere of exertion, working for each object, as Dickens says, "with a flushed earnestness that disregarded season, weather, time of day or night, food, rest." Even when her failing health warned her to stop, she could not. It was in her nature to go on and on until she could go no more. So long as she was able to move about, she went on with the task she had set herself, and only when at last she was obliged to take to her bed, did her restlessness disappear. Then, indeed, she resigned herself to her fate with a patience touching to witness; and during the fifteen months of her illness never spoke a single impatient or complaining word. Some who have read her poems have thought of her as a person always pensive and serious; but indeed she was possessed of a lively sense of humor, and had a peculiarly pleasant, ringing laugh. This cheerfulness remained with her to the end. She died on the third of February, 1864, very early in the morning. Her last words, uttered with a bright smile, were:

"It has come at last!"



Adelaide Procter's poems are remarkable for their simplicity and directness of style. Many of them are songs—real songs, whose full beauty can not be appreciated until we hear them sung. Those who have heard "Cleansing Fires" or "The Lost Chord" fitly rendered will appreciate this truth.

### THE LOST CHORD.

Seated one day at the organ,  
I was weary and ill at ease,  
And my fingers wandered idly  
Over the noisy keys.

I knew not what I was playing,  
Or what I was dreaming then;  
But I struck one chord of music  
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight  
Like the close of an angel's Psalm;  
And it lay on my fevered spirit  
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow  
Like love overcoming strife;  
It seemed the harmonious echo  
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meanings  
Into one perfect peace,  
And trembled away into silence  
As if it were loth to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,  
That one lost chord divine  
That came from the soul of the organ,  
And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright angel  
Will speak in that chord again,  
It may be that only in Heaven  
I shall hear that grand Amen.

## XVI.

### LADY BLOOMFIELD.

**T**HIS lady was maid-of-honor to Queen Victoria for some years. The queen, it appears, has in her service eight young ladies thus entitled, who are in attendance in the palace three months of every year, so that there are always two "in waiting." The compensation of these honorable maidens is four hundred pounds a year each, or two thousand dollars. It costs, therefore, sixteen thousand dollars a year to provide the Queen with this portion of her "court," without reckoning the expense of their maintenance.

As for the duties of the position, they are not very arduous. The business of a maid-of-honor is to make herself agreeable to the royal family when more important guests are not present, and to assist in entertaining personages of distinction. The queen has her breakfast at ten o'clock, her lunch at two, her ride in the afternoon, her dinner at eight, and goes to bed about midnight. The maids-of-honor usually attend on these occasions, ride with her, play whist with her, and join in whatever game happens to be the favorite at the moment. According to Lady Bloomfield, who has written a book about her life at courts, there is only one regular task imposed upon the maids.

"Our chief duty," she says, "seems to consist in giving the queen her bouquet before dinner, which is certainly not very hard work! And even this only happens every

other day. I am left entirely to myself, and can employ my time as I like."

But this was far from being the opinion of Lady Ravensworth, the mother of the young lady. When her daughter received her appointment as maid-of-honor, she wrote her a long and very affectionate letter of advice; and if any reader should ever be appointed maid-of-honor to a queen, she could not do better than to study this remarkable epistle. She tells her daughter that her chief duty should be to please the queen; not by base flattery or servile cringing, but by the most assiduous attention to her desires, even in the merest trifles, and by the most exact and cheerful obedience to every command.

"You must accustom yourself," her mother wrote, "to sit or stand for hours without any amusement save the resources of your own thoughts, and your natural good sense will show you that the least rudeness of manner or appearance of fatigue is incompatible with high breeding and the respect due to the sovereign."

She enjoins it upon her daughter also to keep whatever she saw, or heard, or thought entirely to herself, to avoid "all idle gossip about dress, balls, and lovers," to avoid showy and expensive dress, to beware of the least appearance of flirtation with any of the gentlemen about the court, to be invariably considerate of her servants, to pursue her studies with regularity, and practice her music and drawing, just "as she would at home." She advises her to spend half her salary in clothes, a quarter in charity and journeys, and to save the other hundred to be invested at three per cent., "as a little nest egg for any future emergency."

This letter gives an interesting insight into many things. It is a curious mixture of fervent piety and worldly wisdom.

"To your companions," says this mother of two maids-

of-honor, "be as kind, as obliging, and as agreeable as possible, but *have no confidence in any one, and avoid intimacies.*"

The lady who wrote this prudent letter was the mother of several daughters, and the reader will not be surprised to learn that they made great matches, and enjoyed a good share of the good things that were going in England in their day.

Fortified with this letter of advice the young maid-of-honor entered upon her duties with some confidence and more trepidation. She arrived at Windsor Castle late in the afternoon of January 20, 1842, and was happy to find that she was to have a nice warm parlor and bedroom, with a piano, as well as a share of a large drawing-room down stairs, in which to receive her friends. A lady of the court came to her bringing her the badge of her office, which was the miniature of the queen surrounded by diamonds and placed upon a bow of red ribbon.

When the dinner hour approached, she took her place with her comrades near the door of the queen's room, and waited for her coming. When the queen appeared, who was then little more than twenty years of age, the lady-in-waiting presented the new maid-of-honor, who thanked the queen for her appointment, and kissed her hand, as all persons do on their appointment to similar posts. The queen asked concerning her family, after which they all went into dinner, the queen continuing to talk to her new-  
maid about her journey, and her friends.

After dinner, as the family was alone, the queen, Prince Albert and some of the ladies sat down at a round game of cards, playing for very small stakes. The stakes were indeed so small that our maid-of-honor, after playing a long time, would find herself the winner of three or four pence. The whole court were obliged to keep on hand a supply of new coins, such as shillings, sixpences, and

penny pieces, since it is a breach of etiquette to play at court with old money. All the evenings passed very much as they do with any civilized family, in singing, cards, games, conversation, and telling stories.

The most remarkable thing is that there was nothing remarkable about it. The evenings were passed in the most ordinary, simple, and agreeable manner.

The Queen, it appears, sang really well, played well, danced with girlish hilarity, and liked both to hear and to tell a funny thing. One of the Queen's stories was of a girl who was going into service to a Duke, and her mother told her that, if ever the Duke spoke to her, she must say "Your Grace." A few days after, the Duke met her in a passage, and asked her a question. Instead of answering, the girl immediately obeyed her mother's direction, and said her *grace*: "For what I have received the Lord make me truly thankful."

Indeed, they all seem to have been very glad to relieve the tedium of court life by a little boisterous fun. Sometimes the young Queen would send one of the young ladies to the piano, and then catch another round the waist and go whirling about the room in a waltz. Even so grave a personage as Sir Robert Peel appears in Lady Bloomfield's book as a teller of comic anecdotes. He told one of the Lord Mayor of London, on the occasion of the first visit of the youthful Queen to the city. As the Mayor was obliged to appear in a court dress, and wished to keep his stockings and low shoes perfectly clean until the Queen arrived, he put on over them a pair of enormous high boots. These boots proved to be so very tight, that when the Queen approached he could not get them off, and there he stood, in the presence of a crowd of grand personages, with one leg stuck out, and several men tugging at the boot, trying to get it off.



After immense exertions, one of the boots was got off, but no amount of force could stir the other, and, meanwhile, the Queen was coming nearer and nearer. The Lord Mayor was in an agony of fright, with one boot off and the other on, until at last he was almost beside himself, and shouted :

“For heaven’s sake put my boot on again !”

This was done just as the Queen came up, and the poor man was obliged to wear the tight boots in torment all through the long banquet before he could divest himself of his incongruous and agonizing terminations.

People in England are fond of relating such anecdotes of the Mayor and Aldermen of London. Sir Robert Peel told another story to the ladies of the court of a Lord Mayor’s dinner, when Mr. Canning sat opposite Alderman Flower, a man of great note in the city. The Alderman said to Canning :

“Mr. Canning, my Lord Ellenborough was a man of uncommon sagacity.”

The great orator bowed assent, and asked the Alderman why he happened to make the remark just then.

“Why, sir,” said Flower, “had he been here, he would have told me by a single glance of his eye which is the best of those five haunches of venison.”

Soon after, Lord Ellenborough himself came to court, and he told the ladies a comic tale of another Lord Mayor’s dinner. The Duke of Wellington being called upon to propose the health of the Lady Mayoress, who happened to be a little, dried-up old woman, he spoke of her as “the model of her sex.” After dinner, Ellenborough asked the Iron Duke how he could call that ugly little thing the model of her sex.

“What could I call her ?” said the Duke ; “I had never seen her before.”

Our maid-of-honor held her office for about three years,

accompanying the Queen on her journeys, and associating with the dignitaries of the kingdom. Then happened the great event of her life. Perhaps the reader would like to see the brief and matter-of-fact way in which an English maid-of-honor can relate the romance of her existence.

“I found my father talking to a gentleman, and when I entered he said to me, ‘Georgie, don’t you recollect Mr. Bloomfield?’ My father was anxious to finish some letters, and desired me to show Mr. Bloomfield the garden. So we took a walk together, and from that moment his intentions were very evident, as he took every opportunity of meeting me and showing me attentions. Our marriage was settled on July 26th.”

This gentleman, the English Minister at the Russian court, was at home on leave of absence, and took this direct and simple mode of getting a wife to go back with him. He soon became, by death of his father, Lord Bloomfield. They passed many succeeding years in Russia, Prussia, and Austria, as the representatives of the majesty of England.

Upon reading Lady Bloomfield’s reminiscences, which have been recently published, we cannot help thinking again of the remark of the old statesman to his son:

“Dost thou not know, my son, with how little wisdom the world is governed?”

Prince Albert and Queen Victoria are presented in these volumes in an amiable and attractive light; but the persons who controlled the governments on the continent of Europe appear to have been singularly unfitted by temperament, by disposition, and mental quality, to be at the head of nations. With the exception of Louis Napoleon, all of them seem to have meant well; but when the happiness and security of millions of human beings are at stake, good intentions are not enough.

## XVII.

### THE MOTHER OF VICTOR HUGO.

WHAT poet was ever more fortunate in his education than Victor Hugo, whether we consider his parents or his environment? His father was General Hugo, a soldier first of the Republic, then of the Empire, a man of much military capacity, of intelligence, and of humanity. His mother, a less brilliant figure, was an excellent woman, earnestly devoted to the welfare of her three sons, the care of whom devolved chiefly upon her.

It was during the war of La Vendée in 1793 that Major Léopold Hugo, then an ardent defender of the Republic, made the acquaintance, at Nantes, of an armorer named Trébuchet, an adherent of royalty and the church. It is not likely that the relations between them were at any time very warm; nevertheless, the young Major spent much of his time at the house of the obstinate royalist, and exercised his ingenuity to the utmost in finding excuses for going to it, and, when there, further excuses for remaining. Sophie Trébuchet, the youngest child of her father (who was a widower), soon divined that it was herself that was the object of these visits, which she by no means discouraged. It is true that she too was a royalist, quite decided, and much more enthusiastic than her father; but she was also a woman. Hence, in an officer as brave, as handsome, as well mannered and above all as attentive as Major Hugo, she found that an error in politics was not inexcusable. They soon came to an understanding, and when at the termination

of the war he was obliged to set out for Paris, he had obtained from Sophie Trébuchet a promise to marry him, and to do all in her power to hasten their union. Her father had first to be won over, and this was by no means an easy task. At length, however, she succeeded.

She was a slender, delicate little creature, with the hands and feet of a child, and a face not beautiful, but rendered pleasing in spite of some slight traces of small-pox by its expression of good will, firmness, and intelligence. Moreover, she was a person of independent judgment and of much practical capacity; she had long been her father's housekeeper and adviser, as well as his devoted daughter, and now that she had set her heart upon a marriage of which he did not approve, but against which there were none but political reasons, the old man felt obliged to let her have her way. He consented, although reluctantly and with serious misgivings as to her future happiness.

Meanwhile Major Hugo was in Paris, where he had formed an intimacy with a young man named Pierre Foucher, a native of Nantes, who had known the Trébuchet family. Beside this strong bond between them there was another: Foucher was also in love, and about to marry. They lodged in the same building, the Hotel de Ville, and spent their leisure hours together, occasionally discussing politics, in which they were opposed, and much oftener their love affairs, in which they were of the same opinion: namely, that when a young couple were once engaged, the sooner they were married the better.

Major Hugo's wedding was the first to take place. As it was impossible for him to leave his post and go to Nantes, his bride came to Paris, accompanied by her father.

The marriage was celebrated according to the civil form, and the happy pair therefore were not even obliged





THE MORNING LESSON





to leave the building. Within the walls of the Hotel de Ville the ceremony was performed, and within its walls they began their married life. Pierre Foucher soon followed their example, and he and his wife established themselves beneath the same roof. At the marriage dinner of his friend, Major Hugo, who was in buoyant spirits, cried out gayly, as he filled a glass:

“Have a daughter; I will have a son; and they shall marry each other. I drink to the health of their household!”

This merry wish was fulfilled. Victor Hugo married Adèle Foucher, and it was she who preserved the anecdote.

Within a year of her wedding, Madame Hugo gave birth to a son who was christened Abel; a year later she gave Abel a brother, named Eugène. In 1802, while living in the interesting old city of Besançon, where her husband and his brigade were then stationed, she anxiously awaited the arrival of a third child, which both parents, satisfied with the two boys they already had, earnestly desired might be a girl. Colonel Hugo had already found a suitable godmother for the infant in Madame Delelée, the wife of a young aide-de-camp of his acquaintance. The godfather remained to be selected, and it was at length decided to invite General Lahorie, his old and dear friend, to accept the office. Madame Hugo therefore wrote to him, conveying the request.

“Citizen General,” the letter runs, “you have always shown so much kindness to Hugo, bestowed so many caresses upon my children, that I have much regretted that you could not have given your name to the last. On the eve of being the mother of a third child, it would be very agreeable to me that you should be the godfather of the one that is coming. . . . In case we shall be deprived of the pleasure of having you, the citizen Delelée, our common friend, would doubtless have the kindness to

represent you and to give to the child a name that you have not belied and that you have so well illustrated: Victor or Victorine will be the name of the child that we expect. . . Have the goodness to receive, citizen General, the assurance of our sincere attachment. *Femme Hugo.*"

On the 26th of February, 1802, the child was born — a poor, weak, ugly little creature, "no longer than a knife," his mother said. The doctor declared that he would not live, but Madame Hugo was determined that he should, and her devoted care saved him. He was christened at Besançon, receiving the name of Victor-Marie, in honor of his godfather and godmother. In six weeks he was able to bear the journey thence to Marseilles. The family remained unbroken until the year 1802, although moving continually from place to place. But in that year Colonel Hugo was ordered to join the army in Italy, and as it was manifestly impossible for his wife to follow him at such time with three young children, he sent them to Paris. In Italy, however, Colonel Hugo so distinguished himself by the capture of Fra Diavolo and other exploits that he was appointed by Joseph Bonaparte, then King of Naples, Governor of Avellino.

No sooner was he established in this province, the war ended and the country quiet, than he sent for his wife and children to rejoin him. This was in 1807, Victor being five years old. He remembers well many incidents of the route, especially his fear that the stage-coach would upset upon the steep mountain roads, and an extraordinary luncheon which they enjoyed in the Apennines, when, having become hungry before reaching a tavern, they entered a goatherd's hut in search of food. There was nothing in the hut but an eagle that the herdsman had just killed, and the drumsticks of this majestic bird, roasted over an open fire, served to appease the appetites of the three little Hugos. To their mother,

however, for whom such adventures had no charm, and who detested traveling, the whole journey was one long fret about uncertain lodgings and all too certain fleas. She reached Avellino in safety with her charges, but she did not long enjoy her husband's company there, nor the quiet of the ancient castle where they dwelt.

Joseph, King of Naples, became Joseph, King of Spain.

He sent a letter to the newly established Governor of Avellino requesting him to come to Spain as soon as possible. The governor obeyed the summons, and his wife and children returned to France. Arrived at Paris, Madame Hugo promptly set out to discover a suitable dwelling — no easy matter, since she knew exactly what she wanted, and would be satisfied with nothing else; and above all, she had determined upon a *garden*, as an absolute necessity. For the grand scenery of the mountains, for broad plains and fertile valleys, she cared little; but a garden of her own, a place upon which she could expend her labor, taste, and affection, and be rewarded by flowers and shrubs flourishing under her daily care — that was dear to her gentle French heart. She was long in finding such a house as she desired. One day she came back to the children radiant, and told them that she had at last discovered her very ideal. It was Number 12, Rue des Feuillantines, a spot since made famous by the poems of her illustrious son. Its large garden, almost a little park, extended beyond it to a partially ruined convent. Within its limits were flowers in profusion, an abundance of fruit, a long avenue bordered with great chestnut trees, and, better than all, many nooks and corners neglected for years, and so overgrown with tangled vines and bushes as to seem to the children like a virgin forest.

With this place so beautiful and sequestered Madame Hugo was content, while the boys asked nothing better

than to play in it the livelong day games of war, exploring expeditions, and exciting searches for mythical beasts. Lessons, however, had to be learned, and the garden paradise could only be enjoyed in leisure hours. Victor's instructor was a benevolent old priest who after the Revolution had married, and who with his wife kept a little school.

In the beautiful poem entitled *Ce Qui Se Passait aux Feuillantines Vers* 1813, Victor Hugo describes this happy period. Even when rendered into English prose the lovely verses do not lose all their charm.

“In my fair childhood — alas! too brief — I had three masters — a garden, an old priest, and my mother. The garden was large, deep, mysterious, shut in by high walls from curious glances, filled with flowers opening like eyes, and with bright insects that ran along the stones; full of hummings and confused voices; in the centre, almost a field; at the far end, almost a wood. The priest, nurtured upon Tacitus and Homer, was a gentle old man. My mother — was my mother.”

Soon to this mysterious garden, one more element of mystery was added. One day, in 1809, Victor and Eugène were summoned into the parlor, where they found in company with their mother a tall, black haired man with a kindly face. He was a relative, Madame Hugo told them. He dined with them that day and returned the next, to the joy of the children, with whom he had at once made friends. He soon became a member of the family, and was especially attached to Victor, although he was fond of all the boys and would join in their games, tell them stories, and help them with their lessons. But they thought it strange that instead of sleeping in the house he passed his nights in a corner of the convent at the foot of the garden, long used as a tool house, and also that he never passed the limits of the



garden in his walks, nor saw any of the visitors who came to the house. Moreover, they did not even know his name: he was called simply *General*. He was, in fact, General Lahorie, Victor's godfather, who after the affair of General Moreau, in which he had taken part, had been condemned to death by Bonaparte. He had been driven from place to place, hiding first with one friend and then with another, until Madame Hugo, always faithful to her friends, and a hater of Napoleon besides, offered him a refuge. He remained with her in safety for a year and a half. He was then arrested and thrown into prison.

A year later, after their return from Spain, Madame Hugo was walking along the street with Victor, when she observed a large white placard pasted against the column of a church. Grasping his hand more firmly, she pointed to it and said simply:

“Read”

He read this:

“French Empire. — By sentence of the First Council of War, for the crime of conspiracy against the Empire and the Emperor, the three ex-Generals, Malet, Guidal, and Lahorie, have been shot upon the plain of Grenelle.”

It was thus that Victor Hugo first learned his godfather's name.

We now arrive at the famous journey of Madame Hugo and her boys to Spain, so fruitful of results to the future poet and dramatist. It was a far greater event to them all than the journey to Italy had been, and it was even a greater trial to the home-loving mother. General Hugo, now Count Hugo, and Governor of two provinces, had sent for them to join him at Madrid, and in 1811, shortly after the arrest of Lahorie, they set out from Paris. It took nine days to cross France and reach Bayonne. At this city, where they remained several days, Madame Hugo purchased an immense old-fashioned carriage, the

only vehicle she could obtain, in which they traveled the rest of the way.

Although Joseph was called King of Spain, he was master only of Madrid and the places actually occupied by the French army. All traveling was consequently difficult and somewhat dangerous, and to travel alone was impossible. Madame Hugo and her sons therefore joined at Irun an armed convoy that was going to the Spanish capital. This escort consisted of fifteen hundred infantry, five hundred horse, and four pieces of artillery. The first difficulty occurred before starting. The best place in the line of march, because the most thoroughly protected, was that nearest to the treasure which the train conveyed. Countess Hugo, as the wife of the Governor of two provinces, claimed this position, which was disputed by another lady, the Duchess of Villa-Hermosa, who could not think of allowing a French lady, and one of inferior rank, to take precedence of her. The matter was finally settled by a reference to the Duke of Cotadilla, the commander of the expedition, who with true Spanish politeness awarded the place of honor to the stranger. Madame Hugo gave the word; the big carriage drawn by six sturdy mules took its place next the treasure; and then amid much cracking of whips and shouting of drivers, the long procession started upon its way.

Poor Madame Hugo! Her miseries began at once. In Spain, from the time of Cæsar, wagon wheels were not made with spokes, but each consisted of a solid circle of wood that squeaked fearfully at every revolution; and to this car-splitting music the cortège advanced. The first halt was at ERNANI, a city which she found grim and melancholy, though Victor was so impressed by it that he gave its name to one of his most noted plays. In every city which had not been destroyed by the war, the inhabitants were obliged to furnish the convoy with food,

lodging, and provisions enough to last until the next stage of the journey. The amount provided depended upon the rank of the recipient. Madame Hugo was overcome the first time to find herself, as representative of her husband, presented with a quarter of an ox, a whole sheep, eighty pounds of bread, and a barrel of brandy. Four rations were due to him: one as General, one as Governor, one as Inspector, and one as Major-Domo of the palace. What was she to do with all this? She soon found out. The soldiers, blessed with hearty appetites, had often eaten all their rations while still a day's march from the next stage, and she bestowed her superfluous provisions upon them.

Her generosity was well rewarded. Not long after, while descending from the castle of Mondragon, which is perched upon a steep rock, her carriage was upset, and the whole family narrowly missed losing their lives. The descent was so steep that those in the vehicle lost sight of the mules that were drawing them, and expected every moment to roll over the precipice beside the road. Soon the mules began to slip; two of them slid over, drawing the rest, and the carriage, suspended by one wheel to a milestone, hung above the abyss. The milestone, too, began to yield under the strain. Just in time the soldiers came to the rescue, and, scrambling down the cliff at the risk of their lives, braced back the carriage with their shoulders, while others hauled up the mules, and afterwards the heavy equipage itself. This incident did not tend to increase Madame Hugo's love of travel.

Next to the roads, her worst grievances were the food, the fleas—more plentiful even than in Italy—and the universal distrust and dislike which she encountered wherever she went. Her mere presence was resented as that of an enemy, a Frenchwoman, and an invader. Arriving in a city at night, she would be directed to the

house which was to receive herself and her family, usually a large, massive stone building resembling a prison. Some one of her suite would knock at the door. No answer. Another knock—still silence. After twenty strokes of the heavy knocker, a blind would open above, and a servant's head be thrust out. Madame Hugo would explain her presence and ask admittance. The servant, listening with set lips and sullen eyes, would make no reply; only when madame had finished speaking she would disappear, and presently return to open the door, still silent; and lead the way to rooms furnished only with the strictest necessaries, no conveniences or ornaments being left to please the hated guests. The servant would then leave, not to be seen again. The owners of the house, secluded in some distant wing, would not be visible at all; nor until the Frenchwoman and her children departed, permit sight or sound to betray the presence of any living being other than themselves within the walls.

At one house it was even worse. The family had departed, leaving their possessions at the mercy of the new-comers; but before going they had found a way to convey the opinion that the unwelcome occupants were robbers. One great empty hall lighted by a blazing pine torch was left at their disposal; upon every other door of the house, seals had been placed.

Upon arriving at Madrid the children were at first much pleased with the novelty of all around them, and with the splendor of the palace in which they lived. But soon their parents decided that their education must not be neglected in Spain, any more than in France; and so Eugène and Victor were sent to a Spanish boarding-school, while Abel was received as a page at court. The school to which the younger boys went was dreary and forbidding in the extreme. The teachers were two

monks, one of whom was severe, the other apparently good-natured, but really a keen-eyed spy who reported to his superior all the little pranks or carelessness of the boys, which he appeared not to notice or disapprove. Moreover the food was insufficient and poor, the building wholly unwarmed, and a grim court-yard surrounded by high walls was the only play-ground. The pupils were all young Spaniards of noble families. It is an odd instance of the strictness of Spanish etiquette that, even when engaged in romping games, they always addressed each other by their titles, never by their names. It would be :

“Throw the ball this way, Marquis.”

“Count, that isn’t fair !”

Eugène and Victor were by no means satisfied with their life at this institution, and did not regret the determination, forced on their parents by the renewal of the war, to send them back to Paris. They went back in 1812 to the beautiful garden of the Feuillantines, where they resumed their relations with the Fouchers, whose daughter Adèle was now a very pretty little girl. Their lives flowed on tranquilly until one day, the 29th of March, the two boys were awakened early in the morning by the thunder of cannon. They hastened to their mother to inquire the meaning of this startling sound. She told them it was the Russians and the Prussians. The allies were before Paris ; soon, they were in Paris ; and a good-natured Prussian colonel was quartered at Madame Hugo’s house, where he tried, with tolerable success, to win the favor of her sons.

The Bourbons were restored ! Madame Hugo, still a royalist, entered with her whole heart into the popular rejoicings. It became a fashion to wear green shoes, to signify the treading under foot of the color of the empire ; her shoes were always green. She was present at all the



public fêtes, and seemed to have regained her youth. Indeed, her loyalty was so well known that the Count d'Artois sent the silver decoration of the Order of the Lily to the sons of so devoted an adherent, and very proud they were of their new dignity. Victor, wearing his lily at his button-hole, and attending a festival with the Foucher family and his own, while little Mademoiselle Adèle leaned upon his arm, felt himself to be an important personage.

One painful result came to this family from the accession of Louis XVIII. The political differences which had so long estranged General and Madame Hugo were so exaggerated by it that they agreed to live apart, the children remaining with their mother.

From early childhood Victor had been accustomed to compose poetry, trying his hand at narrative poems, royalist odes, epigrams, songs, tragedies, translations from the Latin, and even a comic opera—the last dedicated, as were many of his best pieces, to his mother. She knew of his literary attempts and encouraged him to persevere in them, although no encouragement was necessary, since writing was to him a second nature. His military dramas had long been famous among his school-mates, by whom they were performed under his direction, with such costumes and accessories as could be made or found for the occasion. He always took the chief rôle for himself, as a matter of course, and performed it with an earnestness that appeared in the eyes of his comrades little less than the perfection of tragic art. But it was not until he was fifteen that his talent became known to a larger public than that afforded by the home circle and the school.

In 1817 the subject proposed by the French Academy for the prize in poetry was *The Happiness resulting from Study in all Situations of Life*. It occurred to Victor to

compete, and, entering at once upon the work without telling any one of his intention, he completed a poem of three hundred and twenty lines. When it was written he felt the need of a confidant to assist him in presenting it to the secretary of the Academy—an ordeal which he dared not face alone—and he trusted the weighty secret to M. Biscarrat, a young teacher of his school, with whom he was on very friendly terms. An accident also rendered his brother Abel aware of what was going on, and he it was who brought to the young poet news of the result of the experiment. He appeared one day with two friends at the school, while Victor was engaged in a romping game, and called out to him :

“Come here, stupid!”

The stupid came.

“You are a fine fellow!” Abel went on. “It was well worth your while to put such stuff in your verses! Who asked you your age? The Academy thought you wished to mystify them. But for that you would have had the prize. What a donkey you are! You have a Mention.”

It was indeed as Abel—whose glowing countenance belied his rough words—had said. An unfortunate line, in which he described himself as a poet of *scarcely fifteen*, had deprived Victor of the prize. But at that time even an honorable Mention from the Academy was an important event. Victor’s name was in the papers; he was congratulated by all his friends; and his teachers as well as his comrades were proud to have him a member of their school. Madame Hugo was happy, confident that this success would lead to greater.

A little later, however, he gave her something other than literature to think of, and which did not appear to her nearly as satisfactory. Upon leaving school, Eugène and Victor came to live with their mother, and went with her every evening to visit their old friends and neighbors

the Fouchers. After the first greetings, Madame Hugo, without removing her shawl or bonnet, would establish herself in one corner of the fireplace, take her work from a little bag and begin to crochet. Opposite her would sit M. Foucher with a candle and a snuff-box upon a stand beside him, and a book upon his knee. Between them would be Madame Foucher and the young people of both families, in silence. Now and then Madame Hugo would pause in her work for a moment to look into the fire, or would extend her snuff-box (for she, too, was a snuff-taker) to M. Foucher, saying:

“Will you take a pinch, Monsieur Foucher?”

“Thank you, Madame,” he would reply, helping himself, and then again there would be silence, for the older people did not care to talk, and the younger were not permitted to do so in their presence. But these quiet evenings were not dull to Victor, for he found ample satisfaction in sitting still and stealing looks at Mademoiselle Adèle, with whom he had fallen very much in love. She returned his affection. When the state of affairs was discovered by her parents and Madame Hugo, all of them disapproved, for neither Adèle nor Victor had property. He had his fortune to make, and both were very young. It was thought that if a mere boy and girl fancy existed between them, time and separation would destroy it; while if it were something more they could afford to wait. By an arrangement among the parents, therefore, intercourse between the two families was broken off.

Shortly before this, Madame Hugo suffered from a severe hemorrhage of the lungs, and had been nursed through her illness with devoted care by her sons. Victor had been intending to compete for the annual prizes offered at the *Floral Games* of Toulouse, but his mother's danger put all thought of composition from his mind.

One night, when she was a little better, she asked him if he had written the poem which he was to send in. He replied that he had not, and that it was useless to think of doing so, since to reach Toulouse in time it would need to be despatched the next day. Madame Hugo seemed to feel so deeply the loss of this opportunity, which her sickness had caused him to miss, that as soon as she fell asleep he procured a pen and paper and sat by her side all night, writing the poem, which she found in the morning upon her bed. He sent it, with another which he had written before, to Toulouse. Both poems won prizes, and a few days later he had the happiness of showing to his mother the golden lily and the golden amaranth awarded him by the judges.

After her recovery the family removed to another house, but the effort of moving and the labor consequent upon settling down in the new room, brought on a second hemorrhage. This was followed by a long period of deceptive improvement; then again she took to her bed. The doctor did not give up hope, and her sons were sure that she would recover. On the twenty-seventh of June, 1821, Eugène and Victor were alone with her in the room.

“Look,” said Eugène to Victor, “how well mamma is! She has not waked since midnight.”

“Yes,” replied Victor, “she will soon recover.”

He looked at her tranquil face and bent to kiss her. She was dead.

All her children, but Victor most, mourned her deeply. After the funeral he wandered in the cemetery alone, softly calling her name, until at night the gates were closed and he was forced to leave. He could not bear to return to the empty house. He paced the streets until a late hour, when, by a sudden impulse, he turned into the street where the Fouchers lived, wishing to gain some comfort if possible by thinking of these kind old friends,

and of Adèle. He found their house brilliantly lighted and resounding with music and laughter; and he saw Adèle within, in a ball dress, with flowers in her hair, laughing and dancing. It was her father's birthday, and a ball having been planned by way of celebration, he had been unwilling to deprive his daughter of a pleasure, and had not told her of Madame Hugo's death.

The next morning while she was walking in the garden Victor entered, and his face at once showed her that something sad had happened.

"What is the matter?" she asked, running up to him.

"My mother is dead," he answered; "she was buried yesterday."

"And I was dancing!" exclaimed Adèle, bursting into tears. She explained that she had known nothing of the event, which indeed he had already guessed; and they mourned together for her who had been so devoted a mother to the one, and to whom the other had hoped to give a daughter's care. They always afterward looked upon that sad morning as their betrothal, and when a few days later the formal demand was made for the young lady's hand, she said simply that she considered herself already engaged. A year later they were married—a husband of twenty and a wife of seventeen. The union was productive of nothing but happiness. If she was not a daughter to the mother of her husband, it was her hand who recorded most of the events above related. She was the *témoin* who recounted the story of the early married life of General Hugo and the amorous daughter of La Vendée.\*

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\* Victor Hugo raconté par un Témoin de sa Vie. Paris, 1868.



## XVIII.

### LAURA BRIDGMAN.

IF the reader has ever known a family one child of which was either blind, deaf and dumb, or so lame as to be helpless, he has probably been struck with the great variety of compensating circumstances which gathered round that child to make its lot not less happy than that of children in general. It has seemed to me sometimes as if everybody and everything connected with such a child enters into a sort of holy conspiracy to alleviate its condition. Its mother loves it with a singular depth of tenderness. Its father regards it with pitying fondness. The relations and friends of the family vie with one another which shall do most for it. Its own brothers and sisters — cruel as children often are to one another — often look upon the afflicted one with a mixture of awe and affection, which makes them vigilant in good offices toward it.

In the town of Hanover, in New Hampshire, the seat of Dartmouth College, a town surrounded with mountains, and traversed by rapid mountain streams, Laura Dewey Bridgman was born, in the year 1829. She was a bright, pretty child, with pleasing blue eyes, but of so feeble a constitution, that during the first eighteen months of her existence her parents scarcely expected her to outlive her infancy. But after her eighteenth month, she rapidly improved in health, and, in a very short time, she was as well and vigorous as children of her age usually are. Her parents, as parents are apt to do, thought that

she exhibited at twenty months signs of uncommon intelligence.

She was two years of age when she was attacked by a disease which brought her to death's door, one of those complaints the after consequences of which are often more terrible and lasting than the disease itself. For seven weeks the fever raged. Her eyes and ears became living sores, and they were finally consumed. For five months she lay in a darkened room, and two whole years passed before she was sufficiently restored to take her natural place in the family.

But how changed her condition! She was totally blind. She was totally deaf. She had lost the power of speech. She could not smell. There remained no avenue from the outer world to the mind within, except the sense of touch. Such was her state at the age of four years — a healthy, sensitive, eager, intelligent child, able only to use her feet as means of locomotion, and her fingers to acquire knowledge.

As soon as she was well enough to get about, she began curiously to grope around her room, and then to explore the house, feeling, lifting, touching in various ways every object, animate and inanimate, within her reach. She used to go with her mother about the house, and feel her hands as she performed the usual household work, and seemed to take pleasure in imitating her motions, although it was impossible she should know their object. Her imitative power was remarkable, and in the course of the next three years she even learned to knit and to sew a little. Being human, she began also to show the less amiable traits of human nature, to her parents' great perplexity and distress. As they had no way of reasoning with her, there was no method except that of force to prevent her from running into danger, or doing what was manifestly improper. So passed the first three years after her affliction.

During those years her great friend and benefactor was in training in the city of Boston. Dr. S. G. Howe, after studying medicine, was so powerfully wrought upon by that movement for the independence of Greece in which Lord Byron spent the last months of his life, that he went to Greece, where he served as a surgeon in the patriot army, and in other capacities for five years. Afterwards he was in the Polish movement of 1831, which led to his imprisonment in Prussia for six weeks. At thirty-two, we find him President of the Perkins Institution for the Blind in South Boston, in the founding of which he had taken an active part.

In 1837, when he had had five years' experience in teaching the blind, he heard of Laura Bridgman, and went to Hanover to visit her, intending, if her parents would consent, to bring her to the Institution, to see if it were possible to give her some instruction.

"I found her," he once wrote, "with a well-formed figure, a strongly marked, nervous-sanguine temperament, a large and beautifully shaped head, and her whole system in healthy action."

With the cheerful consent of her parents, she was transferred to the Institution in the fall of 1837, when she was eight years of age. For several days after entering the Institution she seemed much puzzled with the novelty of the objects by which she was surrounded, and the doctor made no attempt to instruct her for two weeks, when she had become pretty familiar with her new abode and acquainted with its inmates.

He began her instruction in this way: He took a common spoon and key, and pasted upon each a label upon which its name was printed in raised letters. These objects she felt very carefully, and was not long in discovering the difference in the two words. A blind child makes a discovery of that kind in an instant, owing to the

sensitiveness of its touch. Next, he placed before her two labels with the same two names printed upon them. She soon showed that she perceived the difference by putting the label k-e-y upon the key, and the label s-p-o-o-n upon the spoon. From that moment, the success of this most interesting experiment was assured, and the doctor encouraged her by patting her on the head. Other objects were placed before her, and she rapidly learned to place the right label upon each. When her table was covered with articles and labels lying in confusion, she would sort them out, placing upon every one of them its printed name.

The next step was an important advance. Types were given her consisting of certain required letters. At first the types were arranged in proper order, B-O-O-K, and then, after a time, they were thrown into confusion, and she was taught to put them together again in the same order. This process was repeated until she could form the name, in her moveable types, of all the articles that could be placed within her reach. Gratifying as her progress was, it was still evident to her patient instructor that she did not as yet comprehend the object which he had in view. But, one day, while she was setting up names in this manner, a change came over her demeanor.

“Hitherto,” says Doctor Howe, “the process had been mechanical, and the success about as great as teaching a very knowing dog a variety of tricks. The poor child had sat in mute amazement, and patiently imitated everything her teacher did; but now the truth began to flash upon her; her intellect began to work; she perceived that here was a way by which she could herself make up a sign of anything that was in her own mind, and show it to another mind; and at once her countenance lighted up with a human expression. . . . I could almost fix upon the moment when this truth dawned upon her mind, and spread its light to her countenance.”

Doctor Howe next procured for her a font of metal types with the letters cast upon one end, and a board in which there were square holes in which she could place the types, so that the raised letters alone would extend above the surface of the wood. Upon handing her a pencil or a watch, she would immediately set up its name in type, so that the blind could read it; and in this way she was exercised for several weeks, until her list of words became considerable. She took great delight in this exercise, and learned far more rapidly than when her performances were purely mechanical.

The next step was to enable her to communicate with others by means of her fingers, using the various deaf and dumb alphabets. Strange as it may seem, she learned very quickly to represent the different letters by the position of her fingers; for she now had a clear sense of what the teacher was about. When she had been a year in the Institution, she could converse with its inmates with considerable freedom, and was apparently among the happiest of them all. She never appeared to be in low spirits, but was full of fun and frolic, romped with the rest of the children, and laughed louder than them all. When alone, she seemed more than content with her knitting and sewing, and would amuse herself for hours in that way. In the course of time, she learned to write, and the first use she made of this accomplishment was to write a letter to her mother.

When she had been six months in the Institution, her mother came to see her; but Laura, though she ran against her, and felt of her hands and dress, did not recognize her—to her mother's great grief. But after a while, when her mother took hold of her again, an idea seemed to flash upon her mind; she eagerly felt her mother's hands; became pale and red by turns; and when her mother drew her close to her side and kissed



her fondly, all doubt suddenly disappeared from the child's countenance; and, her face beaming with joy, she yielded to her mother's embraces.

One of her visitors, when she was twelve years of age, was Charles Dickens, who was profoundly interested in her.

"Her face," he says, "was radiant with intelligence and pleasure. Her hair, braided by her own hands, was bound about her head, whose intellectual capacity and development were beautifully expressed in its graceful outline and its broad, open brow; her dress, arranged by herself, was a pattern of neatness and simplicity; the work she had knitted lay beside her; her writing-book was on the desk she leaned upon. . . . Like other inmates of that house, she had a green ribbon bound around her eyelids. A doll she had dressed lay near her upon the ground. I took it up, and saw that she had made a green fillet, such as she wore herself, and fastened it about its minute eyes. . . . My hand she rejected at once, as she does that of any man who is a stranger to her. But she retained my wife's with evident pleasure, kissing her, and examined her dress with a girl's curiosity and interest."

It was at this period that Dr. Howe commissioned Miss Sophie A. Peabody of Salem, afterward the wife of Nathaniel Hawthorne, to model the bust of Laura in clay, which may still be seen in the Asylum at Boston. The artist was then engaged to Hawthorne, and the money (\$150) that she received for the work, went into a fund which she had already begun to set apart for her wedding trousseau. Laura herself watched the progress of the clay model with keen interest, perusing its features with delicate, sensitive fingers, clapping her little hands with delight, and gleefully speaking of the bust as her "white baby."

Mr. Dickens spoke of the difference between her treatment of himself and of his wife. Her sense of feminine propriety, if I may use the expression, was, so far as her teachers could discern, inborn. No child ever evinced more regard to appearances. She was never seen with her dress in disorder, or in an unbecoming attitude; and if by chance she discovered a little tear or dirt upon her dress or person, she showed an acute sense of shame, and would hurry away to remove it. Her demeanor towards men was all reserve and distance, but to women she would be quickly affectionate, cling closely to them, kiss and caress them with unusual frequency and fondness. When a strange lady was presented to her she soon became familiar, examined her dress with her fingers, and permitted her caresses. But with men it was entirely different, and she repelled every kind of familiarity. No matter how much she was attached to a male teacher, she would not sit upon his knees, nor let him clasp her about the waist.

Her sense of ownership seemed also to be innate. She was fond of acquiring property, and respected the right of ownership in others. She was never known to steal, and was noted throughout her childhood for speaking the truth. Nor was she less prone to imitation than other children. She was known to sit for half an hour holding a book before her and moving her lips, as she had observed people do when reading. One day she pretended that her doll was sick, as Dr. Howe relates, and went through all the motions of tending it and administering medicine. She carefully put it to bed, placed a bottle of hot water at its feet, laughing all the time most heartily.

“When I came home,” adds the doctor, “she insisted upon my going to see it and feeling its pulse, and when I told her to put a blister to its back, she seemed to enjoy it amazingly and almost screamed with delight.”

Her principal moral fault was a capricious quickness of temper. Though usually tractable and obedient, she was liable to sudden, unreasonable anger, which would manifest itself in the usual ways of slamming the door and dashing out of the room. At the age of fifteen she took offence one day because her teacher told her to put her handkerchief into her desk. She had left it upon the desk, which was against a rule of the school-room.

“Put your handkerchief in your desk,” remarked the teacher in a quiet manner, supposing that she had forgotten it.

Laura showed displeasure in her countenance, hesitated a moment, and then placed the handkerchief in her lap, saying:

“I prefer to put it in my lap.”

The teacher seeing that the child meant rebellion, said:

“I told you to put it in the desk, and now I want you to do it.”

Laura sat still for about two minutes. She then lifted the lid very high, threw the handkerchief into the desk, and let the lid fall with a noise that startled all the school-room.

“Are you angry?” asked the teacher.

This question had always calmed her before, but it did not on this occasion.

“I am very cross,” said she.

The teacher replied, “I am very sorry, and I am very sorry you shut the desk so hard. I want you to open it again, and take your handkerchief and put it in gently.”

“I will take it out to wipe my eyes, and put it back,” she replied.

The teacher told her that she wished her first of all to put it into the desk gently. Laura lifted the lid, took out the handkerchief, let the lid slam as before, and then raised the handkerchief, as if to wipe her eyes.

“No,” said the teacher with decision, and took her hand down.

Laura sat awhile without motion, and then, as the teacher reports, “uttered the most frightful yell I ever heard.” Her face was pale, and she was trembling in every limb. The teacher, hearing the sound of visitors approaching, said to her :

“You must go and sit alone.”

She rebelled for a moment, and then went to her room. The spirit of defiance seemed to have obtained firm possession of her, and some days passed before she showed a genuine penitence. In the interval, she behaved very much as other naughty children do ; among other things, affecting gayety of a boisterous character. At length, however, through the tact and perseverance of the teacher, she came to a better state of mind. It was long before she gained the mastery of this fault ; lapsing occasionally after she was of age.

More than forty years have passed since Charles Dickens saw this afflicted child, during most of which she has lived at the Asylum and spent her summer vacations at her native village. Her education proves to be as successful as Mr. Dickens regarded it before it had been tested by maturity. Miss Bridgman is now (1883) fifty-four years old. In appearance she differs little from a prevailing type of middle-aged New England ladies. She passes her life very much as she would if she enjoyed the use of all her senses.

The most curious and interesting event of her later years was her reversion from the philosophical Unitarianism of Dr. Howe to the religion of her parents, who were Baptists. She became acquainted in 1855 with a blind girl from Germany, an enthusiastic Baptist, who imparted to Laura her view of the Christian religion. She became after many months of reflection and internal struggle a

very fervent Baptist. She wrote to one of her teachers in 1861:

“I am better this morn. I have not been well much of the time this winter and in the fall. But I am much happier in mind concerning God, & his begotten son Jesus Christ. I profess religion since last spring most fervently. I devote a great deal of my time to studying the sacred Bible. I rejoice so highly that God has helped me to comprehend his works in many ways. I read in the blessed Bible daily, which I prize the most of all books in this world.”

During a visit to her native place she was baptized in one of the mountain streams, and admitted to the church of which her parents were members. The account which she gives of the ceremony is exceedingly touching. The thought first occurred to her mind during a visit to her relations at Thetford in Vermont, where she remained for some months, associating chiefly with her cousin Emily.

“I attained,” she wrote, “much enjoyment of conversing with my cousin about sacred things. I thought how delightful it might have been to my soul if I could be baptized in the pure water by the minister who usually preached the Holy Ghost to the blest church in Thetford. But my dear God did not approve of my doing that away from my home. I felt fearful at times from these thoughts concerning the performance of baptism. I thought that there was danger of sinking my head beneath the water, & I might be drowned in the depth of water. I did not feel strong & confident sufficiently for being in a grave. . . . In the fall I had much delight in a religious conversation with my dear adopted sister & her husband, & my dear mother. One sunny P. M. I visited my adopted sister, Mrs. H. We had a very solemn happiness with a talk in the library with Mr. H., a most excellent minister. We transacted some business con-



cerning the sacred ordinance. My sister, Mrs. Herrick, called upon me the first Saturday of July; she interpreted some sentences to me for the reverend. Shortly after dinner I accompanied my mother to his house a few rods from my home. I had a happy call there till it was time for us all to go to the holy sanctuary to attribute prayers and holy communion to the Almighty Father. The holy church agreed to vote me a member. The sixth of July, the first Sabbath, my cousin Mary called to see me once or twice Sunday. I went with her & my mother to Mr. Herrick's house at noon. I was so glad to meet a few ladies there; I was waited upon by those ladies in preparation for baptism. I could hardly help myself undress and dress myself. Mr. H. welcomed me so gladly at his house. I was guided to the brookside by my mamma & Mrs. Huntington. Mr. H. sent for me one of his chairs to sit by the side of the brook while holy prayer was being addressed. Two students sang a hymn 112. I believe that the first line of the hymn is:

“In all my God's appointed ways.”

I did not feel inclined to talk with my fingers at the blessed ordinance, but I was so happy to have my mother or any person speak to me. My soul was overwhelmed with spiritual joy and light in the presence of God, & his blest Son Jesus Christ. I could hardly smile, for I felt solemnly happy. . . . As Mr. H. took me by the hand crossing the pure water I felt a thrill of crying for joy, though not one drop of a tear fell in sight from my eyes. . . . My dear father & a gentleman aided me up out of the water, & I sat in the chair with my wet clothes, on utterance of another prayer, I went to church & the holy communion. Mr. H. gave me the right hand of fellowship in God. It was a most glorious & pious Sunday, evermore for me to retain.”

Since that period her thoughts have evidently had but slight relation to this world and its delights, although her enjoyment of life appears to be undiminished. The change in her religious feelings was far from lessening her regard for her illustrious teacher, Dr. Howe. He died in 1876. A few days after his death she wrote to a friend :

“ I think much of Dr. H. day & night, with sorrow, & gratitude, & love, & sincerity.”

She spoke and wrote frequently of him, and looks forward with perfect confidence to meeting him again. She retains the tastes and the habits of industry which she acquired at the Institution in her childhood, taking pleasure in decorating her room. She has named her room Sunny Home, from one of its windows which lets in the sunlight, of which she is as fond as though she could behold the pictures it creates. She never finds time hanging heavily upon her hands. Besides reading the books and periodicals printed in raised letters for the blind, she sews, knits, crochets lace, makes mats and other fancy articles, which she sells to visitors with her autograph attached. She retains, too, her power to enjoy a jest, and has wholly recovered from her propensity to bursts of anger. I conclude with one of her poems :

#### LIGHT AND DARKNESS.

Light represents day.

Light is more brilliant than ruby, even diamond.

Light is whiter than snow.

Darkness is night-like.

It looks as black as iron.

Darkness is a sorrow.

Joy is a thrilling rapture.

Light yields a shooting joy through the human.

Light is as sweet as honey, but

Darkness is bitter as salt and more than vinegar.

Light is finer than gold, and even finest gold.

Joy is a real light.

Joy is a blazing flame.

Darkness is frosty.

A good sleep is a white curtain.

A bad sleep is a black curtain.\*

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\* Life and Education of Laura Dewey Bridgman. By Mary Swift Lamson. Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1881.

## XIX.

### THE WIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON IN HER WORK-ROOM AT MOUNT VERNON.

THERE are fine ladies, it is said, at present, who disdain the homely, honorable duties of housekeeping, thinking it beneath them to attend to the comfort, happiness, and dignity of their families. If any such there are, I should like to invite them to look into the work-room of Mrs. Washington, at Mount Vernon, the apartment in which the first lady of Virginia, in Virginia's palmy days, used to spend her mornings at work, surrounded by busy servants. Every great house in Virginia had such a room in old times, and ladies plumed themselves upon excelling in the household arts practiced therein. This particular work-room at Mount Vernon is described in old letters of the period, copied and given to the world some years ago, by the late Bishop Meade, of Virginia.

It was a plain, good sized apartment, arranged and furnished with a view to facilitating work. At one end there was a large table for cutting out clothes upon. At that time every garment worn by the slaves had to be cut out and sewed, either by the ladies of the mansion-house, or under their superintendence. The greater part of General Washington's slaves worked on plantations several miles distant from his home, and were provided for by their several overseers; but there were a great number of household servants at Mount Vernon, besides grooms, gardeners, fishermen, and others, for whom the

lady of the house had to think and contrive. At that broad table sat a skillful, nice looking negro woman, somewhat advanced in years, with a pair of shears in her hand, cutting, cutting, cutting, almost all day and every day, the countless trowsers, dresses, jackets, and shirts, needed by a family of, perhaps, a hundred persons. Everything worn by the General or by herself, except their best outside garments, which were imported from London, was made in that room, under the eye of the lady of the house.

All the commoner fabrics, too, were home-made. On one side of the room sat a young colored woman, spinning yarn; on another, her mother knitting; elsewhere, a woman doing some of the finer ironing; here a woman winding; there a little colored girl learning to sew. In the midst of all this industry sat Mrs. Washington, ready to solve difficulties as they arose, and prompt to set right any operation that might be going wrong. She was always knitting. From morning till dinner time—which was two o'clock—her knitting was seldom out of her hands. In this work-room she usually received the ladies of her familiar acquaintance when they called in the morning, but she never laid aside her knitting. The click of her needles was always heard in the pauses of conversation.

Her friends were surprised to see her, after her eight years' residence at the seat of Government, instantly resume her former way of life. They found her as of old, in her work-room, with her servants about her, knitting and giving directions. One lady, who visited her after the General's retirement from the presidency, gives an instance of her prudent generosity:

“She points out to me several pairs of nice colored stockings and gloves she had just finished, and presents me with a pair *half done, which she begs I will finish and wear for her sake.*”



Thus she contrived in one and the same act, to make a present and give a practical lesson in industry. She was, indeed, a signal example of that virtue, at a time when ladies of wealth and importance could scarcely avoid practicing it. She used to speak of the time spent in levees and other ceremonial duties, as "my lost days."

The chief labor of the mistress of a house then was in training servants. Mrs. Washington, like the other Virginian ladies, had an eye upon the families of her slaves—and most of them had very large families—and when she noticed a little girl that seemed bright and apt to learn, she would have her come to the work-room, where she would be taught to sew, and afterwards other home arts. In this way, the house was kept supplied with good cooks, chamber-maids, seamstresses, and nurses. Promising girls were regularly brought up, or, as we may say, apprenticed to the household trade which they were to spend their lives in exercising.

This training of servants was formerly supposed to be part of the duty of all mistresses of great houses, whether the servants were white or black, bond or free. Ladies did not then regard a house, with all its complicated business and apparatus, as a great clock, which, being wound up after breakfast, would run twenty-four hours without further attention. Having themselves performed all the operations of housekeeping, and having acquired skill in their performance, they knew that a good servant is not born, but made; and they were willing to take a world of trouble in forming a servant, in order that by and by they might enjoy the ease and pleasure derived from skillful service. I must confess that sometimes, when I have heard ladies complaining of the awkwardness of girls who, until recently, had never seen a household implement more complicated than a poker or an iron pot, the thought has occurred to me that possibly, if they would

take some trouble to teach such girls their duty, they would observe a gradual improvement.

There is a tradition in Virginia that Mrs. Washington, with all her good qualities, was a little tart in her temper, and favored the General, occasionally, with nocturnal discourse, too much in the style of Mrs. Caudle. The story rests upon the slightest foundation, and it is safe to disregard it. *Great* housekeepers, however, are not usually noted for amiability of disposition, and ladies whose husbands are very famous, are apt to be overrun with company, which is not conducive to domestic peace; nor does it tend to curb the license of a woman's tongue to remember that, at her marriage, she brought her husband a vast increase, both of his estate, and of his importance in the social system.

How far George Washington was, in his youth, from anticipating the splendid career that awaited him! He was by no means so favored in fortune and family, as his biographers would have us believe. Every reader, I suppose, remembers the fine tale, which even Mr. Irving repeats, of the youthful Washington, getting a midshipman's commission and yielding it again to his mother's tears. There lay the British man-of-war at anchor in the river. The boat was on the shore; the lad's trunk was packed; and, I think, his uniform was on. But, at the last moment, the tender youth, overcome by his mother's tears, declined to go. Such is the romance. The truth was this:

His mother, left a widow, was anxious for the future of her boy, fourteen years of age, whose only inheritance was a farm and tract of land on the Rappahannock, of no great value or promise. She was advised to send the lad to sea, *before the mast*, in one of the tobacco ships that so often ascended the broad rivers of Virginia. She was for a while disposed to favor the scheme. But her brother,

Joseph Ball, a London lawyer in large practice, remonstrated against her sacrificing her son in that way, and advised her to bring him up a planter.

“I understand,” he wrote, “that you are advised, and have since thought of putting your son George to sea. I think he had better be put apprentice to a tinker, for a common sailor before the mast has by no means the common liberty of the subject; for they will press him from a ship where he has fifty shillings a month, and make him take twenty-three, and cut and slash, and use him like a dog. And as to any considerate preferment in the navy, it is not to be expected, as there are always so many gaping for it here, who have interest; *and he has none.*”

He proceeds to tell her that a Virginia-planter, with three or four hundred acres of land and three or four slaves, has a great deal better chance of winning a comfortable and independent position, than even the captain of a merchant ship—and it was far from easy to get to be captain. “George,” he concluded, “must not be in too great haste to be rich, nor aim at being a fine gentleman before his time;” but “go on gently and with patience.” The mother accepted this view of the situation, and the boy was not cut and slashed on board ship. He learned, as we all know, the business of a surveyor, and practiced that vocation until the death of his brother gave him a competent estate.

He was Colonel commanding the Virginia troops, twenty-seven years of age, and shining with the lustre of the fame recently won on Braddock’s field, when first the rich young widow Custis cast upon him admiring eyes. He was riding, booted and spurred, in hot haste, from headquarters to the capital of the province, where he was to confer with the Governor concerning the defence of the frontiers. Within a few miles of his destination, he

was pressed by a friend to stay to dinner. With extreme reluctance he consented, intending to mount the moment the meal was over. At the table he met the widow, and was captivated. The horses were pawing at the door, but the young Colonel came not forth. The afternoon flew by, yet he came not. Evening drew on, the horses were taken back to the stable; Colonel Washington had made up his mind to stop all night. It was not till the next morning that he rode away.

Within a year they were married at the "White House," which was her home, and they took up their abode at Mount Vernon soon after. Her first husband had left a vast estate in lands, and forty-five thousand pounds in money, one-third of which was hers, and now became the joint property of Colonel Washington and herself. By their marriage, he became one of the richest men in Virginia. She gained an excellent husband, and her three children a wise and careful father.

If any lady in Virginia could claim exemption from the cares and labors of a household, on account of her wealth and social standing, it was Mrs. Washington. She had been an heiress and a beauty. For generations her ancestors had been persons of wealth and high consideration. Her first husband possessed a great fortune, and her second was the most illustrious personage of his time. But she deemed it a privilege to attend to the details of housekeeping, and regarded the days when she was obliged to shine in the drawing-room as "lost."

## XX.

### MADAME DE STAËL AND NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

THE greatest compliment ever paid by a man to a woman was that which Napoleon Bonaparte, in the plenitude of his power, paid Madame De Staël, in exiling her from Paris.

Here was a man, the greatest general of his age, at the head of a warlike nation, commanding an army of many hundred thousand men, the arbiter of Europe, and the lord of the world, except that part of it which could be reached and overawed by the English navy; and here was a woman, then of no great fortune or celebrity, receiving every evening a circle of friends in a modest drawing-room at Paris. They were antagonists, those two! Both were foreigners—he an Italian-Corsican, she a Swiss. The man was dazzling and intoxicating France, while using her for purposes of his own. The woman would not be dazzled. In a city delirious she kept her senses. In a company drunk, she remained sober. Among a people dreaming, she was awake. And, gifted as she was by nature with an excellent mind, a humane heart, and an eloquent tongue, she had power to waken and restore other minds.

Our English-speaking world will never see and vividly feel the turpitude of this man Bonaparte, as Madame De Staël saw and felt it, until his lying bulletins and brutal despatches are translated into our language. I have spent many hours and days in examining them, for they number thirty thousand, and fill thirty-two compact





MADAME DE STAËL.



volumes. Let me glean a few passages from the bulletins dictated by his own mouth, and sent from the battlefield to be published in the *Moniteur* at Paris. From the field of Ulm, he sent this :

“For two days the rain has fallen by pailfuls, and every one is soaked. The soldiers have had no rations, and the mud is up to their knees ; but the sight of the Emperor restores their gayety, and they make the field resound with the cry of *Vive l'Empereur.*”

Note how ingeniously he reconciles Paris to the idea of a French army floundering in the mud of a distant land :

“They report also, that when the officers expressed their surprise that the soldiers should forget their privations in the pleasure of seeing him, he replied, ‘They are right ; for it is to spare their blood that I make them experience such great fatigues.’ . . . So the soldiers often say, ‘The Emperor has found a new method of making war ; he uses our legs, and not our bayonets.’ Five-sixths of the army have not fired a shot, and sorry enough they are for it.”

As we read these bulletins we cease to wonder that France should have been willing, year after year, to send to these distant fields of conquest, the *elite* of her youth. Never was a nation so artfully flattered. Never was war exhibited in so romantic and captivating a manner. Fancy a peasant, worn with toil and privation, reading such a passage as this, or hearing it read at his village church on Sunday :

“No contrast is more striking than the spirit of the French army and that of the Austrian. In the French army, heroism is carried to the highest point ; in the Austrian, the discouragement is extreme. The Austrian soldier is paid only with pieces of paper ; he can send nothing home, and he is very ill-treated. The French soldier thinks of nothing but glory. One could cite a

thousand such incidents as this: Brard, private of the Seventy-sixth, was about to have the thigh amputated; he was marked for death. At the moment when the surgeon was about to begin, he stopped him, and said, 'I know that I shall not survive; but no matter: one man the less will not hinder the Seventy-sixth from marching. The first three ranks, fix bayonets! Charge!'"

Fancy, I say, the toiling peasantry of France played upon in this way by the greatest master in the art of dazzling a susceptible people that ever lived. Can you wonder that they should have come to regard war as the proper and natural employment of man, the delight and glory of generous minds, and hold peaceful industry in contempt? I wish there were room to insert here a translation of a bulletin in which Napoleon communicates to France many details of the most brilliant of his victories—Austerlitz. It is artful in the highest degree, and exhibits Napoleon in a light so romantic and attractive, that it would conciliate a reader of the present day, if he were ignorant of the fact that every line of this long bulletin is of Napoleon's own composition. Here is one of its anecdotes:

"An incident which does honor to the enemy must not be omitted. The officer in command of the artillery of the Russian Imperial Guard lost his guns in the battle. Meeting the Emperor, he said, 'Sire, have me shot; I have lost my guns!' The Emperor replied, 'Young man, I appreciate your tears. But one can be beaten by my army, and yet have some claims to glory!'"

The following passages are from the same bulletin:

"Till late at night the Emperor rode over the field of battle superintending the removal of the wounded—spectacle of horror, if there ever was one: Mounted upon swift horses, he passed with the rapidity of lightning, and nothing was more touching than to see those

brave men recognize him. Some forgot their sufferings and said, 'Any way, is the victory perfectly assured?' Others said, 'I have suffered for eight hours, and have had no succor since the beginning of the battle; but I have done my duty.' Others cried, 'You ought to be content with your soldiers to-day.' To every wounded soldier the Emperor left a guard, who caused him to be transported to the ambulances. Horrible to say, forty-eight hours after the battle there were still a great number of the Russian wounded who had not been attended to. All the French wounded had attention before night."

No one can coolly read this passage in the original without discerning its fictitious character. First we have the Emperor, during several hours of the night (*pendant plusieurs heures de la nuit*), going over the field of battle, and causing the wounded to be removed; and at the end of the passage, we learn that all the French wounded had surgical attention *before night* (*avant la nuit*). It is in the night, too, that the Emperor "passes like a flash," and yet he hears the wounded soldiers utter the words quoted above.

He loves to exhibit himself to the Parisians as the object of the envy and the admiration of crowned heads and other distinguished persons. He puts the following words into the mouth of a Russian Prince when he conversed with one of the French generals:

"'Tell your master,' cried this Prince, 'that I am going home; that he performed miracles yesterday; that the battle has increased my admiration for him; that he is the Predestined of Heaven; that a hundred years must pass before my army equals his.'"

He also reports a conversation with the Emperor of Russia and the French General Savary.

"'You were inferior to me in numbers,' said the



Emperor of Russia, "and yet you were superior at every point of attack.'

"'Sire,' replied General Savary, 'that is the art of war and the fruit of fifteen years of glory. It was the fortieth battle which the Emperor has directed.'

"'That is true,' responded the Emperor of Russia; 'he is a great warrior. For my part, it was the first time that I ever saw fire. I have never had the pretension to measure myself with him.'

"'Sire, said Savary, 'when you have had his experience, you will surpass him perhaps.'

"'I am going to back my capital,' said the Emperor of Russia; 'I came to the succor of the Emperor of Germany; he tells me he has had enough, and I have had enough too.'"

How intoxicating such passages as these to national vanity! No doubt, too, those little notes which he took care to write to Josephine after every battle, were handed about the palace, and repeated in the drawing-rooms of Paris. "My dear," he wrote in July, 1807, "the Queen of Prussia dined with me yesterday. I had to defend myself, for she wished to induce me to make some further concessions to her husband. But I was gallant, and did not depart from my policy."

When disaster came, he knew how to communicate it in such a way that the news had the effect to rouse and inspire, rather than discourage. Nor did he hesitate, at critical moments, to deceive. His explanation of the battle of Waterloo seems to be a case in point. He says positively that "the battle was *gained*; we held all the positions which the enemy occupied at the commencement of the action," and "successes still greater were assured for the next day. But," he adds, "*all was lost by a moment of panic terror.*"

Such are the famous bulletins of Napoleon Bonaparte.

He says himself that the secret of success in war is always to have the greatest force at the point of contact. Would you know how it was that Napoleon contrived to have the greatest force at the point of contact? Read the bulletins which, with such consummate skill, he flattered, dazzled, bewildered, and maddened the people of France.

Some years ago, when the eyes of the world were turned toward Prussia and France, and many were disposed to censure the severe terms imposed by the victor, I examined these despatches to learn how Napoleon treated Prussia when that kingdom lay prostrate and helpless before him after the battle of Jena. The battle of Jena was fought October 14, 1806. On the very next day the Emperor issued a decree, imposing a heavy contribution in money upon every German state and city that had sided with Prussia in the war. Prussia herself was required to furnish one hundred millions of francs, of which Berlin was to pay ten millions; Saxony had to pay twenty-five millions; Hesse-Cassel, six millions; the Duke of Brunswick, five millions and a half; Weimar, two millions two hundred thousand. From eighteen states and cities, the sum of one hundred and fifty-nine millions four hundred and twenty-five thousand francs was extorted. This to begin with. Of course, all the treasure belonging to the king of Prussia, and all the war material of the kingdom were seized at once.

Three days after the battle, the King of Prussia wrote to Napoleon, asking an armistice. The Emperor refused it, on the ground that a suspension of arms would give time for the Russian armies to arrive and renew the struggle within the Prussian territories, "which," added, Napoleon, "would be too contrary to my interests to permit."

A few days after, the students of the University of

Halle made some patriotic demonstrations. The Emperor issued the following order, addressed to his chief of staff, Marshal Berthier :

“ MY COUSIN : Give orders that the University of Halle be closed, and that the students set out for their homes within twenty-four hours. If any are found in the city to-morrow they will be imprisoned, to prevent the consequences of the bad spirit which has been inculcated at this University.”

When the King of Prussia received the communication from Napoleon refusing the armistice, he sent a nobleman of his court upon an embassy to the Emperor. After mentioning this circumstance in a letter to Talleyrand, the haughty conquerer adds :

“ I have made him wait at the outposts, and I have sent Duroc to see what he wants. I am awaiting Duroc's return. The King appears entirely willing to come to terms. I shall accommodate him, but that will not hinder me from going to Berlin.”

The next order decrees that the Duchy of Brunswick “ shall be treated in all respects as a conquered country ” —the ducal arms taken down everywhere, the treasure seized, and the ducal officers sent into France. Nine days after the battle appeared the formal decree in which the entire kingdom of Prussia and all its allied States were divided into five departments, each under the government of a French General, and all authority to be exercised by them through French officials. Prussia was placed under military law, and held absolutely at the mercy of the conquerer. For example, in the special orders relating to the city of Dresden, the capital of Saxony, one of the allies of Prussia, we find such sentences as these :

“ All the stores of salt, shoes, cloth, cavalry harness, munitions of war, and cavalry horses will belong to the

French army, as war material of which the Elector has no need. . . . Use as many forms, as many ceremonies, as many politenesses, as you please; but the main point is, to take possession of everything, especially war material, under pretext that the Elector has no longer need of such things."

The only offence of the Elector of Saxony was, that in a war which threatened the independence of every German State, he had sided with the power with which he was most intimately bound. Nine days after the battle of Jena, Napoleon issued an order for taking possession of Berlin, preparatory to his own formal entry. The following passage occurs in this order:

"As his Majesty expects to make his entry into Berlin, you can provisionally receive the keys. But give the magistrates to understand, that they will not the less place them in the hands of the Emperor, when he shall make his entry. But you are to exact, that the magistrates and chief men of the city shall come to receive you at the city gates, with all suitable forms."

Prussia, in fact, was spared neither penalty nor humiliation. In relating these scenes, in the bulletins published in the *Moniteur* for the entertainment of Paris, the Emperor took a tone of lightness and humor; telling comic anecdotes and describing current caricatures, very much in the style of "Our Own Correspondent," when, in the intervals of conflict, he relates the gossip of the camp. He tells the Parisians how pleasant he found the royal palaces of Prussia, particularly Potsdam; describing the apartments of the great Frederick, and making merry upon the Queen of Prussia, "who left the care of her household, and the grave business of the toilet, to mingle in affairs of state, to mislead the King, and to communicate in every direction the fire of which she was herself possessed." Nothing softened this conqueror, so gay and

so stern. In one bulletin, sent from Potsdam, he holds this language :

“The Emperor has been to see the tomb of the great Frederick. The remains of that great man are inclosed in a wooden coffin, covered with copper, placed in a tomb without ornaments, without trophies, without any objects which recall the great actions which he performed. The Emperor has made a present to the Hotel des Invalides, at Paris, of Frederick’s sword, his order of the Black Eagle, his general’s sash, as well as of the flags borne by his guard in the Seven Years’ War.”

After thus despoiling Prussia of her most cherished and sacred treasures, he adds that the “old soldiers of the army will receive with a religious respect everything that belonged to one of the first captains of whom history preserves the remembrance.” What a thief! what an actor! How much did *he* respect those relics? In the same bulletin he amuses the Parisians by telling a ridiculous story of Lord Morpeth, the British Ambassador, who, he says, was “near enough to the field of Jena to hear the cannons.” When news was brought him that the battle was lost, though he was eighteen miles from the scene, “he took to his heels,” says Napoleon, “crying out, ‘I must not be taken.’ He offered as much as sixty guineas for a horse; got one at last, and saved himself.”

October the twenty-seventh, the Emperor, surrounded by his marshals, his magnificent staff, and the leading officers of his court, made what he styles his *entrée solennelle* into Berlin, followed by the Imperial foot guard, and by a splendid body of horsemen and grenadiers. Alighting at the royal palace at three o’clock in the afternoon, after having received at the gates the keys of the city, he held a grand reception. He treated the city, in all respects, as the spoil of war; paying his troops from the city treasury, taking all the wine from the



cellars, public and private, for the supply of his various armies, assigning a half bottle of wine a day for each soldier of the two corps who had particularly distinguished themselves at the battle of Jena. The nobility had abandoned their houses at his approach. He ordered all the mattresses and furniture to be taken from their houses which might be required for the comfort of his officers. He ordered also, that the city should furnish, at once, the cloth for a hundred thousand uniforms, a hundred thousand pairs of shoes, and a hundred thousand caps.

“My intention is,” this order concluded, “that Berlin should furnish me abundantly all that my army needs, and that *nothing is to be considered except that my soldiers should have an abundance of everything they require.*”

At the same time he assigned the abandoned houses of the nobility to his principal officers. It is indeed difficult, in the space to which I am restricted, to convey to the reader an adequate idea of the relentless vigilance with which this conqueror despoiled the German States of all that they possessed which could be useful to him. To one General he writes :

“They tell me that there is a great deal of wine at Stettin. Take all of it, though there should be twenty millions’ worth.”

Another, he orders to raise a German corps for service in Italy, because, as he explains, he wants “to get rid of those soldiers.” To Marshal Ney he writes, in November :

“Try your best to prevent the treasures in Magdeburg from being carried off. Have every baggage wagon and powder cart examined. The treasure chests of the regiments are in Magdeburg ; so are the army chests, and the large treasures belonging to the Prince. Lay hands upon everything.”

A hundred such sentences as these could be gleaned

from a single volume of his letters of this period. From the fourteenth of October, 1806, to the ninth of July, 1807, Napoleon never relaxed his clutch upon the capital and dominions of the King of Prussia. On the ninth of July he granted peace to King Frederick William, on terms more severe, perhaps, than a conqueror has ever imposed upon a powerful state. The King was obliged to surrender *more than half of his kingdom*, and he was informed that the portion he retained was conceded to him only out of regard to the wishes of the Emperor of Russia. Napoleon, in fact, in the "Note" giving an outline of the terms of peace which he was prepared to grant, expressly says that it is the "protection of the Emperor Alexander which causes the King of Prussia to reënter into the possession of a portion of his states." Two other slices were soon after severed from the Prussian dominions—the Duchy of Warsaw and the Duchy of Danzig; and the whole amount of money contributions wrung from the prostrate kingdom was four hundred and fifty million of francs. Prussia was further compelled to engage to pay for French garrisons in some of its fortresses, and to furnish a contingent of troops to the Emperor in all future wars.

This was the man whom Madame de Staël saw and understood in 1805, as well as we can in 1883. She had known him when he figured as a vain young soldier of the Republic, and discerned his true character even then. There was danger in such a woman. The conqueror felt it, and owned himself unable to cope with her by sending her to reside a hundred and twenty miles from Paris! If she ventured to approach nearer, he wrote with his own hand (as we see in his published correspondence,) an order to his chief of police to make her keep her distance. "That she crow," he styles her in one of these fierce notes. "That bird of evil omen," he calls

her in another. In another he says that "her approach bodes mischief," and he will not have her on French soil. In another, alluding to her father, M. Neckar, the banker and financier, he winds up an angry order by saying: "that *foreign* family have done mischief enough in France already." How honorable to this lady, the rancorous hostility of such a man in such a place.

Banished from the city which she loved above all other places in the world, she flew to literature as a resource against the tedium of exile. *Corinne*, which contained the results of an Italian tour, made her famous. Next, she turned her long residence in Germany to account by writing a work upon that country, which has since taken its place as one of the classics of French literature. In its composition she most scrupulously avoided writing a sentence, a phrase, a word, an allusion which the police at Paris could construe in a sense hostile to the imperial government. *Corinne* had been allowed to appear; why not *L'Allemagne*?

The manuscript being complete, she sent it for publication to the house in Paris that had published her *Corinne*, some years before. A few days after a decree was made public to the effect that no work could thenceforth be printed in France until it had been examined by censors. I notice in the Napoleon Correspondence that the emperor scolded the minister of police for employing in this decree the odious word *censeurs*, because it savored of the tyranny of the Bourbon kings. He did not like the *word*, but events soon showed that he approved the *thing*.

The work was submitted to the censors, and the author came to a place forty leagues from Paris to make alterations and read the proofs. The manuscript was read with the closest attention, but nothing was found objectionable in it except here and there a sentence or a phrase. To afford the reader an idea of the necessary timidity of

despots, I will give a few of the sentences ordered to be suppressed. Speaking of the reforms instituted by the Emperor Joseph of Austria, Madame de Staël had ventured this terrible observation :

“But after his death, nothing remained of what he had established ; since nothing endures except what comes progressively.”

The first half of this sentence she was required to cut out. The reader will not be at a loss to guess why. It was just four years after, that the French empire, which never seemed so strong as in 1810, proved the truth of the latter half, which was allowed to stand. The sentence following excited the ire of the censors :

“A witty woman has remarked that, of all places in the world, Paris is the one where a person can best do without happiness.”

The gentleman who marked this sentence for suppression condescended to give a reason for so doing. Under the reign of the emperor, he said, there was “so much happiness at Paris that no one *need* do without it.” In discoursing upon Frederick the Great, she said, that a powerful man, so long as he lived, could hold together the most discordant elements ; “*but at his death, they separate.*” The last phrase was suppressed, the emperor having just taken an important step to prevent the separation of discordant elements at his death. He had divorced Josephine, and married Marie-Louise.

She denounced the partition of Poland, and added this comment :

“It can never be expected that subjects thus obtained, will be faithful to the trickster who calls himself their sovereign.”

Suppressed of course. The following also was summarily cut :

“Good taste in literature is, in some respects, like order



under despotism ; it concerns us to examine at what price it is purchased.”

The longest passage suppressed was one in which she maintained that a public man should never retain his place for an instant, when he could no longer hold it with honor.

“ Let him but begin to negotiate with circumstances, and all is lost ; for there is no one who has not circumstances. Some men have a wife, children, nephews, for whom a fortune is necessary. Others need activity, occupation, and possess I know not how many virtues, which all conduce to the necessity of having a place, with money and power attached to it.”

This passage, Madame De Staël records, provoked the censors to extreme ill-humor. They said that, if these remarks were true, no man could obtain, nor even ask, a place. Out with it all ! The paragraph, however, that kindled their highest indignation, was a little burst of eloquence which closed the book :

“ O, France ! land of glory and love ! if ever enthusiasm should be extinguished upon thy soil—if ever cold calculation should dispose of everything, and reasoning alone inspire contempt of peril—what would avail thy beautiful sky, thy genius so brilliant, thy nature so affluent ? An active intelligence and a wise impetuosity would indeed render thee master of the world ; but thou wouldst leave upon it only the trace of sand-torrents, terrible as the waves, arid as the desert ! ”

This, too, was suppressed. The publisher having submitted to every exaction of the censors, supposed it was safe to proceed. The work was put in type, and ten thousand copies were printed. Suddenly the printing office was surrounded by soldiers, and an officer entered, who announced that he was ordered to destroy every copy. He obeyed the order, and, it is said, died of fatigue



in doing it. The spoiled sheets were sold to a paper-maker, and the proceeds of the sale—about one hundred and twenty dollars—were brought to the publisher; and this was the only compensation he ever received. The author, in the meantime, was ordered to leave France within twenty-four hours. “Twenty-four hours!” It was the time allowed to conscripts to prepare for marching. Having with her neither money nor vehicle, she wrote to the minister asking for eight days. The request was granted; but, in granting it, the minister of police filled his letter with polite insolence. He told her that, in his opinion, the air of France did not agree with her, and that the French people were not reduced to seek for models among the people she had held up to admiration in her work upon Germany. He was sorry for the publisher’s loss; but “It was not possible to let the work appear.” At the same time, he forbade her to repair to any of the northern seaports, whence she could escape into England.

It cost her nearly two years of effort before she succeeded in reaching England, so completely was Napoleon master of the continent. After the expulsion of the tyrant she hastened to Paris, where she remained during the Hundred Days unmolested. She spent the closing years of her busy life in Switzerland, her native country, where she was secretly married to a young officer. She veiled this second marriage in secrecy because she was unwilling to change a name to which her works and her persecutions had given celebrity. Her first marriage—to the Swedish ambassador, Baron de Staël-Holstein—occurred when she was twenty. It was a marriage of convenience, not of affection, and gave her little happiness. Her tombstone bears a curious inscription:

“HIC TANDEM QUEISCIT QUAE NUNQUAM QUIEVIT.”

“Here rests one who never rested.” She was among

the greatest of her sex. *Corinne*, which has long been used in schools as a French reading-book, is not excellent, nor even tolerable, as a work of art; but her writings abound in passages of admirable sense expressed in admirable words. Her book upon Germany, with all the suppressed passages marked, was reprinted in Paris as recently as 1867; and about the same time was completed the publication of the works of her antagonist, who held her in such well grounded terror.

## XXI.

### THE WIFE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.

YOU may read some large books about Frederick II, King of Prussia, without knowing that he had a wife. You might have been his guest for three months, and neither have seen nor heard of her. And yet, strange to say, they had for one another a good deal of regard, which increased from year to year, and ripened at last into a kind of affectionate respect.

The truth is that the Princess Elizabeth Christine of Brunswick was forced upon Frederick by his tyrannical old father, and unfortunately she was precisely the kind of woman that he most disliked. When he learned that his father was looking about among the princely houses of Germany to find a wife for him, he wrote to a minister who was much in the King's confidence that he did not much care what sort of wife his father chose for him, if only she were not stupid, or awkward in her manners. Now, the Princess Elizabeth Christine appeared at first to be a woman of just that kind, and the Prince heard, too, that she was given to pouting. It was in vain for the young man to remonstrate. Indeed, he knew that it was of no use to say a word to his father, but he endeavored to prevail upon the favorites and confidants of the King to use their influence to prevent the marriage.

It was all in vain, however. He was obliged to have her, and he did have her. When it was all concluded and settled, he was allowed to see the young lady, then seventeen years of age. In order to reconcile him to his fate, care had been taken to describe her to him as being



WIFE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.





less pleasing than she really was, so that when he saw her he might have an agreeable surprise. These tactics had some success. He afterwards confessed that he was somewhat agreeably disappointed in her appearance, and only pretended to dislike her very much in order to make a merit with his father of his obedience in marrying her.

The betrothal, in March, 1732, was a brilliant scene. All the lords and ladies of the court of Prussia were assembled in a magnificent apartment, where they formed a large semicircle, in the midst of which stood the King and Queen of Prussia, and the youthful pair who were to pledge their word of betrothal. The usual question was proposed, whether they were of the same mind as their parents in wishing to be engaged to one another. Both answered, Yes.

“Pledge yourselves then by exchange of rings,” said the bluff and red-faced Prussian King.

The rings were exchanged. The King kissed them both. Then the Queen kissed them, and there was the usual kissing all about the circle. A few months after this the marriage took place; the Prince pretending to the last to hold his bride in utter detestation. A cruel scene which occurred in the palace two days after, when the Prince introduced his bride to his favorite sister, Wilhelmina, will serve to show what sort of a marriage this was. When the three were alone together Frederick said to his wife:

“This is a sister I adore, and am obliged to beyond measure. She has had the goodness to promise me that she will take care of you and help you with her good counsel. I wish you to respect her beyond even the King and Queen, and not to take the least step without her advice. Do you understand?”

Wilhelmina embraced the timid and anxious bride, still very immature and scarcely eighteen years of age. She

stood motionless in the middle of the room, spoke not a single word, nor made any sign either of understanding or compliance. As her servants had not yet arrived, the Princess Wilhelmina herself powdered her hair and arranged her dress a little, caressing her at the same time with every mark of tenderness. Still she remained silent, and did not return the repeated caresses bestowed upon her. Her husband, at length, grew impatient, and said brutally :

“Plague take the blockhead ! Thank my sister, then !”

Upon hearing this, she made a ceremonious courtesy, such as governesses in the old time used to teach. This apparent stolidity was certainly unfortunate. She was by no means an ill-looking young lady. Her figure was not very good, and she had a slight stoop in the shoulders which gave her an awkward appearance. On the other hand, her complexion was of dazzling whiteness, relieved by a beautiful color in the cheeks. Her eyes were pale blue, and expressed much bland benignity, but not the slightest activity of intellect. All her features were small and dainty, resembling those of a child twelve years of age, and she had a great abundance of blonde curling locks. If her teeth had not been extremely bad, she would have looked like a very pretty, good-tempered, dull child.

Such was the bride forced upon a prince who, of all the young men of his time, was most dotingly fond of intellectual gifts. His greatest ambition at that period was to improve his mind, and exercise his mental powers. When he went to housekeeping, soon after his marriage, he had a tower built for various kinds of study. In the lower story was his library, to which he continually added, and which was the delight of his life. Here he wrote thousands of verses in the French language, and composed a work, afterwards published, upon the duty of a

prince to govern with justice, and without any of the dishonest devices of king-craft. In the story above was a room in which he had such philosophical apparatus as had then been invented; a thermometer, a very rare and costly instrument in 1735; an air-pump, with which he performed the usual experiments, and invented some of his own.

Besides these liberal studies, he was an enthusiastic and skillful musician. His favorite instrument was the flute, upon which he played very well; not merely very well for a Prince, but so well that he could hold his own in an orchestra of picked performers. All his companions were chosen with reference to these dominant tastes. He was surrounded, whenever he was at leisure, by poets, painters, philosophers, musicians, and musical composers. What should he do with this amiable and speechless wax-doll, with her flaxen curls, her pink cheeks, and her large blue eyes?

After the first three or four years, he had scarcely any association with her, except, once or twice a week, a short ceremonious visit; and when he was absent in war time, he would write her three or four lines occasionally to give her information of a victory, or of the death of one of her relations. When they had been married seven years, Frederick succeeded to the throne. Scarcely had the first ceremonials of his accession come to an end, than he took revenge for what he considered his wrongs from the House of Austria, by snatching from it its province of Silesia. This was the beginning of a war with his wife's relations, which, with some intervals, lasted for nearly twenty years. His own kingdom was laid waste and almost destroyed; but he at length emerged victorious. I have before me the correspondence which passed between Frederick and Queen Elizabeth Christine, during the fifty-three years of their married life. Frederick was one of

the most profuse of letter-writers; but his letters to his wife are brief indeed, and frequently of cruel coldness. Take this one specimen, written from the battle-field:

“Madame, I have the satisfaction to inform you that Neisse is taken. I am with much esteem, your very faithful servant, Frederick.”

From another bloody field, on which the brother of the Queen lay dead of his wounds, the King wrote thus to his wife:

“Madame, you know probably what passed the day before yesterday. I pity the dead, and regret them. My brothers and Ferdinand are well. Prince Louis is said to be wounded. I am with much esteem, etc., Frederick.”

The poor Queen, who had never enjoyed anything like tenderness from her husband, was not schooled to the point of receiving such a letter without feeling the cruel hardness of it. The Ferdinand spoken of by the King was another brother of hers, and to him she wrote a day or two after:

“I am accustomed to the King’s manners; but that does not prevent me from being sensible of them, especially on such occasions, when one of my brothers has ended his life in his service. Such manners are too cruel.”

The extreme brevity of the King’s letter was due, in part, to the pressing nature of his occupations at the close of a campaign. A few days after, when he had more leisure, he wrote in a tone somewhat kinder and more solacing to her affectionate heart:

“Madame, I deplore the death of your brother, Prince Albert; but he died like a brave man, although he courted death from gaiety of heart and without necessity. Some time ago, I notified the Duke, your father, of what could not fail to happen, and often said the same to the deceased Prince; but he only followed his own head, and I wonder he was not killed a long time ago. I pity you, Madame,

for the sorrow which it is natural you should feel at the death of your relations; but these are events for which there is no remedy. I am, with esteem, etc., Frederick."

This was a little better; but even this must have wounded and chilled the sensibilities of a woman singularly devoted to her family. She bore her lot, however, with great patience; and, as she advanced in years, and her character matured, she became a much more presentable and interesting person. She conquered, at length, the King's cordial esteem, and the letters which he wrote her in their old age are often in a very affectionate spirit. There could hardly be a more ill-assorted pair than they were; but both of them, notwithstanding their faults and defects, had a strong sense of duty. This kept them together. The longer they lived, the less irksome their union became, and they ended in cherishing for one another a genuine and great regard.

Frederick died in 1786, aged seventy-four. In his will, after making an unusually liberal allowance for his wife's maintenance, he gave as a reason that she "had never caused him the least discontent, and that her incorruptible virtue was worthy of love and consideration." She died in 1797, aged sixty-four years.

During the eleven years of her widowhood, she had to endure the anxieties and terrors of the revolutionary period, which involved so many of the royal houses of Europe. Those events disturbed her little. She passed much of her time in works of benevolence, and wrote many religious tracts for circulation among the poor. They were quite in the style of our "Tracts," and serve to prove the infinite absurdity of uniting her life with that of the most pronounced unbeliever in Europe. "Reflections for Every Day of the Week," was the title of one of her very brief and mild compositions, and she wrote one Tract expressly to quiet the alarms caused by the French Revolution.



## XXII.

### THE FLIGHT OF EUGÉNIE.

**T**HIS lady, formerly styled Empress of France, and for years the most conspicuous woman in Europe, is now (1883) living in retirement in an English country house, a childless widow. Who else has had such a career as she?

She was born in Spain in 1826, in the province of Granada, the picturesque scenery and romantic traditions of which the pen of Irving has made familiar. Her father, the Count de Montijo and Téba, was a grandee of Spain, from whom she inherited many titles of nobility. He died before her birth. Her mother, Maria Manuela Kirkpatrick, was a descendant of a Scotch family of the Roman Catholic faith, who emigrated to Spain after the fall of the Stuarts.

Her childhood was passed in Madrid. The graceful self-possession which in after years characterized her demeanor was probably due to her early drill in the old Spanish etiquette. Washington Irving, who was then in Spain, knew her mother well, and was a frequent visitor at her house, where he soon made friends with the little Eugénie and her beautiful sisters, Maria and Henriquetta. In later years, when she was amazing Europe with the costliness of her costumes and the splendor of her court, he recalled with interest and amusement the many times he had held the future Empress on his knee, when she was an alert, dark-eyed little girl, doubtless very happy to be entertained with such stories of her native land as he could tell her.

From Madrid she was sent to Toulouse, and afterwards to Bristol to pursue her education. When she left school she was a beautiful and accomplished young lady, easy in her manners and fluent in conversation, which she could carry on with apparently equal ease in Spanish, English, or French. She possessed more than the average information, and displayed a readiness and aptness of reply which on some occasions approached the brilliancy of wit. Her beauty was striking and exceptional; her form slender and perfectly moulded; her complexion brilliantly fair; her black eyes large and expressive; her hair abundant and of a rich auburn color. It is not surprising that when she traveled with her mother she became successively the belle of the season in London, Madrid, and Paris.

While in London she was introduced to Louis Napoleon, then an exile from France, and distinguished chiefly for the absurd and disastrous failure of his first attempt to overthrow the government of Louis Philippe. In 1851 she met him again. He was then called Napoleon III, and she was regarded as one of the leaders of fashion in Paris. In 1853 he communicated to the Senate his determination to marry her.

“I come, then, gentlemen,” he said in the document conveying this intelligence, “to say to France that I have preferred the woman whom I love, and whom I respect, to one who is unknown, whose alliance would have advantages mingled with sacrifices.”

This had rather a taking sound, and, in truth, the man did possess a small literary gift, adapted to his style of public falsehood. It was a purely histrionic style, designed to conceal the writer's thought, but often failing in that design. Unfortunately for the effect of these fine words upon the public, it was surmised at the time, and is now known, that he had been soliciting the alliance of

several royal ladies, whose parents had in turn politely but firmly declined the honor of having him for a son-in-law.

He was married to Eugénie, according to the civil form, on the twenty-seventh day of January, 1853, at the Tuileries. On the next day, which was Sunday, the religious ceremony took place at Nôtre Dame, with every circumstance that could add to the splendor and impressiveness of the spectacle. The bride and bridegroom occupied two magnificent thrones erected before the high altar. It was observed that Eugénie betrayed much agitation during the progress of the rite, and that her husband endeavored to reassure her.

If the duties of an Empress consist in dressing frequently, in behaving graciously, in bestowing picturesque charities, in giving showy entertainments, and in nothing more—then was Eugénie a model empress. She was fitted by nature to play the part of Lady Bountiful and dwell in the House Beautiful. Her first act was in character. The city of Paris voted her a large sum for the purchase of jewels: she accepted the money, but requested permission to devote it to founding an institution for the education of young girls belonging to the working classes. She further bestowed in charity twenty thousand dollars of a present of fifty thousand given her at the same time by her husband; and her “reign” was marked by many other striking gifts to charitable and scientific objects.

It was during this period that what I have elsewhere called “the clothes mania” raged throughout Christendom. It was within her province to decide what fashions should prevail in France, in Europe, in America, in parts of Asia. She might have claimed the privilege of introducing taste, elegance, and simplicity in dress. Instead, she aggravated the rule of cumbersome extravagance.

Her own costumes were of the most elaborate con-

struction, and were changed with a frequency that was ludicrous. She displayed three or four dresses in the course of each day, and even the most expensive were never worn more than twice. Many writers derived their income from describing in the journals of the day these successive "creations" of the Paris milliner and dress-maker. At one time we were told that the Empress wore to mass a blue satin trained dress trimmed with Russian sable, and a bonnet of iris velvet adorned with an aigrette. Again it was recorded that an evening dress in which she appeared was "an apricot silk, puffed all round the bottom with apricot tulle; flounces worked with silver, fuchsia pattern, and trimmed with Venetian fringe of white silk. Over this an immense train of white satin, softened by apricot tulle, worked with silver fuchsias and fringe round the borders."

Another writer called attention to the fact that the *sentiment* of her attire was suited to the occasion upon which it was worn. Thus for attending a council of ministers, she selected a robe of "a grave, reflecting tone, on which hues of steel-gray meet rays of studious brown, the *ensemble* being burnished armor." She accumulated a collection of fans, furs, laces, and jewels that probably surpassed any other in existence.

During the period that elapsed between her marriage and her flight, she received twenty thousand dollars of pin money every month, and this sum she never failed to spend to the last cent. The example which she set was followed only too willingly by many women of France and other countries. Never in modern times have the fashions been more elaborate, extravagant, and senseless than while Eugénie occupied the palaces of France.

During this portion of her career she figured in many scenes and pageants which found a place in journalism. Her visit with her husband to the court of Queen Victo-

ria will be at once recalled, as well as the visit which the Queen and Prince Albert made to Paris in return. Both these occasions were marked by expensive festivities and much interchange of compliment. At the opening of the Suez Canal in 1869, she was present in the yacht *l'Aigle*, and played a chief part in the celebration. It was probably at this time that she acquired the friendship of M. de Lesseps, who in her hour of danger proved a friend indeed. The *Aigle* formed one of the "inauguration fleet" of forty-five vessels, and took the lead in making the passage to the Red Sea, where, with the Empress on board, it arrived on the twenty-second of November, returning the next day to the Mediterranean.

Twice during the absence of her husband, once in 1865, while he was in Algeria, and again in 1870, during the Franco-Prussian War, Eugénie was left the nominal head of the state with the title of Regent. Her political feelings were influenced by her religion, for she was a Spanish Catholic.

In the struggle which ended so disastrously for herself and her family, she took the liveliest interest, and it is even said that she was accustomed to refer to it as "my war."

The last four weeks of her abode in France, Eugénie spent at the Tuileries. Of those days of confusion and distress the public has recently learned many details through a gentleman who was at that period an attaché of an important personage connected with the court. His position enabled him to observe all that took place, and he was afterwards one of the trusted few who assisted the empress to escape.

The series of defeats which culminated in Sedan had already begun, and a proclamation had appeared declaring Paris in a state of siege. Still Eugénie was hopeful. She thought "with a lady's romantic ideas about mili-



tary possibilities," says the narrator, "that everything could be retrieved by a *grand coup*." She was by no means afraid to criticize, and expressed her opinion of certain generals with great freedom, placing all her faith in Marshal Bazaine. The minister of war, Count de Palikao, concealed from her the gravity of the situation, and kept from her all the disagreeable news that he could. But it was soon observed that her husband's secretary busied himself in collecting the most important papers of his office as if for removal, and not long afterward her friends advised her to collect her own valuables and prepare for departure.

Upon hearing this her confidence forsook her, and she was seized with terror. She feared a revolution; she feared being murdered at midnight by a mob. Her mind ran continually upon that terrible night when the mob of Paris went to Versailles to fetch the King and Queen, and when several of the guard were killed in protecting Marie Antoinette. She seemed at one time resolved upon having Gambetta and other Republican leaders arrested; yet when her friends wished the scheme to be carried into execution, she would permit nothing to be done. She passed her time in suspense, vacillation, and dread.

"In a fortnight," records the observant attaché, "Her fair face became haggard, and streaks of silver showed themselves in her hair."

Meanwhile she was obliged as usual to give audiences and hold receptions, and to conduct herself as if all was going well. Once again, too, her hopes were raised by a despatch announcing as a victory an engagement which really resulted in defeat. On this occasion she was so overcome with joy that she ran from her apartments to the guard-room, and appeared suddenly among the soldiers who were lying upon camp-beds smoking or playing cards, waving the telegram in her hand and crying,

“The Prussians are beatèn!”

Court etiquette and the rules of audience were insensibly relaxed, and strange visitors were admitted to the Tuileries. Eugénie found herself besieged by men determined to bully or coax her into giving countenance to their plans for a new campaign, new implements of war, new policy, or new officials—the latter represented by themselves. The servants of the palace, too, perceived their opportunity and did not let it slip. Many absconded, carrying away with them valuable bronzes, statuettes, and articles of clothing; others invited their friends and held feasts in the kitchen. Once, owing to their carelessness, a lunch set out for the Empress was devoured by a crowd of people awaiting audience, who swooped down upon it from a neighboring ante-chamber.

At last came the news of her husband's surrender at Sedan. Eugénie was up all night; council after council was held, as new reports and scraps of information arrived. Finally, at five o'clock in the morning, it was decided that she should ride on horseback through the streets of Paris, and herself proclaim to the unpopular Legislature its dissolution. This resolution, however, was never carried into effect, for lack of a riding dress! A plain black habit with the cross of the Legion of Honor pinned upon her breast was what she had made up her mind to wear, but among the three hundred dresses then hanging on their pegs in the Tuileries, there was only one riding habit to be found, and that was neither black nor plain. It was a dress of gorgeous green, embroidered with gold, and designed to be worn with a three-cornered Louis XV hat—the costume of the imperial hunt at Fontainebleau. This was pronounced, with evident justice, to be too theatrical, and the enterprise was consequently relinquished.

Upon the fourth of September, the mob so long feared

at length made its appearance. But it was not a mob such as had threatened Marie Antoinette; it was not bloodthirsty; it was not violent; the spirit of destruction latent in it was not aroused. It advanced slowly, overflowing from the streets and squares where it had been gathering all the morning, into the beautiful gardens of the Tuileries, and dividing into two parts, streamed down upon the palace itself. Eugénie, standing behind a curtain in the drawing-room, viewed its approach through an opera-glass, and remarked with sorrow and surprise that it was apparently led by M. Victorien Sardou, the great dramatist. This gentleman had indeed placed himself at its head, but only that he might control it, and it was largely owing to him that the building was not sacked when it finally fell into the hands of the populace.

“At twenty minutes past two,” says the writer of the article in *Temple Bar* to which I have referred, “Signor Nigra, the Italian ambassador, passed through the white drawing-room with a rather jolly air on his face, as though nothing were happening. ‘What news?’ asked somebody. ‘*Mais rien,*’ he answered cheerfully, and strode off, erect and long-legged, into the Empress’s rooms. He had come to tell the Empress that it was time to fly. Her fortitude forsook her at this during a few seconds, and she could not articulate, but she made a sign that she wished to show herself to those who had stood by her faithfully to the last. The door of the white drawing-room was thrown open, and the Empress appeared for a moment on the threshold—an inexpressibly touching little figure in her simple black dress and white collar. She made a curtesy and waved her hand, trying hard to smile, while many—not all of them women—were sobbing aloud. Then, with gentle persuasion, Prince Richard Metternich, the Austrian ambassador, drew her back and the door was closed again.”

A cab was waiting on the Quai du Louvre, with the Emperor's master of horse, disguised as a coachman, upon the box and a fast trotting-horse between the shafts. Soon Eugénie and her lady-in-waiting, Madame Carette, approached it, both veiled and escorted by Signor Nigra, Prince Metternich, and M. Ferdinand de Lesseps. Just as Eugénie was entering it a street boy recognized her and shouted, "There is the Empress!" But M. de Lesseps, with ready presence of mind turned promptly upon the astonished lad and gave him a kick, exclaiming:

"Ah, you're crying '*Vive l'Empereur*' are you? That will teach you!"

These words at once directed the feeling of the bystanders against the boy, and meanwhile the Empress was driven away. As she departed, she was obliged to pass by a crowd of over a thousand persons who were making violent outcries against the Emperor and herself. Her destination was the house of her American dentist, Dr. Evans, where she passed the night. Next morning he drove her out of Paris in an open phaeton, and accompanied her to Belgium, but not finding any safe opportunity to embark thence for England, he soon returned with her to Trouville, in France.

In the harbor of Trouville there was then lying a little English yacht of forty-two tons, named the "Gazelle;" the property of Sir John Burgoyne. It was determined by Dr. Evans that if possible the Empress should be conveyed to England in this vessel, and on September sixth he went on board of her, accompanied by his nephew, to confer with her owner. Sir John Burgoyne would not at first believe that Eugénie was indeed in Trouville, and laughingly told the two Americans that he was not to be fooled by a pair of Yankees; then, observing their agitation, he became more serious and requested them to descend into the cabin and talk the matter over with Lady

Burgoyne. It so happened that she was well acquainted with Paris and knew that Dr. Evans was a fashionable dentist, patronized by the court; she therefore placed faith in his story and at once stated her desire to be of service, if possible, to the unfortunate Eugénie. The details of her embarkation were then arranged with Sir John, and the gentlemen left the yacht.

Soon after their departure a French police spy came on board and searched the vessel thoroughly, but found nothing suspicious. It was never known what information led him to make the search.

A little before midnight Eugénie, accompanied by Madame Lebreton, left the furnished apartments provided for her by Dr. Evans, where, at his suggestion, she had been passed off as an insane lady, traveling to England under his charge and that of an attendant. Escorted by the faithful doctor the two ladies, closely veiled, proceeded to the dock. Sir John Burgoyne's entry in the log of the "Gazelle" describes their meeting as follows:

"Went on to the quay and met shortly afterwards two ladies walking together, with a gentleman who carried a bag after them. One of the ladies came up to me and said, 'I believe you are the English gentleman who will take me to England. I am the Empress.' She then burst into tears, and I told her my name and offered her my arm, which she took, and walked on board the 'Gazelle,' where I presented Lady Burgoyne to her. She at once asked for newspapers and begged Lady Burgoyne to give her tidings of the Emperor and the Prince Imperial."

Fortunately, there were on board papers from which she learned of the safety of her son, who had gone to England, as well as further details of the surrender of Sedan, the subsequent revolution, and the flight of the various dignitaries of the state. Lady Burgoyne showed her



every kindness, and listened with the deepest interest and sympathy to her account of her last days in the Tuileries and her escape from Paris. In telling the story Eugénie frequently gave way to tears, but assured her hostess that she now felt herself perfectly safe, as she was under the protection of Englishmen; indeed, she imagined herself safer than at that moment she really was. At a quarter to two in the morning Sir John, who had been on shore, returned to the yacht and entered in the log-book :

“ Mob at the cafés began making great noise, singing the ‘ Marseillaise.’ Woke up men and got ready to slip. Went myself to the cafés and found drunken *Mobiles*.”

The outcries of these demoralized soldiers against the Emperor and Empress were so violent that Sir John, remembering the visit of the French spy, considered an attack upon the yacht quite within the limits of possibility. He therefore thought it best to tell his crew the name of the lady he had taken on board, and added that they might be called upon to defend her, which they at once expressed their willingness to do. No attack was made, however, and at the break of dawn the “ *Gazelle* ” prepared for sea.

The night had been black and stormy. It had proved fatal, as was afterwards learned, to the man-of-war “ *Captain*,” the most powerful fighting ship in the British navy, commanded by Sir John’s cousin, which went down with all on board. Nor did the morning promise better weather—squally, with ragged clouds flying across the sky, and a high sea; a bad day for the little cutter. Nevertheless, a hour or two later she sailed, and Sir John entered in the log-book :

“ At 7.30 discharged pilot; set mainsail and spinnaker and second jib (topsail housed). Wind fresh. Heavy ground swell. Heavy rain and thick. Hove patent log at 8 A.M. At 9 wind freshened.”

Poor Eugénie, who had been at length persuaded to lie down and take some rest, was soon rudely awakened. The wind rose until it blew a gale; the sea became rougher and rougher; at noon a heavy squall burst, carrying away the spinnaker boom, and, a few minutes later, the wind veered suddenly, and the little yacht with sails close-reefed, prepared to beat slowly to windward. At half-past five the Isle of Wight was sighted; and at half-past seven, the log records: "Made but little way. Sea too heavy for yacht. Took another reef in sail and triced up tack. Yacht behaving splendidly. Tacking frequently; all hands on deck and frequent thunder-showers."

There are no further entries in the log until the vessel anchored off Ryde at half-past two in the morning. But, during the night, the storm became a tempest, masses of water fell upon the deck with loud and terrifying sounds, and the little cutter was pitched from one great wave to another. It was a night of peril and horror, and many times Eugénie gave up all hopes, and expected to find her grave at the bottom of the English Channel before morning. She bore herself, however, with coolness and courage, and drew some comfort from the calm and matter-of-fact demeanor of Lady Burgoyne, which excited her wonder and admiration. Once, when, as Madame Lebreton expressed it, "All cracked around us," she observed that she had just passed through a worse storm in Paris.

But at length the danger was passed, and at three in the morning a breakfast was served in the cabin of the yacht, at which Eugénie was quite cheerful and at times even gay, making a joke out of many things which some hours before had seemed to her shocking and even terrible. Her health was drunk in champagne, and she returned thanks in a little informal speech, brief, but full

of gratitude to Sir John and Lady Burgoyne. She also expressed a desire to present some little token of remembrance to the crew of the yacht, who were accordingly summoned to meet her in the cabin, where each man received from her hand a Napoleon, and acknowledged the gift with an "I thank you very much," spoken in English. The coins were afterwards punched and worn by the sailors as mementoes.

At half-past seven in the morning, accompanied by Sir John Burgoyne, she left the yacht and went to a hotel, whence she departed next day for Brighton. She was attired, when she landed in England, entirely in clothes borrowed from Lady Burgoyne, since she had brought with her but a small traveling bag, and her own garments were ruined by storm and travel. She remained for a short time unknown. Indeed, when Sir John communicated to Lord Granville the circumstances of her arrival, he received a polite reply to his letter, in which Lord Granville inquired if he was sure he had not been imposed upon.

When, however, the truth was proved beyond dispute, and Eugénie quitted her incognita, she was kindly welcomed by Queen Victoria and the royal family, and the beautiful country residence of Camden House, Chiselmhurst, was placed at her disposal. Here she was joined by her son, and later by her husband, and here Sir John and Lady Burgoyne were soon invited to visit her and receive the thanks of the family.

Louis Napoleon passed the remaining years of his life at this place, living quietly and chiefly occupied in writing and in planning the recovery of his power. He died in 1873. All the hopes and affections of his widow then centred in her son, called by some the Prince Imperial. In the year 1866 he had been officially associated with his father in imperial power. He was then only ten years old,

a sweet and gentle child, with more likeness to his mother than to his father. On that occasion the throne-room of the Louvre was crowded with the great officers of state, of the army, and of the imperial household, who made their obeisance to the child. Five years later he was a cadet in the English military school at Woolwich. There he was studious and virtuous, and seemed oppressed with his imperial birth and destiny. He was a Napoleon—he might yet be an Emperor. When he reached manhood, still frail and delicate, yet with a determined spirit in a gentle soul, he longed for an opportunity to prove that he too belonged to a race of heroes. He longed to practice that game of war which he had studied. He could not do so in Europe—he could not enlist in the army of France, for its government would not allow him, and he dared not fight against the flag which represented his country.

But afar in Africa there was a war against savages, and in it he found his opportunity. His feelings are shown in some letters which have been published: "I desire to dispel the doubts which have on some occasions been manifested concerning the energy of my will. . . . When one belongs to a race of warriors, it is only with the steel in your hand that you can prove what you are." So the little Prince, with soul too great for his delicate body, went forth to meet his fate—so different from his dreams. Lord Chelmsford, the English commander, was charged to take special care of the adventurous knight. Nobody believed that there was any real danger. But in his first encounter with the Zulus, the Prince was separated from his companions, and fell under the spears of the ruthless savages. He, the least warlike of the Bonaparte family which had deluged Europe with blood, was the only one to fall on the field of battle. His will shows how difficult it is for a family that has once tasted power to accept the common lot, or even to believe that they are unnecessary.

“I have no need,” he says, “to recommend to my mother to neglect nothing in order to defend the memory of my great-uncle and of my father. I beg her to remember that as long as there shall be Bonapartists, the imperial cause will have representatives. The duties of our house toward the country will not cease with my life.”

To defend the memory of either Napoleon, after the light thrown of late years upon their career, might perhaps be difficult.

Eugénie’s willingness to marry the usurper and share the plunder of France, can be forgiven only because it is so plain that she understood nothing of the situation. She enjoyed the fruits of a crime, but she was not herself depraved. Looking back upon her career we can say that, if she never rose to be anything better, she was never anything worse than a woman of fashion with her hand in the treasury of a nation. There was seldom a day in what is called “the reign” of Louis Napoleon when either he or she felt secure in their position. Both did what they could to make themselves less unsafe. He penned histrionic papers; she changed her dress four times a day.

To whom shall this shadow of a kingly crown descend? Napoleon III. had not been long on the throne when the French Senate declared his cousin, the son of Jerome, King of Westphalia, his heir, and though the subsequent birth of the Prince Imperial deferred this claim, it did not in the feelings of the Bonapartists destroy it. But that Prince Napoleon, who by way of distinction is generally called Prince Jerome, from his father’s name, afterwards grievously offended the Emperor by some republican speeches. He was in fact an excellent orator, but very indolent, a man of talk and not of deeds, as the witty Parisians indicated by his nickname Plon-Plon. The Emperor, who was in Algeria when the Prince made some bold utterances in Corsica,



caused the official newspaper to publish a rebuke. Immediately the Prince resigned all his offices and honors, though he still retained his life-membership in the Senate, where he made severe comments on the administration of affairs. The coldness between the Emperor and his shrewd but lazy cousin continued to the end. The Prince Imperial, in the will already mentioned, passed over his uncle Plon-Plon, and declared Plon-Plon's eldest son Victor the head of the party and heir to the Imperial pretensions. Prince Jerome, however, quietly ignored this will, and declared himself head of the family, but refused to become an Imperial pretender. For a few days in 1883 it seemed as if he were about to renew the claim to the leadership of France, and the Republican government put him in prison, where his unusual ardor soon cooled.

## XXIII.

### CAROLINE HERSCHEL.

IS there anything favorable to longevity in the study of Astronomy? Two ladies in recent times have attained universal celebrity for their knowledge of the heavenly bodies, Caroline Herschel and Mrs. Somerville, both of whom lived to an extraordinary age. Mrs. Somerville died at ninety-two, and Miss Herschel at ninety-eight: and both of them appear to have had lives as happy as they were long.

Imagine Caroline Herschel, first of all, as a very little German girl, seven years of age, living at Hanover in her father's house, with plenty of brothers and sisters about her. Her father was a musician and brought up all his children to music. It appears to have been a musical race, for we hear of a good many Herschels, musicians, in and about the courts of George the Second and George the Third, kings of Hanover and England. She grew up, then, in an atmosphere of music; and, about the time of her birth, her brother William, a boy of fourteen, obtained the appointment of flageolet player in the king's own band—a joyful event, doubtless, in the poor musician's large family.

But Caroline is seven years of age, and an event is about to take place in the household the opposite of joyful. Her brother, William, a youth now of nineteen, is going to England, in quest of better fortune. He departs, and the affairs of the family resume their usual course. Letters arrive, from time to time, from the adventurer in

England relating his good and ill fortune, and meanwhile Caroline grows up to womanhood. She is twenty-two years of age, when word comes from her brother that he is well established at Bath as organist and music-master, and that he would gladly have his sister come to him and preside over his home.

She joins him at Bath, then in the full tide of its prosperity as a fashionable watering-place. Her brother, as I have before related, shared this prosperity, played the organ at a church, gave lessons and concerts, and had some leisure left for reading and study. Both sister and brother became enthusiastic students of astronomy through the lectures and writings of Ferguson, the popular astronomer of that day. The brother makes a telescope for himself; makes another; succeeds very happily; makes dozens and scores of telescopes; and among others, makes one for his sister, Caroline, with which she begins to scrutinize the heavens. She discovers a comet, to her great delight. This success leads her to sweep the whole heavens in search of comets, and by the time she had reached middle life she had discovered eight, five of which had never before been observed.

Meanwhile her brother, from making telescopes turns more and more to using them, and becomes the most diligent, resolute, and successful observer in Europe; discovers a planet; becomes famous all over the world; receives a pension and a house from the king of England; and brother and sister go to live in the house near Windsor, almost in the shadow of Windsor Castle, the king's own abode. There is not a happier pair in the world than they, for it seems their burning zeal for astronomy had much embarrassed their affairs, and their good fortune came just in time to save them from ruin. So, at least, Madame D'Arblay says, who was then attached to the court, and occasionally visited them.

“Mr. Herschel,” she says, “is perfectly unassuming, yet openly happy, and happy in the success of those studies which would render a mind less excellently formed presumptuous and arrogant. The king has not a happier subject than this man, who owes wholly to his majesty that he is not wretched; for, such was his eagerness to quit all other pursuits to follow astronomy solely, that he was in danger of ruin, when his great and uncommon genius attracted the king’s patronage.”

Very soon Miss Herschel had the pleasure of showing her comet to the king and royal family. It became, indeed, a common thing for the Herschels to be invited to the castle to display some of the wonders they had discovered. Madame D’Arbly once was asked by the princess Augusta to go into the garden and take a peep at “Miss Herschel’s comet,” and she gladly accepted the invitation.

“We found Mr. Herschel at his telescope,” she reports, “and I mounted some steps to look through it. The comet was very small, and had nothing grand or striking in its appearance; but it is the first lady’s comet, and I was very desirous to see it.”

The same interesting diarist describes Caroline Herschel as very small in stature, very gentle in her manners, perfectly modest as to her acquirements, as well as frank and ingenuous. Her manners were those of a person unaccustomed to the great world, not at all afraid of it, yet desirous both to enjoy and return its good will. It was as though she had said to the princes and nobles who came to her house: “I give you a hearty welcome. I am glad to see you, but my brother and my telescope are sufficient for me.”

“Are you still comet hunting,” Madame D’Arbly asked, “or are you now content with the moon?”

“I have charge of the moon,” said Dr. Herschel, “but I leave it to my sister to sweep the heavens for comets.”

But while each had particular and favorite objects, they worked habitually in concert, and they invented a mode of doing this with effect. The great telescope which the king enabled Herschel to construct was set up in the garden of their house. When the night was favorable for observations, he would muffle himself up in warm clothing and take his seat at the mighty instrument, while she sat in the nearest room, pen in hand, to record his observations. To facilitate the business they had a system of signs and signals of such a nature that the record was made instantaneously and exactly, he having his eye at the telescope, and she hers upon the chronometer. This system was the more important, as in England there are only a very few hours in a month when good observations can be taken. If William Herschel was one of the most successful of astronomical explorers he owed very much of his success to the sympathy and the intelligent coöperation of his sister Caroline. It was a common occurrence for her early visitors to be told that “Miss Herschel had been engaged at the telescope all night and had just gone to bed.”

Besides assisting to produce her brother's catalogue of stars, she published at length a supplementary catalogue of her own, which contained five hundred and sixty stars not previously recorded in similar works. It was published at the expense of the Royal Society, of which she was afterwards elected a member. Mrs. Somerville and herself were elected members on the same day, two illustrious ladies, the first of their sex to win this distinction.

In 1822 her brother died, leaving one son, John, aged thirty-one. She was then seventy-two years of age. Soon after the death of her brother she went back to her native Hanover, where she lived for the rest of her life



On her ninety-eighth birthday, she was still in the enjoyment of her mental faculties and a comfortable degree of health. That day was celebrated at Hanover with éclat. A lady who lived near her, wrote to her English nephew, Sir John Herschel :

“ Upon passing her door I first saw a beautiful and most comfortable velvet arm-chair, a cake, and a magnificent nosegay carried up to her, and soon after met the gracious donor, our kind crown-princess, with the crown-prince and the royal child, driving to her house. They staid nearly two hours, Miss Herschel conversing with them without relaxation, and even singing to them a composition of Sir William Herschel, ‘ Suppose we sing a catch.’ The king sent his message by Countess Grote. On the seventeenth I found her more revived than exhausted, in a new gown and smart cap. I ran over (since writing the last sentence) to ask for Miss Herschel’s own message, before I send. I am to give her best love to her dear nephew, niece, and the children, and to say that she often wished to be with them, often felt alone, did not quite like old age with its weaknesses and infirmities, but that she, too, sometimes laughed at the world, liked her meals, and was satisfied with (her servant) Betty’s services.”

The cheerful old lady lived ten months longer, enjoying life to her last day, January 9, 1848. She suffered little even during her last hours, and softly breathed out her life without an effort. The guns seven hours before her death announced the birth of a princess. She opened her eyes for the last time, recognized the happy event, fell again into sleep, and so passed away. Few ladies have been either able or disposed to sing a song on their ninety-eighth birthday.



CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.



## XXIV.

### CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

“I WAS born a tomboy,” wrote Miss Cushman once.

By tomboy she meant that she was a girl who preferred boys' plays, and had boy's faults. She did not care much to sew upon dolls' clothes, but could make dolls' furniture very nicely with tools. She was fond of climbing trees, and it was a custom with her in childhood to get out of the way of trouble by climbing to the top of a tall tree. In short, she was a vigorous, strong-limbed, courageous girl, who might have been the mother of heroes if it had not been her fortune to be a heroine herself.

In 1816, when she was born, her father was a West India merchant, of the firm of Topliff & Cushman, who had a warehouse on Long Wharf in Boston. Her father, at the age of thirteen, was a poor orphan in Plymouth, Massachusetts, though a lineal descendant of Robert Cushman, one of the pilgrim fathers; a descendant, too, of other Cushmans, whose honored graves I have seen upon Burial Hill, in Plymouth. Her father walked to Boston (thirty miles distant) while he was still a boy, and there, by industry and good conduct, saved a capital upon which he entered into business upon his own account, which enabled him for many years to maintain his family in comfort. Many a time Charlotte played the tomboy on Long Wharf, in and out of her father's store, climbing about vessels, and getting up on heaps of merchandise. Once, in jumping on board a vessel, she fell into the water, and was only rescued from drowning by a passer-by, who

sprang in and helped her out. Her deliverer kept on his way, and she never knew who he was until, many years later, when she was a celebrated actress, a respectable old gentleman called upon her and told her that he was the person, and how honored and delighted he was in having been the means of preserving so valuable a life.

Two things may be said of all true artists. One is, that the germ of their talent can be discovered in one or more of their ancestors. Another is, that their gift manifests itself in very early childhood. More than one of her ancestors had wonderful powers of mimicry, as well as well as a happy talent for reading and declamation. One of her grandmothers possessed these gifts. While she was still a little girl Charlotte had a remarkable power of mimicry. Besides catching up a tune after once hearing it, she unconsciously imitated the tones, gestures, and expression of people she met; and this talent she preserved to the end of her life, greatly to the amusement of her friends. She was one of those people who can imitate the drawing of a cork, and give a lively representation with the mouth, of a hen chased about a barn-yard, and being finally caught. She could imitate all brogues and all kinds of voices.

Born in Puritanic Boston, we should scarcely expect to find such a talent as this nourished and cultivated from her youth up. But so it was. From her mother she learned to sing all the songs of the day, and she learned to sing them with taste and expression. In those days almost every one sang a song or two, and a most delightful accomplishment it is. If ever I should found an academy I would have in it a teacher of song-singing. Miss Cushman was so lucky, too, as to have a good uncle—a sea captain—who used to take her to places of amusement, and with him she saw her first play, *Coriolanus*, with Macready in the principal part. She saw many of



the noted actors and actresses of that time, and the more frequently because her uncle was one of the stockholders of the old Tremont theatre. Through him, too, she became acquainted with some of the performers, and thus obtained a little insight into the world behind the curtain.

Everything seems to nourish a marked talent in a child. One day at school, in the reading class, it came her turn to read a speech from Payne's tragedy of Brutus. Before that day she had been bashful about reading aloud in school, and had shown no ability in it whatever. When she began to read this speech her tongue seemed to be suddenly unloosed; she let out all the power of her voice; and she read with so much effect that the teacher told her to go to the head of the class. Miss Cushman always assigned the birth of her talent to the moment of her reading the passage from Brutus. The talent was in her before, but the glow of that speech warmed it into sudden development.

After the war of 1812, commerce, from various causes, declined in Boston; large numbers of merchants withdrew their capital from the sea, and invested it in manufactures. Miss Cushman's father was one of those who did not take this course, and when she was thirteen years of age he failed, and she was obliged to think of preparing to earn her own livelihood. Charlotte's gift for music suggested the scheme of her becoming a music-teacher, and to this end she studied hard for two years under a very good master. When she was about sixteen years of age the famous Mrs. Wood came to Boston to perform in concert and opera, and while there inquired for a contralto voice to accompany her in some duets. Miss Cushman's name was mentioned to her, and this led to a trial of the young girl's voice. Mrs. Wood was astonished and delighted at it, and told her that, with such a voice properly cultivated, a brilliant career was assured to her.

After singing with Mrs. Wood in concerts with encouraging success, Miss Cushman appeared at Boston as the Countess in Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro*. Received by the public in this and other parts with favor, she seemed destined to fulfill Mrs. Wood's prediction.

But a few months after, at New Orleans, her voice suddenly deteriorated, and she was obliged to attempt the profession of an actress. She made her first appearance, while still little more than a girl, "a tall, thin, lanky girl," as she describes herself, in the difficult part of Lady Macbeth. She was obliged to borrow a dress in which to perform it, and she played the part, as she once recorded, "to the satisfaction of the audience, the manager, and the company." At the end of that season she came to New York, and, by dint of hard work and earnest study, she gradually became the great and powerful artist whom we all remember. Her biography, by her friend, Miss Emma Stebbins, reveals to us in the most agreeable manner the secret of her power as an actress, as well as the secret of her charm as a woman. Here is the secret, in her own words :

"How many there are who have a horror of my profession! Yet I dearly love the very hard work, the very drudgery of it, which has made me what I am. Despise labor of any kind! I honor it, and only despise those who do not."

I will copy two or three other sentences of hers, to show what a wise and high-minded lady she was :

"The greatest power in the world is shown in conquest over self."

"How hard it would be to die if we had all the joys and happiness that we could desire here! The dews of autumn penetrate into the leaves and prepare them for their fall."

"We cannot break a law of eternal justice, however

ignorantly, but throughout the entire universe there will be a jar of discord.”

“To try to be better is to be better.”

“God knows how hard I have striven in my time to be good, and true, and worthy. God knows the struggles I have had.”

“Art is an absolute mistress; she will not be coquetted with, or slighted; she requires entire self-devotion, and she repays with grand triumphs.”

But the best thing she ever wrote or said in her life was written to a young mother rejoicing in the glorious gift of a child.

“No artist work,” said Miss Cushman, “is so high, so noble, so grand, so enduring, so important for all time as the making of *character* in a child. No statue, no painting, no acting, can reach it, and it embodies each and all the arts.”

That is truly excellent, and is a truth which probably all genuine artists have felt; for art has no right to be, except so far as it assists the best of all arts—the art of living.

I remember this fine actress when I was a school-boy, at home from school, and she was a member of the company of the old Park theatre in New York, acting for twenty dollars a week. I remember her playing Goneril, in *King Lear*, with so much power that I *hated* her, making no distinction between her and the part she played. New York was a very provincial place then, and could not give *prestige* to any artist, and therefore it was not until she went to England, and electrified the Londoners with her powerful acting, that she made any great headway in the world; although for years she had maintained her mother, and been the mainstay of the family. In England she made a considerable fortune, which, towards the close of her life, was much increased in her native

land. She was always glad, in the days of her prosperity, to recall the period of poverty and anxiety which preceded her great success in England, when she was living in the vast, strange city of London, with no companion save her faithful maid, Sallie Mercer, with no present prospect of an engagement, and with almost no money. The strictest, severest economy was necessary; and she used to relate with great amusement and no small pride the ingenious shifts to which she and Sallie were driven in matters of housekeeping, and how they both rejoiced over an occasional invitation to dine out. Sallie herself bears witness to their straitened circumstances.

“Miss Cushman lived on a mutton-chop a day,” she once said, “and I always bought the baker’s dozen of muffins for the sake of the extra one, and we ate them all, no matter how stale they were; and we never suffered from want of appetitè in those days.”

In spite of all their economies, things went from bad to worse, and Miss Cushman was actually reduced to her last sovereign, when Mr. Maddox, the manager of the Princess Theatre, came to secure her. Sallie, the devoted and acute (whom Miss Cushman had first engaged on account of what she called her “conscientious eyebrows”), was on the look-out, as usual, and descried him walking up and down the street upon the opposite side of the way, too early in the morning for a call.

“He is anxious,” said Miss Cushman joyfully, when this was reported to her. “I can make my own terms!”

She did so, and her début took place shortly afterward, her rôle being Bianca, in Milman’s tragedy of *Fazio*. Her success was complete and dazzling. The London *Times* of the next day said of it:

“The early part of the play affords no criterion of what an actress can do; but from the instant where she suspects that her husband’s affections are wavering, and

with a flash of horrible enlightenment exclaims, 'Fazio, thou hast seen Aldobella!' Miss Cushman's career was certain. The variety which she threw into the dialogue with her husband—from jealousy dropping back into tenderness, from hate passing to love, while she gave an equal intensity to each successive passion, as if her whole soul were for the moment absorbed in that only—was astonishing, and yet she always seemed to feel as if she had not done enough. Her utterance was more and more earnest, more and more rapid, as if she hoped the very force of the words would give her an impetus. The crowning effort was the supplication to Aldobella, when the wife, falling on her knees, makes the greatest sacrifice of her pride to save the man she has destroyed. Nothing could exceed the determination with which, lifting her clasped hands, she urged her suit—making offer after offer to her proud rival, as if she could not give too much and feared to reflect on the value of her concessions—till at last, repelled by the cold marchioness and exhausted by her own passion, she sank huddled into a heap at her feet."

This was the climax of the play, and Miss Cushman was in reality so overcome by the tremendous force of her own acting, as well as by the agitation consequent upon the occasion, that it was long before she could muster sufficient strength to rise; and the thunderous applause which burst from all parts of the house was even more welcome as granting her a breathing space than as an evidence of satisfaction. When at last she slowly rose to her feet, the scene was one which she could never afterward recall without experiencing a thrill of the old triumph. The audience were all standing, some mounted upon their seats; many were sobbing; more were cheering, and the gentlemen were waving their hats and the ladies their handkerchiefs.



“All my successes put together since I have been upon the stage,” she wrote home, “would not come near my success in London, and I only wanted some one of you here to enjoy it with me, to make it complete.”

She and Sallie were no longer filled with gratitude for a chance invitation to dinner. Invitations came in showers, and they were overrun with visitors. It soon became a joke that Miss Cushman was never in a room with less than six people. She sat to five artists, and distinguished people of all kinds overwhelmed her with attentions.

“I hesitate to write even to you,” she says in a letter to her mother, “the agreeable and complimentary things that are said and done to me here, for it looks monstrously like boasting. I like you to know it, but I hate to tell it to you myself.”

After a splendid career of success on both sides of the Atlantic, she took up her abode at Rome, returning occasionally to her native land. It so chanced that she was obliged to resume her Roman residence soon after the war broke out, and she deeply lamented that she was called away from her country at such a time. But she bore her share in the struggle. It is hard to imagine how she could have been spared from her post in Rome, where she was the light and consolation of the desponding little American colony. In the darkest days, when the news from home was of defeat following defeat, her faith never wavered for an instant. She was *sure* the Union cause would prove victorious.

Her countrymen in the city called her “the Sunbeam”; and in after days many of them confessed to having walked the streets again and again, in the mere hope of meeting her and getting a passing word of cheer. A year before this, in London, she held with her banker, Mr. Peabody, a little conversation which perhaps displays her feeling better than anything else. He told her that the

war could not go on; the business men of the world would not allow it.

"Mr. Peabody," she replied, "I saw that first Maine regiment that answered to Lincoln's call march down State Street in Boston with their chins in the air, singing:

'John Brown's soul is marching on,'

and, believe me, this war will not end till slavery is abolished, whether it be in five years or thirty."

In 1862, in a letter from Rome written when news of the early Union successes began at last to be received, she lets us perceive how sorely this high confidence had been tried.

"It has been so hard," she wrote, "amid the apparent successes of the other side, the defection, the weakness of men on our side, the willingness of even the best to take advantage of the needs of the government, the ridicule of sympathizers with the South on this side, the abuse of the English journals, and the utter impossibility of beating into the heads of individual English that there could be *no right* in the seceding party—all has been so hard, and we have fought so valiantly for our faith, have so tired and tried ourselves in talking and showing our belief, that when the news came day after day of our successes, and at last your letter, I could not read the account aloud, and tears—hot but refreshing tears of joy, fell copiously upon the page. O, I am too thankful; and I am too anxious to come home! . . . I never cared half so much for America before; but I feel that now I love it dearly, and want to see it and live in it."

To live in it was impossible just then, but the longing to see it became too strong to be resisted. She resolved to return at least long enough to act for the benefit of the Sanitary Fund; and in June, 1863, she sailed for home. Five performances were given—one

each in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington—and were so successful that she had the pleasure of sending to Dr. Bellows, president of the Sanitary Commission, from the vessel in which she left to return to Europe, a check for the sum of eight thousand two hundred and sixty-seven dollars.

“I know no distinction of North, East, South, or West,” she wrote in the letter which accompanied this generous gift; “it is all my country, and where there is most need, there do I wish the proceeds of my labor to be given.”

One more extract, taken from a letter written to Miss Fanny Seward when the final triumph came, may fittingly close Miss Cushman’s record as a patriot. It is her song of exultation :

“With regard to my own dearly beloved land, of which I am so proud that my heart swells and my eyes brim over as I think to-day of her might, her majesty, and the power of her long-suffering, her abiding patience, her unequalled unanimity, her resolute prudence, her inability to recognize bondage and freedom in our constitution, and her stalwart strength in forcing that which she could not obtain by reasoning. . . . To-day my pride, my faith, my love of country, is blessed and satisfied in the news that has flashed to us that ‘the army of Lee has capitulated!’ that we are and must be one sole, undivided—not common, but *uncommon*—country; great, glorious, free; henceforth an honor and a power among nations, a sign and a symbol to the down-trodden peoples, and a terror to evil-doers upon earth.”

After a long period of retirement, she returned to the scene of her former triumphs. People wondered why she should continue to act during her last years, when she was tormented by the pain of an incurable disease, and when she had a beautiful home at Newport, where there

was everything to cheer and charm her declining years. A single sentence in one of her last letters explains it, wherein she says:

“I am suffering a good deal more pain than I like to acknowledge, and only when I am on the stage or asleep am I unconscious of it.”

She died at Boston in 1876, aged sixty. There have been a few greater actresses than Charlotte Cushman, but a better woman never trod the stage. The very soul of goodness dwelt in her heart, and inspired her life.

## XXV.

### MARIA MITCHELL.

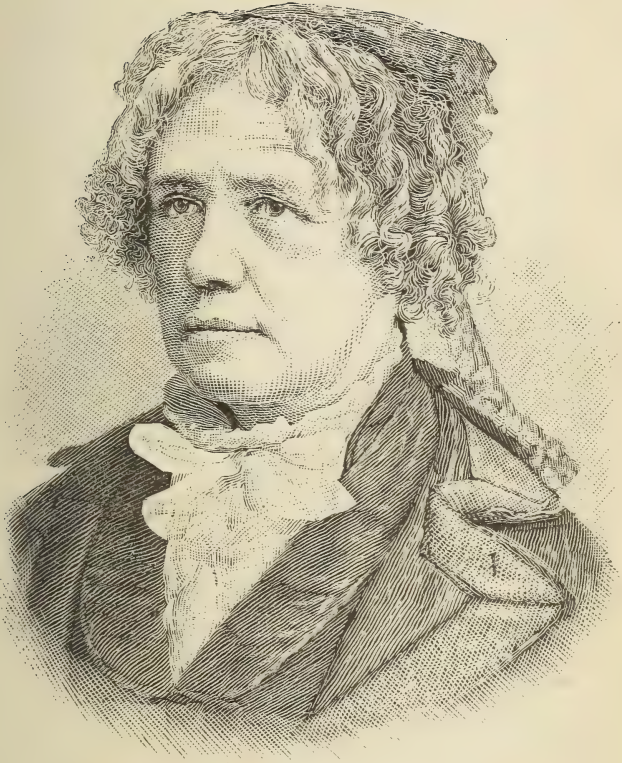
PROFESSOR MARIA MITCHELL, the distinguished astronomer, whose face is so vividly remembered by Vassar students of recent years, is of Quaker parentage, and a native of the island of Nantucket.

She was born on the first of August, 1818, one of a numerous family. During her childhood she attended with her brothers and sisters, the school taught by their father, who had the pleasure of finding them his best pupils. The little Mitchells, quick and intelligent as they showed themselves to be, were as well constituted physically as mentally; they romped, raced, and shouted as healthy children do. In appearance they differed widely, some being fair-haired and of blonde complexion, while others were strongly marked brunettes; but all possessed the family characteristics of intelligence and perseverance. They were, as one of them afterwards expressed it, "all alike inside." Maria, a brown-skinned, dark-eyed, lively little girl, was not considered by the family to display any greater ability than the others, although at the age of eleven, while still her father's pupil, she became his assistant teacher. Nor did she rate her intellectual gifts as highly as without vanity she might.

"Born of only ordinary capacity, but of extraordinary persistency," she said of herself in later years, looking back upon her career. But she added with a simplicity as rare as it is pleasing:

"I did not quite take this in myself, until I came to





MARIA MITCHELL.



mingle with the best girls of our college, and to be aware how rich their mines are, and how little they have been worked."

Her education, both in and out of school, was of the best and most suitable kind. In the intelligent home of which she was a member the news of the day was eagerly gathered and discussed; scientific topics received a fair share of attention; and many strange facts, not to be found in books, were related and commented upon. She learned, moreover, to use her hands helpfully and skillfully, to dress tastefully but simply, and to live contentedly a plain, frugal life, brightened by study, affection, and society. She had many good friends upon the island, and visitors of distinction who landed upon its shores seldom failed to call at her father's house, where a hospitable welcome awaited them, as well as the pleasure of imparting whatever store of knowledge or anecdote they might possess to a group of curious young people with a gift for listening.

At sixteen she left school, and at eighteen accepted the position of librarian of the Nantucket library. Her duties were light, and she had ample opportunity, surrounded as she was by books, to read and study, while leisure was also left her to pursue by practical observation the science in which she afterwards became known.

Those who dwell upon the smaller islands learn almost of necessity to study the sea and sky. The Mitchell family possessed an excellent telescope. From childhood Maria had been accustomed to the use of this instrument, searching out with its aid the distant sails upon the horizon by day, and viewing the stars by night. Her father possessed a marked taste for astronomy, and carried on a series of independent observations. He taught his daughter all he knew, and she studied for herself besides.

At half past ten in the evening, on the first of October,

1847, she made the discovery which first brought her name before the public. She was gazing through her glass with her usual quiet intentness, when suddenly she was startled to perceive "an unknown comet, nearly vertical above Polaris, about five degrees." At first she could not believe her eyes; then hoping and doubting, scarcely daring to think that she had really made a discovery, she obtained its right ascension and declination. She then told her father, who, two days later, sent the following letter to his friend, Professor Bond of Cambridge:

NANTUCKET, 10th mo., 3d, 1847.

My dear Friend:—I write now merely to say that Maria discovered a telescopic comet at half-past ten, on the evening of the first instant, at that hour nearly above Polaris five degrees. Last evening it had advanced westerly; this evening still further, and nearing the pole. It does not bear illumination. Maria has obtained its right ascension and declination, and will not suffer me to announce it. Pray tell me whether it is one of Georgi's; if not whether it has been seen by anybody. Maria supposes it may be an old story. If quite convenient just drop a line to her; it will oblige me much. I expect to leave home in a day or two, and shall be in Boston next week, and I would like to have her hear from you before I can meet you. I hope it will not give thee much trouble amidst thy close engagements. Our regards are to all of you most truly,

WILLIAM MITCHELL.

The answer to this letter informed them that the comet was indeed a discovery. Meanwhile it had been observed by several other astronomers, including Father da Vico at Rome, and another lady, Madam Runker, at Hamburg; but Miss Mitchell was able to prove without difficulty that she had been the first to observe it. There was another

thing to be considered, however. Frederick VI of Denmark had, about fifteen years before this time, established a gold medal of twenty ducats' value to be bestowed upon any person who should first discover a telescopic comet; and this prize Miss Mitchell might fairly claim. But the provisions concerning the award required that the discoverer should comply with several conditions. "If a resident of Great Britain or any other quarter of the globe except the continent of Europe," he was to send notice, "by first post after the discovery," to the astronomer-royal of London.

Miss Mitchell, desiring to be certain that her discovery was indeed original, had omitted to do this, and she was therefore in doubt whether she might claim the medal. But as the intent of this neglected formality could have been nothing more than to insure the medal's falling into the right hands, and as proof existed that she was the earliest discoverer, she succeeded, with the assistance of Edward Everett, who warmly took her part, in obtaining her well-merited distinction.

For ten years after this event she retained her position in the library, faithfully discharging her duty toward the institution, and at the same time performing, to the satisfaction of the government, much difficult mathematical work in connection with the coast survey. She also assisted in the compilation of the *American Nautical Almanac*.

In 1857 she went abroad and visited most of the famous observatories of Europe. She was everywhere received with distinction, and acquired the friendship of many of the leading astronomers of the day, besides being elected a member of several important scientific societies. On her return home she had the pleasure of finding that her friends had caused an excellent observatory to be fitted up for her in her absence, and here she



continued her astronomical pursuits until the year 1865, when she was invited to become Professor of Astronomy at Vassar College, in the State of New York. She did not feel certain that she could suitably fill this interesting post, and hesitated some time before accepting it. It is certain that the institution has never regretted her favorable decision.

She at once proved herself an excellent teacher, and the course in astronomy soon came to be regarded as one of the pleasantest, as well as one of the best that the college afforded. It is elective and informal, her classes being the only ones that are not begun and ended at the tap of an electric gong. The course consists, besides a few lectures in the Sophomore year, of regular lessons during the Junior and Senior years. It is chiefly practical and mathematical; including, however, some popular astronomy. The practical portion is that which most interests the professor, who is continually urging her pupils to use their eyes. She encourages them to make use also of the smaller telescopes every fair night, and allows the Seniors some independent use of the great Equatorial telescope in the observatory. She is apt to display some anxiety on these occasions, however, and seldom fails to warn a student who is going up to take an observation, not to hit her head against the telescope. Her fears, as she explains, are not for the head, but for the instrument. Drawings of the observations are invariably required.

In class, Miss Mitchell is abrupt but kindly, expecting and obtaining from each student the best that she can do. With the plodding, modest girl, possessed of no brilliant qualities, but willing to work, she is always patient, and ready to give encouragement and assistance. To the superficial and the conceited she shows little mercy, considering it a part of her duty to abate their

vanity. She has, as a Vassar girl remarks, "little patience with fancy theories."

She lodges at the observatory with one or two assistants, and takes her meals at the college. Men are employed at the observatory only for heavy lifting, all the intellectual work being accomplished by Miss Mitchell and her students. It is the duty of one of these to photograph the sun at noon every pleasant day, and daily observations are several times taken upon the temperature, clouds, and rainfall.

Miss Mitchell's "*Dome Party*," which recurs every June a few days before commencement, is the unique social event of the college year. All present and former students who are in town receive an invitation to attend, and are expected to appear with mathematical accuracy at the appointed hour. The guests are received in a pretty parlor, whose furniture satisfies the requirements of both society and science. Behind a railing at one end stand the chronograph and sidereal clock, while between them in a window framed with vines, is placed a bust of Mrs. Somerville, presented to the college by Frances Power Cobbe. Near by are two tall bookcases containing a miscellaneous collection of books, including a little of everything from poetry to the *Principia*.

When all have arrived breakfast is announced, and the company form in a procession, ranging themselves according to the year of graduation. Two large baize doors then swing open, and the party, mounting a short flight of stairs, find themselves in the dome itself, with the great equatorial telescope overhead, pointing to the sky. Here the repast is served, upon tables arranged in a circle around the walls, a rosebud and a tiny photograph of the dome being laid at each plate. The meal is pleasant both to the palate and to the social sense; but it is not until the tables are cleared that the most enjoyable part of the entertainment begins.

Every one receives a motto paper, containing a few amusing lines about some member of the company, written by Miss Mitchell or her assistants. These are often witty but never caustic, and their reading is productive of much mirth. When they have all been read, the hostess brings out a good sized basket which, during the few days preceding the dome party, has been filled with somewhat similar effusions, dropped in anonymously by college poets. Songs follow, by the "Plejades" Glee Club, and to this impromptu rhyming by those present succeeds, the subjects selected being personal or scientific, and the best verses composed are hastily set to familiar tunes, and sung by a chorus of girls perched above their fellows on the movable observatory stairs. Sometimes the spirit of poetizing becomes so prevalent that no one speaks except in rhyme, Miss Mitchell herself, whom all pronounce to be the most delightful of hostesses, bearing a leading part in the game.

Beside her constant and successful labors in teaching, the public is indebted to Miss Mitchell for several important essays upon scientific subjects. Until a short time ago she edited the *Astronomical Notes* in the *Scientific American*. These appeared every month, and were based on calculations made by her students. At one time also she made a journey to Colorado to observe a solar eclipse. At another she had traveled as far as Providence on her way to visit friends in Boston, when she learned of the discovery of a new comet, and at once renounced the expedition and returned to Vassar to observe it. For five nights all went well; on the sixth a large apple tree obstructed her view, but she promptly summoned a man to cut it down, and carried her observations to a satisfactory conclusion.

She has always been noted for her liberal and enlightened opinions upon religious and social affairs, and has

taken of course deep interest in the advancement of her sex. She once read before the Society for the Advancement of Women an interesting paper upon the Collegiate Education of Girls, a subject which few people could be more competent than she to discuss. She is a member of the New England Women's Club of Boston, which in the winter of 1881-2 held a reception in her honor, and, moreover, voted that the same tribute should be rendered to her yearly. The meeting, it was decided, should be held in the holidays between Christmas and New Year's, and the day should be called "Maria Mitchell's Day."

## XXVI.

### MRS. TROLLOPE.

CINCINNATI, fifty-five years ago, was a city of twenty thousand inhabitants. As the center of the growing business of the Ohio valley, it enjoyed a European celebrity which drew to it many emigrants, and some visitors of capital and education. The Trollope family, since so famous in literature, were living there at that time in a cottage just under the bluff which overhangs the town. Fresh from England, and retaining all their English love of nature and out-of-door exercise, the whole family, parents, two sons and two daughters, often climbed that lofty and umbrageous height, since pierced by an elevator, and now crowned by one of the most beautiful streets in the world.

Mrs. Trollope, her two daughters, and her second son, Henry, then a lad of twelve, had reached Cincinnati by the Mississippi River, and were joined there afterwards by her eldest son and her husband, who was a London lawyer of some distinction. In her work upon the "Domestic Manners of the Americans," the lady does not mention the motive of this visit to America. We have the liberty of guessing it. She was an ardent friend of Miss Frances Wright, an English lady of fortune and benevolence, who came to this country with the Trollopes in 1827, with the view of founding a Communal Home according to the ideas of Owen and Fourier. Miss Wright afterwards lectured in New York and elsewhere, but her ideas were deemed erroneous and romantic, and she had



very little success in gaining adherents. She was part of the movement which led to Brook Farm, New Harmony, and similar establishments founded on principles which work beautifully so long as they are confined to the amiable thoughts of their founders.

It is probable that Mrs. Trollope, without being a dreamer of this school, came to America a sentimental republican, expecting to find here the realization of a dream not less erroneous than that of Frances Wright. She was wofully disappointed. In New Orleans, where she landed, she saw slavery, and shuddered at the spectacle.

“At the sight,” she says, “of every negro man, woman, and child that passed, my fancy wove some little romance of misery as belonging to each of them; since I have known more on the subject, and become better acquainted with their real situation in America, I have often smiled at recalling what I then felt.”

This was one great shock. She was, perhaps, not less offended, as an Englishwoman and the daughter of a clergyman of the church of England, to find that the white people were living together on terms approaching social equality. She found in New Orleans a milliner holding a kind of levee in her shop, to whom she was formally introduced, and who spoke of the French fashions to the ladies, and of metaphysics to the gentlemen. Mrs. Trollope was not severely afflicted at this instance of republican equality; but the free and easy manners prevailing on board of the Mississippi steamboats disgusted her entirely, particularly the frightful expectorating of the men, and their silent voracity at the dinner table.

And here she fell into her great mistake. She attributed the crude provincialisms of American life to the institutions of the country, and not their true cause, the desperate struggle in which the people were engaged with

savage nature. If she had carried out her original intention, and passed some months with Miss Wright on the tract of primeval wilderness which that lady bought in Tennessee, she might have learned what it costs to settle and subdue a virgin continent. She might have discovered that when human beings subdue the wilderness, the wilderness wreaks a revenge upon them in making *them* half wild. Many of the arts of domestic life are lost in the struggle. Grace of manners is lost. The art of cookery is lost. Comfort is forgotten. Men may gain in rude strength, but must lose in elegance and agreeableness. Mrs. Trollope, whether from perversity or want of penetration, perceived nothing of this, and conceived for the people of the United States an extreme repugnance.

“I do not like them,” she frankly wrote, after a stay among us of three or four years. “I do not like their principles, I do not like their manners, I do not like their opinions, I do not like their government.”

She expanded these sentiments into two highly amusing volumes, which contain some pure truth, some not unfair burlesque, and an amount of misstatement, misconception, prejudice, and perversity absolutely without example. She had her work illustrated with a dozen or two of caricatures, not ill-executed, which can now be inspected as curious relics of antiquity. In America half a century ago is antiquity.

But I left the Trollopes in Cincinnati in 1828, father, mother, and four children. They had then been in the country more than a year, quite long enough for Mrs. Trollope to discover that Cincinnati had little in common with the republic of her dreams. She had had enough of America. How she abhorred and detested Cincinnati, the first place at which she had halted long enough for much observation! She says:

“Were I an English legislator, instead of sending

Sedition to the Tower, I would send her to make a tour of the United States. I had a little leaning towards sedition myself when I set out, but before I had half completed my tour I was quite cured."

She admits that everybody at Cincinnati had as much pork, beef, hominy, and clothes as the animal man required. Every one reveled in abundance. *But—*

"The total and universal want of manners, both in males and females, is so remarkable, that I was constantly endeavoring to account for it."

She was sure it did not proceed from want of intellect. On the contrary, the people of Cincinnati appeared to her to have clear heads and active minds. *But—*

"There is no charm, no grace in their conversation. I very seldom, during my whole stay in the country, heard a sentence elegantly turned and correctly pronounced from the lips of an American."

She gives her recollections of the evening parties in Cincinnati sixty years ago:

"The women invariably herd together at one part of the room, and the men at the other; but in justice to Cincinnati, I must acknowledge that this arrangement is by no means peculiar to that city, or to the western side of the Alleghanies. Sometimes a small attempt at music produces a partial reunion; a few of the most daring youths, animated by the consciousness of curled hair and smart waistcoats, approached the piano-forte, and began to mutter a little to the half-grown pretty things, who are comparing with one another 'how many quarters' music they have had.' Where the mansion is of sufficient dignity to have two drawing-rooms, the piano, the little ladies, and the slender gentlemen are left to themselves, and on such occasions the sound of laughter is often heard to issue from among them. But the fate of the more dignified personages, who are left in the other room, is

extremely dismal. The gentlemen spit, talk of elections and the price of produce, and spit again. The ladies look at each other's dresses till they know every pin by heart; talk of parson somebody's last sermon on the day of judgment, on Dr. t'otherbody's new pills for dyspepsia, till the "tea" is announced, when they will all console themselves for whatever they may have suffered in keeping awake, by taking more tea, coffee, hot cake, and custard, hoe cake, johnny cake, waffle cake, and dodger cake, pickled peaches, and preserved cucumbers, ham, turkey, hung beef, apple sauce, and pickled oysters, than ever were prepared in any other country of the known world. After this massive meal is over, they return to the drawing-room, and it always appeared to me that they remained together as long as they could bear it, and then they rise *en masse*, cloak, bonnet, shawl, and exit."

One day of the year in America she enjoyed, namely, the Fourth of July, because on that day the people around her seemed to be happy, and on that day alone.

"To me," she remarks, "the dreary coldness and want of enthusiasm in American manners is one of their greatest defects, and I therefore hailed the demonstrations of general feeling which this day elicits with real pleasure. On the Fourth of July, the hearts of the people seem to awaken from a three hundred and sixty-four days' sleep; they appear high spirited, gay, animated, social, generous, or at least liberal in expense; and would they but refrain from spitting on that hallowed day, I should say that on the Fourth of July, at least, they appeared to be an amiable people. It is true that the women have little to do with the pageantry, the splendor, or the gayety of the day; but, setting this defect aside, it was indeed a glorious sight to behold a jubilee so heartfelt as this; and had they not the bad taste and bad feeling to utter an annual oration, with unvarying abuse of the mother country,

to say nothing of the warlike manifesto called the Declaration of Independence, our gracious king himself might look upon the scene and say that it was good ; nay, even rejoice, that twelve millions of bustling bodies, at four thousand miles distance from his throne and his altars, should make their own laws, and drink their own tea, after the fashion that pleased them best."

In the city of New York she found more agreeable society, but even there she thought the ladies were terribly under the influence of fanatical ideas. She spent a Sunday afternoon at Hoboken, and describes what she saw there :

"The price of entrance to this little Eden is the six cents you pay at the ferry. We went there on a bright Sunday afternoon, expressly to see the humors of the place. Many thousand persons were scattered through the grounds ; of these we ascertained, by repeatedly counting, that nineteen-twentieths were men. The ladies were at church. Often as the subject has pressed upon my mind, I think I never so strongly felt the conviction that the Sabbath-day, the holy day, the day on which alone the great majority of the Christian world can spend their hours as they please, is ill passed (if passed entirely) within brick walls, listening to an earth-born preacher, charm he never so wisely.

"How is it that the men of America, who are reckoned good husbands and good fathers, while they themselves enjoy sufficient freedom of spirit to permit their walking forth into the temple of the living God, can leave those they love best on earth, bound in the iron chains of a most tyrannical fanaticism ? How can they breathe the balmy air, and not think of the tainted atmosphere so heavily weighing upon breasts still dearer than their own ? How can they gaze upon the blossoms of the spring, and not remember the fairer cheeks of their young daughters,



waxing pale, as they sit for long, sultry hours, immured with hundreds of fellow victims, listening to the roaring vanities of a preacher canonized by a college of old women? They cannot think it needful to salvation, or they would not withdraw themselves. Wherefore is it? Do they fear these self-elected, self-ordained priests, and offer up their wives and daughters to propitiate them? Or do they deem their hebdomadal freedom more complete because their wives and daughters are shut up four or five times in the day at church or chapel?"

But enough of these specimens. . . The republic being insupportable, and Mrs. Trollope's Diary being still incomplete, it was necessary for the family to come to a resolution. Their eldest son, Thomas Adolphus, nineteen years of age, was old enough to be entered at Oxford University, and it was necessary for his father to go with him to England. After family consultations, they resolved upon a brief separation, the father and eldest son to go to England, the mother with her two daughters and younger son to visit the Eastern portions of the country, and fill up the Diary. That second son, then about fourteen years of age, was Henry Trollope, afterwards the famous English novelist, whose recent death was lamented in America not less than in England.

No sooner had they come to this resolution than a piece of news reached Cincinnati which induced the gentlemen to postpone their departure. General Jackson, President-elect, was on his triumphal journey to Washington, and was expected to stop a few hours at Cincinnati on his way up the Ohio. They determined to wait and get passage on board of the steamboat that bore so distinguished a personage. Mrs. Trollope and her family walked down to the landing to see the arrival of the old hero, and she almost enjoyed the spectacle.

"The noble steamboat which conveyed him was flanked

on each side by one of nearly equal size and splendor; the roofs of all three were covered by a crowd of men; cannon saluted them from the shore as they passed by to the distance of a quarter of a mile above the town. There they turned about and came down the river with a rapid but stately motion, the three vessels so close together as to appear one mighty mass upon the water."

Mrs. Trollope was so happy as to catch a view of the Hero of New Orleans as he walked bareheaded between a silent lane of people on his way from the steamboat to the hotel, where he was to hold a reception.

"He wore his gray hair carelessly," she remarks, "but not ungracefully arranged, and, spite of his harsh, gaunt features, he looks like a gentleman and a soldier."

Her husband and her son conversed much with the general on board the steamboat.

"They were pleased," she says, "by his conversation and manners, but deeply disgusted by the brutal familiarity to which they saw him exposed at every place on their progress at which they stopped."

Mrs. Trollope and her children returned to England in 1830, carrying with her, as she tells us, six hundred pages of manuscript notes similar to the specimens I have given. They were speedily published, ran through three editions in three months, were republished in New York, and called forth an amount of comment of all kinds, from eulogistic to vituperative, which has rarely been paralleled. The work set her up in the business of an authoress. She followed it by a very long list of works of travel and fiction, most of which were tolerably successful.

Both her sons became voluminous writers, and some of her grandchildren I believe, have written books. Her husband, too, is the author of legal works and a History of the Church. If all the works produced by this family

during the last sixty years were gathered together in their original editions, they would make a library of five or six hundred volumes. Several English journalists have been counting up the works of the late Anthony Trollope. If at some future time a compiler of statistics should take the census of the people he called into being on the printed page, it will be found that he was the author of more population than some of our Western counties can boast.

Anthony Trollope was born in 1815, but as he did not begin to publish till 1847, when he was thirty-two years of age, he was a public writer for thirty-five years, and during that period he gave the world fifty-nine works, of which thirty-seven were full-fledged novels. Some of his publications, such as his life of Cicero, and others, involved a good deal of research, and all of them show marks of careful elaboration. They give us the impression that, if ever he failed in his purpose, it was not from any lack of painstaking in the author.

This amount of literary labor would be reckoned extraordinary if he had done nothing else in his life. When we learn that until within the last eight years he held an important and responsible post in the English Post-office department, which obliged him to give attendance during business hours, from eleven to four, and that he was frequently sent on long journeys and ocean voyages on Post-office business, involving many months' continuous absence, we may well be amazed at the catalogue of his publications.

Of late years, too, he was constantly in society, a frequent diner out, a welcome guest everywhere, as well as a familiar personage in the hunting-field. Hunting was his favorite recreation, as walking was that of Charles Dickens. Like most Englishmen, he loved the country, country interests, and country sports. For many years,

although a stout man, difficult to mount, he rode after the hounds three times a week during the hunting season. His readers do not need to be told that he utilized his hunting experience in working out his novels. His knowledge of horse-flesh was something like Sam Weller's knowledge of London, "both extensive and peculiar," for he was obliged to look sharply to the points of a horse destined to gallop and leap under more than two hundred pounds' weight. A reader cannot go far in his pages without being reminded that he was a horseman and a hunter.

All this increases the wonder excited by the mere number of his printed works. How did he execute them? and above all, *when* did he execute them?

He was often in this country, mingling freely with literary men, and he more than once in New York described his daily routine. He rose so early in the morning as to sit down to write at five o'clock, and he wrote steadily on until eight. He had such complete command of his powers that he could depend upon producing a certain number of pages every morning. He rarely failed to do his stint. It made little difference whether the scene under his hand was of a tranquil or a thrilling nature, whether he was writing the critical chapter of his work or one of its most commonplace portions. He wrote his daily number of pages before people in general had sat down to breakfast, and having done so, he laid his manuscript aside, and thought no more of it till the next morning.

He told the late Mr. George Ripley that he could produce in this way two long novels per annum, for which he received (if I remember rightly) three thousand guineas each, or fifteen thousand dollars each. This was certainly doing very well, and deprives him of any excuse for overworking. One of his friends writes in the London *Times*:

“We can not resist a melancholy suspicion that if he had relaxed a little sooner he might have been spared to us longer. Anxiety, rather than actual work, may have been injurious, when he began to grow nervous under the strain of keeping engagements against time.”

Not one man in many thousands could have lived his life for a single year without destruction. Nature had given him an admirable constitution. He had a sound digestion, tranquil nerves, a cheerful disposition, and a taste for rural pleasures. He should have lived to “four score and upward.”

America may claim some property in this gifted and genial man. He used to berate us soundly (and justly, too) for republishing his works without paying him copyright for the same. I have the impression, however, that he owed his place in the Post-office, in an indirect way, to the American people. We have seen above that as a boy of twelve, he arrived with his mother and sisters, on Christmas day, 1827, at the mouth of the Mississippi, and made with them a three years' tour of the United States. It is possible that he may have assisted in the drawing of the comic pictures with which his mother enlivened her work upon the “Domestic Manners of the Americans,” and doubtless he had his share in the numberless anecdotes that figure in its pages. The youth escorted his mother to some of those “large evening parties” which she describes, where there was “no *écarté*, no chess, very little music, and that lamentably bad,” and where “to eat inconceivable quantities of cake, ice, and pickled oysters, and to show half their revenue in silks and satins, seemed to be the chief object of the ladies.”

We are sure that he passed, with his mother, those “four days of excitement and fatigue at Niagara,” where, as she says, “we drenched ourselves in spray, we cut our feet on the rocks, we blistered our faces in the sun, we



looked up the cataract and down the cataract, we perched ourselves on every pinnacle we could find, we dipped our fingers in the flood at a few yards' distance from its thundering fall." In all these delights the future novelist had his part.

Let us hope, too, that he shared with his parent the pleasure she took in the Hudson River, in Manhattan Island, and even in the city of New York, a city which she really seemed to enjoy. At that time, 1830, Manhattan Island was one of the most beautiful suburban regions in the world. It was dotted all over with pretty villas and cottages, and showed many a stately mansion on the slopes of the two rivers. Greenwich, Bloomingdale, Yorkville, and Harlem were pleasant country villages. The island was New York and Newport in one. Anthony Trollope heard of these agreeable scenes, and, possibly, shared the indignation of his mother on being charged by a New York hackman two dollars and a half for a twenty minutes' ride.

But how did we render him a pecuniary benefit? When his mother published in London her satirical work, it was hailed by the enemies of republicanism with delight. They seem to have felt that American principles were discredited forever. I think it highly probable that the son of the authoress owed his appointment in the Post-office to the favor in which the work was held by the appointing power.

England had not then reformed her civil service so as to make appointments depend on the comparative merit of applicants. But she has always known enough to *retain* in her service men of intelligence and capacity. Having got Anthony Trollope, she kept him during all the best years of his life, and then gave him honorable retirement. It was he who completed the postal arrangements between this country and Great Britain, by which it is

quite as easy, and almost as cheap, to send a letter to any part of the British empire as it is from New York to Albany.

That is the substance of a true civil service: first, get a man, and then keep him.

Mrs. Trollope died in Florence in 1863, aged eighty-three years. In private life she was a very friendly and good soul, much admired and sought in the society of Florence, where she passed the last twenty years of her long life.



ADELAIDE PHILLIPS.



## XXVII.

### ADELAIDE PHILLIPS.

AT the tender age of eight years, Miss Phillips was already an actress. She never knew why her parents chose that profession for her, nor could she remember her first appearance. Her earliest recollection of the theatre dated back to some play in which she was required to jump out of a window. She feared to take the leap; she hesitated, until an actor standing at the wings held up a big orange before her eyes, an inducement which she could not resist. She jumped, was caught safely in his arms, and received the fruit as her reward.

Miss Phillips, whose family ties all bound her to America, and the greater part of whose professional career was passed in this country, scarcely liked to acknowledge that she was not an American. She was born in England, at Stratford-on-Avon, about the year 1835; her father English, her mother Welsh. When she was seven years of age her family came to America, going first to Canada, and thence to Boston, where they established their home. It was in this city that the little girl made her *début* in January, 1842, appearing at the Tremont Theatre in the comedy of "Old and Young," in which she was required to personate five characters, and introduce several songs and dances. A year later she joined the Boston Museum and amused the public with her representation of "Little Pickle" in "The Spoiled Child," and soon after she was promoted to take



part in a number of fairy spectacles. With the company her bright sayings, her simple manners, and obliging temper made her a favorite.

“They were so kind to me,” she said in later years; “they took such care of me, for I was but a child when I first appeared there, so much of a child that I used to drive my hoop back and forth to the rehearsals. The work was play to me; I learned my parts easily and was petted and praised, which was very pleasant.”

She was so much a child, too, that one day she arrived at the theatre crying so bitterly that for some time she was unable to explain what was the matter. Her trouble proved to be that a beautiful doll in a shop window that she passed every day, a doll which she had set her heart upon possessing, had that morning vanished from its usual station. Somebody else had bought it, and Adelaide was disconsolate. It was long before she could be comforted, and her happiness was not fully restored until the good-natured stage-manager presented her with another doll, even prettier than the one she had longed for.

As she grew older she had many characters assigned her, and worked faithfully in her profession. A farce always followed the play in those days, and she frequently appeared in both. Often, too, she sustained a part in fairy spectacles such as *Fair Star* and *Cinderella*—pieces in which her graceful dancing as well as her beautiful voice fitted her to shine.

Never but once did she lose command of her countenance upon the stage, and that was in these early days at the Museum.

“It was,” she said, “in some farce where Mr. Warren was shut up in a pantry closet, while I, apparently unconscious of the fact, was playing the piano accompaniment to a song. He suddenly opened the door and looked out,

his face revealing that he had been solacing his imprisonment by helping himself to some of the sweetmeats on the shelves, and he assumed such a look as only he could call up. It was all over with me and my song; fortunately, the audience also were too much convulsed with laughter to notice my inability to proceed, until it was possible for the play to go on."

Those who have seen Mr. Warren at his funniest will not wonder at Miss Phillips' loss of self-control.

When she was sixteen or seventeen years of age, her parents and relatives, recognizing the unusual power and beauty of her voice—a rich contralto—decided that she would do wisely to leave the stage for a time and study for the Italian opera. Her teachers had the utmost faith in her success.

Jenny Lind was then in Boston, and Adelaide Phillips was introduced, and sang to her. The next day she received a friendly letter in which Miss Lind recommended Emanuel Garcia, her own instructor, as the most suitable teacher for her young friend, and added much wise and kindly advice concerning the career to which she aspired. Enclosed in the letter was a check for a thousand dollars.

In 1852, Adelaide Phillips went to London, and remained there nearly two years pursuing her studies under Garcia. From London she went to Italy, accompanied by her father and sister, that she might better acquire the Italian language, and receive the training of Signor Profondo in operatic acting. While in Italy she kept a journal—a brief, business-like record, encumbered with very few of the raptures, sentiments, and gay nonsense that fill the pages of most young girls' diaries. Here is an extract from the first entry :

"Mr. Biandi came and asked me if I wanted an engagement; he had spoken of me to one of the agents who wanted a contralto. The agent came accordingly.

I sang to him '*Pensa alla Patria.*' He seemed very much pleased with my voice. The place is Brescia, in Lombardy. They offer four hundred dollars a month for four months. The first part to appear in, *Arsace*. Papa will give an answer in a few days. Mr. Biandi brought me the opera of *Semiramide* and gave me some good ideas. I commenced studying *Arsace*."

The offer thus mentioned was accepted, and she made her *début* at Brescia. It was customary that the last rehearsal of an opera should be in full dress, but in a fit of girlish obstinacy, she refused to put on the armor of *Arsace* until the evening of the performance. The directors and musical critics, who were present in force, showed their displeasure; she retaliated by singing through the part in *demi-voice*. Her manager was in despair, and it certainly was a foolish thing for her to do, although she by no means realized its importance. The next night the house was crowded, and when she entered as *Arsace*, in full armor, she was received in silence. No applause followed her recitative and *andante*, and it was not until, provoked by their coldness to the utmost exertion, she gave the *caballetta* with superb power and passion, that the audience, unable to resist longer, broke into a tempest of cheering. Her success was complete and triumphant.

Other engagements followed; then many disappointments. Whenever she sang she pleased, but she could not always find an opportunity to sing, and sometimes when she did the managers could not or would not pay her. Cheers and tears from the enthusiastic Italian audiences continued to greet her wherever she went, and sonnets and flowers were showered upon the stage, but money was so difficult to obtain that in 1855 she left Italy to try her fortune again in America. Her operatic *début* in this country was made in Philadelphia, once more in

the part of *Arsace*, and was in every way successful. Her popularity soon became assured. During the next few years she visited all parts of this country, and appeared successfully in Paris and other European cities. In Poland she was much struck by the appearance of her audience, all the ladies being attired in black. They were in mourning for their country. In Cuba, where she learned to speak Spanish like a native, she was received with a favor which she reciprocated.

“My greatest artistic success, my true appreciation,” she used to say, “was in Havana.”

During one of her visits to Havana with an opera troupe, a young girl of the chorus with whom she had made acquaintance during the voyage, was attacked by the yellow fever. Without a moment's thought of herself, Miss Phillips went to her and nursed her throughout the whole of her illness. She took the disease herself, nearly died of it, lost all her beautiful hair, and was never again the strong, healthy woman she had been.

This was of course an exceptional act, but her kindness, her generosity, and sympathy made her peculiarly dear to her friends. Her devotion to the interests of her family was unflinching. She was never so happy as when she lived with her brothers and sisters in the lovely country home at Marshfield, which she helped to beautify with her hands and her money. There she loved to be, whenever her arduous profession allowed her to rest. There she watched the growth of fruit and flowers, spent half her days out of doors, and enjoyed the society of half a dozen favorite dogs. There, too, she gave occasional entertainments, when her beautiful voice, her powers of mimicry, and her rare talent as a story teller, were all called into play to charm her guests. Although her heart was in this quiet country place and the constant activity and frequent journeys which her engagements necessitated

were often distasteful to her, she held her profession in honor, and loyally resented all imputations cast upon it.

“The actual work behind the scenes,” she used to say, “leaves no time for the sort of things people imagine; we are too busy, often too anxious, to attend to anything but our parts. The heroes and the heroines of the opera are seldom the lovers they enact; often quite the reverse.”

Nor did she undervalue the applause of the public. It was most welcome to her, and she labored with scrupulous fidelity to deserve it, taking infinite pains with little things as well as great, never for a moment inattentive or careless. She learned from an officer in the army the best way to sheathe her sword, and for many other such details she sought out and consulted those who she thought would be able to instruct her.

The praise she most enjoyed, however, was that of her friends; and the most precious tribute to her powers was not that of the critics. She always looked back with peculiar pride to one evening at an entertainment in a fashionable house in New York, when she sang “Kathleen Mavourneen” to a large company. While she was singing a young Irish serving maid entered the room with a tray in her hand, and was so overcome with emotion, that forgetting her duties and her deportment alike, she sank down in a chair and burst into tears. At another time, at a hotel in the mountains, where Miss Phillips had refused to sing in public, having gone there in search of rest, she was found seated in the kitchen surrounded by guides and servants, all crying heartily at her pathetic singing of “Auld Robin Gray.”

The same magnetic power that characterized her singing was exerted by her voice in speaking, when she chose to coax or command. Its influence was once acknowledged by a naughty little girl, who, having successfully resisted her parents and relatives, came and seated herself meekly at Miss Phillips' feet, saying:



“You have made me good, though I did not mean you should.”

Miss Phillips worked excessively hard, and after her health began to give way she kept on too long. She went abroad with her sister in 1882, hoping that rest and change would restore her. It was too late; she died at Carlsbad, October 3, 1882, not fifty years of age. She lies buried in the cemetery at Marshfield in Massachusetts, near the grave of Daniel Webster. She was a conscientious artist and high-principled, too generous woman. There is perhaps no vocation so arduous as hers, for a public singer, besides serving an exacting, fastidious, inconsiderate, and capricious master, the public, is also a slave to her voice. She rests in peace after a life of arduous toil, and her memory is dear to many who knew her worth.\*

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\* Adelaide Phillips, a Record. By Mrs. R. C. Waterston. Boston, 1883.

## XXVIII.

### TWO QUEENS. THE DAUGHTERS OF JAMES II OF ENGLAND.

IT is interesting to turn over a chestful of old family letters stored away in a garret which has been closed, perhaps, for a century. There is a lady living in Holland called the Countess of Bentinet, who has long possessed a rare treasure of this kind, a box of old letters written by James II of England and his two daughters, Mary and Anne, both of whom reigned after their father lost his crown by turning Catholic. Recently, the Countess of Bentinet has published these letters in Holland, and now all the world can read what these royal personages thought in the crisis of their fate, in the very years (1687 and 1688) when James was estranging all his Protestant subjects, and when his daughters, Mary of Orange and the Princess Anne, were looking on and watching the events which were to call them to the throne of Great Britain.

The Princess Mary, a beautiful woman twenty-six years of age, was then living in Holland in the palace of her husband, William, Prince of Orange, whom she devotedly loved. The Princess Anne, married to a son of the King of Denmark, lived in England. Both sisters, if we may judge by their letters, were warmly attached to the Church of England. Nevertheless, upon reading Mary's letters, some uncharitable persons might use the language of Shakespeare and say, "The lady doth *protest* too much." As to the King, her father, he gave proof of his sincerity by sacrificing his throne to his convictions. The first letter of importance in this collection is one

written by James II to his eldest daughter Mary, giving her, in compliance with her request, the reasons why he had changed his religion. This letter was written November 4, 1687, about a year before William of Orange invaded England and seized the crown.

“I must tell you first,” wrote the King, “that I was brought up very strictly in the English Church by Dr. Stuart, to whom the King, my father, gave particular instructions to that end, and I was so zealous that when the Queen, my mother, tried to rear my brother, the Duke of Gloucester, in the Catholic religion, I did my utmost (preserving always the respect due her) to keep him firm in his first principles, and as young people often do, I thought it was a point of honor to be firmly attached to the sentiments in which I was reared.”

He proceeds to tell her that, after the dethronement of his father, Charles I, and all the time he lived an exile in foreign countries, no Catholic ever attempted to convert him; and he assures her that his change of faith began within himself. The first thing that attracted his attention, he tells his daughter, was the great devotion that he remarked among Catholics of all ranks and conditions, and the frequent reformation of Catholic young men who had previously been dissolute.

“I observed also,” he says, “the becoming manner of their public worship, their churches so well adorned, and the great charities which they maintained; all of which made me begin to have a better opinion of their religion, and compelled me to enquire into it more carefully.”

Having reached this point, he began to study the doctrines in dispute, as they were presented in well-known books, and particularly in the New Testament, which, he says, plainly reveals “an infallible Church,” against which the gates of hell shall not prevail. This was his main position, which he fortified by quoting the usual

texts. He writes on this subject at great length to his daughter, and it is impossible to doubt that he gave utterance to what he really believed and warmly felt. All these letters, I should explain, are written in the French language, which had probably been the language of the family since the time of their ancestor, Mary, Queen of Scots, great-grandmother to James II. Princess Mary kept even her private diary in French, wrote to her sister Anne in French, and probably knew the French language much better than she did the English. In the public library at the Hague there is a splendid English Bible, which was handed to her when she was crowned Queen in Westminster Abbey, on the title-page of which are these words, in her own hand :

“This book was given the king and I at our coronation.  
MARIE R.”

Her French is better than this, and even the spelling is no worse than was common among educated French ladies of that period. She answered the King's letter at inordinate length, and employed all the forms of respect then used towards monarchs, beginning her letter with “Sire,” and always addressing her father as “V. M.,” which signifies *Votre Majesté*. She showed a good deal of skill and tact in meeting his arguments, and it is possible that she had the aid of some learned doctor of divinity. Upon the question of the infallibility of the Roman Church, she says :

“I have never understood that it has been decided, even by Catholics themselves, whether this infallibility rests in the Pope alone, or in a General Council, or in both together ; and I hope Your Majesty will be willing to permit me to ask where it was when there were three popes at once, each of whom had his Council called General, and when all the popes thundered anathemas against one another ?”

She argued this point at considerable length, because, as she remarked, "if the infallibility be conceded, every other claim follows as a matter of course." The King ordered his ambassador to Holland to supply the Princess with the best Catholic books, in which the points of difference were treated by theologians. This command was obeyed, and the Princess dutifully read some of them, and wrote her opinion of them to her father. She would have made a very good reviewer, so apt was she to seize the weak places of a book. One of the Catholic authors remarked that people could never be convinced by insults and violence.

"I must believe, then," said she, "that the first edition of his book was published before the King of France (Louis XIV) began to convert people by his dragoons, since toward the end of his work he gives high praise to that king."

The same author objected to the circulation of the Bible on the ground that "*women and ignorant people*" could not understand it. Without stopping to remark upon the contemptuous allusion to the intellect of her sex, she observes, in reply, that "our souls are as precious in the eyes of God as the wisest, for before Him there is no respect of persons." And, besides, as she continues:

"God requires of each person according to what he has, and not according to what he has not; through His mercy He has left us a written Word which is clear and exact."

She also quoted the texts relied on by Protestants, such as, "Search the Scriptures," and others; showing a surprising familiarity with the controversies of the time, which indeed were to her and her sister of the most vital interest. More than a crown was at stake. If their father held on his course, Mary might at any moment be called upon to fill a vacant throne, or be the nominal head of a rebellion against her own father. Anne, mean-



while, was full of anxiety and apprehension. It was her cruel fate to become the mother of seventeen children, all of whom died in childhood; so that for many years she lived in almost continual anxiety, each child bringing new hopes, which were soon changed to apprehension and despair. At this very time she wrote to her sister from her palace in London, called the Cockpit:

“I cannot say half of what I wish because I am obliged to return immediately to my poor child, for I am more anxious when I am absent from her.”

It was nearly twenty years before she ceased to hope. All her children perished in infancy except one, who lived to be eleven years old; so that the sentence just quoted represents a great part of the history of her married life. In October, 1688, William, Prince of Orange, with a fleet of six hundred vessels, sailed for England, leaving his wife in Holland to pray for his success. She relates in her diary the manner of their parting, which was certainly peculiar.

“In case,” said the Prince, “it pleases God that I never more see you, it will be necessary for you to marry again.”

These words, she says, surprised her and rent her heart.

“There is no need,” continued the Prince, “for me to tell you not to marry a Papist.”

On uttering these words he burst into tears, and as soon as he could command his voice he assured her that it was only his anxiety for the reformed religion which made him speak as he had done. She did not know what to reply. But at last she said:

“I have never loved any one but you, and should not know how to love another. Besides, as I have been married so many years without having the blessing of a child, I believe that that is sufficient to exempt me from ever thinking of what you propose.”

She accompanied the Prince to his ship and saw the fleet set sail. A month passed before she heard news of him, during which she spent most of her time in public and private prayers, as did also all her court, and a great number of the people of Holland.

“Every morning,” she records, “I attended the French prayers which were held in my own house. At noon, I joined in the English prayers; and at five in the afternoon, I attended church to hear a sermon; at half-past seven in the evening, I was present at evening prayers. All this I did constantly, God by His grace giving me health to be able to do it. Every Friday we had a particular solemnity in my house, where I then had an English sermon preached. But my enemy, the devil, found means to stir up within me scruples and fears, causing me to apprehend that by all these public devotions I was attracting the praises of men, and that that would excite my vanity. I feared also that if I should abstain from them and remain at home, I should not give them that good example and encouragement to devotion which was my duty in the rank in which it had pleased God to place me. Hence, whether I went to prayers or abstained, I saw something to fear. Nevertheless, thanks be to God, I resolved to do my duty without troubling myself as to the consequences.”

During that month of suspense, the Princess received no company. When at length she was assured that her husband had made a safe landing, she resumed her receptions, four days in the week, at which, however, as she herself records, “I did not play at cards.” A young lady has seldom been so cruelly situated as she was then; her husband having invaded the dominions of her father with the deliberate intention to drive him from his throne and country. It is evident from these letters that she had no scruples of conscience in the matter, but gave all

her heart and approval to her husband. She opposed her father, not merely because he was a Catholic, but wished to make England Catholic. She believed that he was trying to pass off upon the people of England a spurious child, who would continue the work which he had begun, and fasten upon Great Britain a line of Catholic kings.

Success rewarded the efforts of the Prince of Orange, and in a few weeks Mary joined him in England. In April, 1689, William and Mary were crowned at Westminster Abbey, King and Queen of England. As she was not merely Queen by right of marriage, but by right of birth, she was crowned in all respects as a monarch, being girt with a sword, placed upon the throne, and presented with a Bible, a pair of spurs, and a small globe.

The gracious manners of Queen Mary, her pronounced piety, and her noble presence went far towards reconciling the people to the ungenial demeanor of her husband. It was she who introduced into England the taste for collecting china, which has been often since revived, and which prevails even at this day. She continued to write letters to her old friends in Holland, and to make entries into her diary, some of which are printed in the volume under consideration. Her husband did not find Ireland so easy to conquer as England, and it was not till the summer of 1691 that the Catholic Irish were finally subdued. When the news of victory reached England, the churches opened, and the people thronged to them to offer thanks to God. Queen Mary, at the Palace of Kensington, wrote thus in her diary :

“What thanks ought I to render, O my soul, to thy Lord for all His bounties? They are indeed new every morning, and I can well say: it is of thy mercy, O Lord, that we are not consumed, for Thy mercy endureth forever. But what are we, thy poor sinful people of this country, what is my husband, and what am I, that we

should receive so many favors? O my God, to thee be all the glory! May we learn to humble ourselves truly before Him, and may all those poor people in Ireland, as well as ourselves here, being delivered from our enemies, serve Thee in holiness and justice all the days of our lives!"

Queen Mary did not long enjoy her royal state. At the early age of thirty-two, in the very bloom and lustre of her maturity, she was seized with small-pox, and died in a few days. The King, her husband, was led, almost insensible, from the chamber of death, and when he died, eight years after, a gold ring, containing a lock of Mary's hair, was found next to his person suspended by a black silk ribbon. The childless Anne then succeeded to the throne. So much for this box of royal letters, now opened for the first time in this country.

## XXIX.

### AN EVENING WITH RACHEL.

IT was the evening of May 29, 1839, when this supper occurred, of which the reader, after the lapse of thirty-eight years, is invited to partake. Mademoiselle Rachel had performed in Voltaire's tragedy of "Tancrède" to a crowded and enraptured audience, for she was then in the flush of her first celebrity, only eleven months having elapsed since her first appearance in classic tragedy.

The real name of this "sublime child," as the French poets love to style her, was Elizabeth Rachel Felix, and she was born in Switzerland, the daughter of a Jewish peddler. In her early days she used to sing in the cafés of Paris, accompanying herself on an old guitar. She was about eleven years of age when her voice caught the ear of one of the founders of the Royal Conservatory of Music, who placed her in one of its classes, and agreed to defray the expenses of her education. Her voice not proving to be as promising as her benefactor imagined, he procured an admission for her into a declamation class, where her wonderful talent was trained and developed.

She made her first appearance at the Théâtre Français, in September, 1838, and she was speedily accepted as the first actress of the age. The fortunes of the theater, which had been at the lowest ebb, were restored, and her father demanded for her, and in time obtained, a revenue of eighty thousand francs per annum.

It was a night, as I have just said, of Voltaire's



“*Tancrède*,” in which she played the part of the heroine, *Aménouide*, the beloved of *Tancrède*, a part in which she produced thrilling effects. In the audience, on that occasion, sat Alfred de Musset, one of the most admired of recent French poets, who had been for some time a friend of the new actress and of her family, as well as one of the warmest appreciators of her genius. At the end of an act he went behind the scenes to compliment her upon the beauty and fitness of her costume. Toward the close of the play she was to read a letter from her lover, mortally wounded upon the field of battle, who was dying under the impression that she had betrayed him. The letter runs thus :

“I could not survive your perfidy. I die on the battlefield, but I die of wounds inflicted by you. I wished, cruel woman, in exposing myself for you, to save at once your glory and your life.”

Never before had she read this letter with such tender pathos ; and she said afterwards that she had been moved to such a degree herself, that she could scarcely go on with the part. At ten o'clock the play ended, for a French tragedy only lasts about an hour and a half. De Musset on leaving the theater met her by chance in the street, going home with one of her friends, and followed by a crowd of her special admirers, members of the press, artists, and others. The poet saluted her, and she responded by saying :

“Come home to supper with us.”

So he joined the throng, and they were soon all seated in her parlor—Rachel, her sister Sarah, their mother, Alfred de Musset, and several others. The events of the evening were afterwards recorded by the poet, as he says, “with the exactness of shorthand,” and the narrative has been published since his death in a volume of his last writings and familiar letters. After some trifling

conversation, Rachel discovered that she had left her rings and bracelets at the theater, and she sent her servant back for them. But she had only one servant, and, behold! there was no one to get the supper ready. Rachel, nothing abashed, took off some of her finery, put on a dressing sacque and night cap, and went into the kitchen. Fifteen minutes passed. She reappeared, "as pretty as an angel," carrying a dish in which were three beefsteaks cooked by herself. She placed the dish in the middle of the table, and gaily said:

"Regale!"

She then went back to the kitchen and returned with a tureen of smoking soup in one hand, and in the other a saucepan full of spinach. That was the supper. No plates, no spoons; for the servant had carried away the keys of the cupboard. Rachel opened the sideboard, found a salad dish full of salad, discovered one plate, took some salad with the wooden salad spoon, sat down and began to eat.

"But," cried her mother, who was very hungry, "there are some brass platters in the kitchen."

Rachel dutifully brought them and distributed them among the guests; and while they were eating, as best they could, the following conversation took place:

Mother—My dear, your steaks are overdone.

Rachel—It is true; they are as hard as wood. When I did our housekeeping I was a better cook. It is one talent the less. No matter; I have lost on one side, but I have gained on the other. You don't eat, Sarah.

Sarah—No, I cannot eat from brass plates.

Rachel—Oh! It is since I bought a dozen silver plates with my savings that you can no longer endure brass! If I become richer, you will want one servant behind your chair and another before it. Never will I turn those old platters out of our house. They have served us too long for that. Haven't they, mother?

Mother (*her mouth full*)—What do you say, child?

Rachel (*to the poet*)—Just think; when I played at the Theater Molière, I had only two pairs of stockings, and every morning—

Here Sarah began to gabble German, in order to prevent her sister from going on with her story.

Rachel—No German here! There is nothing to be ashamed of! I had, I say, only two pairs of stockings, and I was obliged to wash one pair every morning to wear on the stage. That pair was hanging in my room upon a clothes horse, while I wore the other pair.

The Poet—And *you* did the housekeeping?

Rachel—I was up at six every morning, and by eight all the beds were made. Then I went to market to buy our dinner.

The Poet—And did you keep a little change out of the market money?

Rachel—No. I was a very honest cook. Was I not, mother?

Mother (*still stuffing*)—O, yes; that you were indeed.

Rachel—Once only I was a thief for a month. When I bought four sous' worth, I called it five, and when I paid ten sous I put it down twelve. At the end of the month I found myself mistress of three francs.

The Poet (*in a severe tone*)—Mademoiselle, what did you do with those three francs?

Rachel was silent.

Mother—She bought the works of Molière with them.

The Poet—Did you, really?

Rachel—Yes, indeed. I had already a Corneille and a Racine; I had to have a Molière. I bought it with my three francs, and then I confessed my crimes.

At this point of the conversation some of the company rose to go, and soon all the guests departed, except De Musset, and two or three intimate friends. The servant

returned from the theater and placed upon the table some brilliant rings, two magnificent bracelets and a golden coronet. many thousand francs' worth of jewelry, all glittering in the midst of the brass plates and the remains of the supper. The poet, meanwhile, startled at the idea of her keeping house, working in the kitchen, making beds, and undergoing the fatigues incident to poverty, looked at her hands, fearing to find them ugly or spoiled. He observed, on the contrary, that they were small, white, and plump, with the slenderest fingers. She had the hands of a princess.

Her sister Sarah, who did not eat, continued to scold in German. That morning, indeed, she had been guilty of some escapade a little too far from the maternal wing, and she had obtained her pardon and her place at the table only in consequence of her sister's entreaties.

Rachel (*replying to the German growls*)—You plague me! For my part, I like to recall my youth. I remember that one day I wanted to make some punch in one of these very brass plates. I held my plate over a candle, and it melted in my hand. Speaking of that, Sophie, bring me some cherry brandy. Let us have some punch. There! I have had enough. I have done my supper.

The maid returned, bringing a bottle.

Mother—Sophie has made a mistake. That is a bottle of absinthe.

The Poet—Give me a little of it.

Rachel—O, how glad I should be to have you take something in our house.

Mother—They say that absinthe is very wholesome.

The Poet—Not at all. It is pernicious and detestable.

Sarah—Then why do you ask for some?

The Poet—In order to have it to say that I took something here.

Rachel—I wish to drink a little of it.

So saying, she poured some absinthe into a glass of water and drank it. They brought her a silver bowl, into which she put sugar and cherry brandy, after which she set fire to her punch, and made it blaze.

Rachel—I love that blue flame.

The Poet—It is much prettier when there is no light in the room.

Rachel—Sophie, take away the candles.

Mother—Not at all; not at all! What an idea!

Rachel (*aside*)—This is unsupportable! Pardon, dear mother; you are good, you are charming (kissing her); but I want Sophie to carry away the candles.

Upon this, the poet himself took the two candles and put them under the table, which produced the effect of twilight. The mother, by turns green and blue from the glimmer of the blazing punch, leveled her eyes upon De Musset, and watched all his movements. He put the candles back upon the table.

A Flatterer—Mademoiselle Rabat was not beautiful this evening.

The Poet—You are hard to please. I thought her pretty enough.

Another Flatterer—She has no intelligence.

Rachel—Why do you say that? She is not so stupid as many others; and, besides, she is a good girl. Let her alone. I do not like to have my comrades spoken of in that way.

The punch was ready. Rachel filled the glasses and handed them about to the company. She poured the rest of the punch into a soup plate, and began to drink it with a spoon. Then she took the poet's cane, drew the sword from it, and picked her teeth with the point.

Here ended, for that evening, all common talk and child's play. A single word sufficed to change the character of the scene, and to convert this unformed child into an artist.



The Poet—How you read that letter, this evening! You were really moved.

Rachel—Yes; it seemed to me as if something within me was going to give way. But it is no matter; I do not like that piece much. It is false.

The Poet—Do you prefer the plays of Corneille and Racine?

Rachel—I like Corneille very much; and yet, he is sometimes trivial, sometimes bombastic. He comes short of the truth.

The Poet—O! gently, mademoiselle!

Rachel—Let us see. When in Horace, for example, Sabine says: "One can change a lover, but not a husband;" well, I don't like it. It is gross.

The Poet—You will confess, at least, that it is true.

Rachel—Yes; but is it worthy of Corneille? Talk to me of Racine! *There* is a man I adore! All that he says is so beautiful, so true, so noble.

The Poet—Speaking of Racine, do you remember receiving some time ago an anonymous letter which gave you advice respecting the last scene in "Mithridate"?

Rachel—Perfectly; I followed the advice given me, and ever since I have always been applauded in that scene. Do you know the person that wrote to me?

The Poet—Very well; she is the woman in all Paris who has the greatest mind and the smallest foot. What part are you studying now?

Rachel—We are going to play this summer, "Marie Stuart," and afterwards, "Polyeucte," and, perhaps—

The Poet—Well?

Rachel (*striking the table*)—Well, I wish to play *Phèdre*! They tell me I am too young, that I am too thin, and a hundred other follies. I simply reply: It is the most beautiful role of Racine; I aspire to play it.

Sarah—My dear, perhaps you are wrong.

Rachel—Never mind! If people think that I am too young, and that the part is not suitable to me, what then, *parbleu!* There were many who thought the same when I played *Roxane*; and what harm did it do me? If they say I am too thin, I maintain that it is a *betise*. A woman who has an infamous passion, but dies rather than yield to it; a woman who has been dried up in the fires of affliction, such a woman cannot have a chest like Madam Paradol. It would be a contradiction in nature. I have read the part ten times in the last eight days. How I shall play it I do not know; but I tell you that I feel it. In vain the newspapers object; they will not disgust me with the part. The newspapers, instead of helping me and encouraging me, exhaust their ingenuity in injuring me. But I will play that part if only four persons come to see me! Yes (turning to De Musset), I have read certain articles full of candor and of conscience, and I know nothing better or more useful; but there *are* people who use their weapons only to lie, to destroy! They are worse than thieves or assassins. They kill the soul with pin pricks! O, it seems to me that I could poison them.

Mother—My dear, you do nothing but talk; you tire yourself out. This morning you were up at six o'clock; I do not know what your legs are made of. After talking all day you played this evening. You will make yourself sick.

Rachel (*eagerly*)—No; let me alone! I tell you, *no!* It is that which keeps me alive. Would you like me (turning to De Musset) to go and get the book? We will read the piece together.

The Poet—Would I like it! You could propose nothing more agreeable to me.

Sarah—But, my dear, it is half-past eleven.

Rachel—Very well; who hinders you from going to bed?

Sarah went to bed. Rachel rose and left the room, returning in a moment carrying the volume of Racine in her hands, with something in her air and step which seemed to the poet to savor of the solemn and religious. It was the manner of a celebrant approaching the altar bearing the sacred vessels. She took a seat next De Musset, and snuffed the candles. Her mother fell into a doze.

Rachel (*opening the book in a manner expressive of profound respect, and bending over it*)—How I love this man! When I put my nose into this book, I could remain two days without eating or drinking.

The poet and the actress then began to read that "Phèdre" which French critics, from Voltaire to Sainte Beuve, unite in thinking the supreme product of the French drama. The book lay open between them. The rest of the company, one after the other, took their leave, Rachel nodding a slight farewell as each withdrew, and continuing to read. At first she repeated the lines in a monotonous tone, as though she was saying a litany. Gradually she kindled. They exchanged remarks and ideas upon each passage. She came at last to the declaration. She extended one arm straight upon the table, and with her forehead leaning upon her left hand she abandoned herself entirely to the reading. Nevertheless, she still spoke only in half voice. Suddenly her eyes sparkled. The genius of Racine lighted up her countenance. She grew pale and red by turns. Never had her companion seen anything so beautiful, so moving; at the theater she had never produced such an effect upon him. All the circumstances concurred to deepen the impression; her fatigue, a slight hoarseness, the evident stimulus of the punch, the lateness of the hour, the almost feverish animation of that little face with the pretty night cap over it, the brilliancy of her eyes, a certain infantile smile which occasionally flitted across her counte-

nance—even the disordered table, the unsnuffed candle, the dozing mother—all made up a picture worthy of Rembrandt, a chapter that might figure in Wilhelm Meister, and a reminiscence of artist life never to be effaced.

Half-past twelve arrived. The father of the family came in from the opera. As soon as he was seated he ordered his daughter, in tones which seemed brutal to the poet, to stop her reading. Rachel closed the book, and said in a low tone, "This is revolting; I will buy a book-holder and read in bed." De Musset looked at her and saw large tears rolling from her eyes. It was to him, indeed, most revolting to hear this wonderful creature addressed in such a manner; and he took his leave full of admiration, respect, and emotion.

Brutal as may have been the father's manner, we are obliged to confess that he was substantially right; and if this gifted girl had taken his advice, only so far as to go to bed when her work was done, she would not have died at the age of thirty-seven, when, in the course of nature, she would not have reached the full development of her powers. Alfred De Musset began soon after to write a play for her which he did not live to complete; for he, too, was one of the brilliant people who burn the candle of life at both ends, and live in disregard of those physical conditions of welfare which no man or woman can violate with impunity.

In Paris, that night, there were a thousand suppers more sumptuous and splendid. The chance presence of a sympathetic reporter, by preserving a record of this one, reveals to us the sublime child herself and the atmosphere in which she lived. Strange that our cherished apparatus of education should give us mediocrity, while genius is generated under the rudest conditions, and develops itself, not merely without help, but in spite of the harshest hindrance!

### XXX.

#### JOSEPHINE AND BONAPARTE.

WE get much light upon Josephine, and upon Napoleon's general brutality towards women from the Memoirs of Madame de Rémusat, which the people of Paris have been reading lately with so much interest. This lady was a member of the household of the Empress Josephine for several years, and she gives us an inside view of Napoleon's court which is highly edifying. A particularly interesting chapter is that in which the coronation of Bonaparte and Josephine is related; a scene which Thiers has described with extraordinary splendor and graphic power. Thiers gives us the outside of the wondrous show; Madame de Rémusat the inside.

It was November, 1804. The new emperor and empress were at the palace of Saint-Cloud, with the ladies and gentlemen of their "households," a great company of noted persons, all looking forward with intensest interest to the coming spectacle. The brothers and sisters of Napoleon were there with their families and retinue. A great preliminary question agitated the circle, respecting the position of Josephine in the ceremony of the coronation. Should she be a spectator or a participant? All in a word: Was she about to be crowned or divorced? Bonaparte himself passionately desired an heir to his new throne, which Josephine could never give him. In his address to the Senate, formally accepting the throne, he used such language as this:



“*My descendants* will long preserve this throne. In the field, they will be the first soldiers of the army, sacrificing their lives for the defence of their country. As magistrates, they will never lose sight of the truth that contempt for the laws and of the social order are only the results of the weakness and indecision of princes.”

To the people of France the full significance of these words was not apparent; but Josephine and all the family of Bonaparte knew very well what they meant. His brothers and sisters, who had nothing of Napoleon but his littleness, urged him with excessive importunity to seize this occasion to set Josephine aside. If they had been less persistent, they might have succeeded, for the emperor was strongly tempted to begin his reign with this act of baseness. Josephine herself was torn with anxiety, for she loved the pomps and splendors of a court, and was really attached to her husband. In the crisis of these family intrigues an incident occurred which came near deciding the question against Josephine.

Imagine a large drawing-room at Saint-Cloud, with windows looking out upon the beautiful gardens of that royal château, and commanding a view of the opposite wing in which were the emperor's own rooms. Imagine this drawing-room filled with the ladies belonging to the household of the empress, occupied in various idle employments. One of the ladies suddenly leaves the apartment, and Josephine, who had been for some weeks very jealous of her, looks out of the window, and sees her enter the emperor's cabinet. She took Madame de Rémusat aside, and said to her in fierce whispers :

“I am going this very hour to know the truth of the matter. Remain in this saloon with all my circle, and if any one asks what has become of me, you will say that the emperor has sent for me.”

The lady strove to retain her, but she was beside her-

self with passion, and would not listen to her. Josephine left the room, and was gone for half an hour. Then returning, she ordered Madame de Rémusat to follow her into her chamber.

“All is lost!” cried the empress, as soon as they were alone; “and what I suspected is only too true. I sought the emperor in his cabinet. He was not there! Then I went by the secret staircase to the little suite of rooms above. I found the door shut, but through the keyhole I heard their voices. I knocked very loud, saying who I was. When the door was opened I burst into reproaches, and she began to cry. Bonaparte flew into a passion so violent that I scarcely had time to escape from his resentment. In truth, I am still trembling; for I do not know to what excess he would have carried his fury. No doubt he will come here, and I expect a terrible scene.”

“Do not commit a second fault,” said Madame de Rémusat; “for the emperor would never forgive your making a confidante of any one whatever in this matter. Let me leave you, madame. He must find you alone, and do try to soften him, and repair so great an imprudence.”

There was indeed a terrible scene between the most arbitrary of men and his jealous wife. As soon as he was gone, Josephine called Madame de Rémusat to her and told her that Bonaparte in his anger had broken some of the furniture, and given her notice to prepare to leave Saint-Cloud, as he was tired of being watched by a jealous woman. He was resolved, he said, to shake off such a yoke, and then do what his policy required—marry a woman who could give him children. Upon leaving her, he sent to Paris for her son Eugene to come and take charge of his mother’s departure from the palace.

“I am lost beyond resource,” said Josephine.

Eugene arrived. He behaved nobly, refusing all

recompense and benefits of every kind, and declaring that he would devote himself to his mother, even if he had to go back with her to Martinique, her native island. Bonaparte appeared struck with this generous devotion, and listened to the young man in "ferocious silence." A few days passed. Josephine acted upon the advice of her lady, and played the part of the contrite and submissive wife. Napoleon, who had really loved her after his fashion, was soon mollified, and he then endeavored to persuade her to spare him the pain of sending her away by going away herself.

"I have not the courage," said he to her, "to take the last resolution, and if you exhibit too much sorrow, and if you only obey me, I feel that I shall never be firm enough to compel you to leave me; but, I confess, I greatly desire that you should resign yourself to the interest of my policy, and that you yourself should relieve me of the embarrassment of this painful separation."

To all such words as these, Josephine only replied by the penetrating eloquence of tears. These might not have succeeded if the other Bonapartes had not urged the divorce with the vehemence of personal jealousy and dislike. They thought they had succeeded, and boasted of their triumph a little too openly and confidently. Napoleon perceived this, and suddenly determined to disappoint them. He told her one evening that the Pope was about to arrive, who would crown them both in the cathedral of Nôtre Dame.

The preparations now went forward with great rapidity. There were private rehearsals of the coronation, attended by the artist David, who directed the positions of each performer, and arranged all the details of the scene. It was on one of these occasions that Napoleon announced his intention of putting the crown upon his own head; for, said he:

“I found the crown of France on the ground, and I picked it up.”

On the great day, the sisters of Napoleon were forced to carry the train of the empress; a duty which they performed with so much repugnance, and so badly, that she could scarcely walk, until the emperor growled a sharp reproof through his clenched teeth.

The most startling anecdote which these Memoirs have so far given, is one showing that Napoleon was willing at one time to palm off on the French people a false heir to the throne. Attempts of this kind have been the subject of more than one popular novel; but here it figures as a fact. Josephine, to save her crown, gave her consent to the fraud, and Bonaparte sent for his chief physician, Corvisart, to arrange with him the details. Dr. Corvisart proved to be a man of courage and honor. He refused to lend himself to the deception, and the notable project was of necessity given up. It was not until after the marriage of Bonaparte with Marie Louise and the birth of her son, that Dr. Corvisart confided this secret to Madame de Rémusat.

Such is personal government. Such are courts. Such are the consequences of resting the honor and safety of a nation upon one man.

## XXXI.

### LADY MORGAN.

IN naming one of her early novels "The Wild Irish Girl," Lady Morgan gave the public an inkling of her own character. The word *Wild*, however, has acquired opprobrious meanings, none of which apply to her innocent and high-bred vivacity. She was a true specimen of the Irish race, gay, witty, liberal, but ever loyal to friends and duty. No contrast could be greater than her exuberant gayety with the constrained existence and despotic formalism to which we are accustomed; and hence the interest she excites in us. Here is her strange, eventful history, a history possible only to a child of Erin.

On Christmas eve, 1783, a party was gathered in Dublin at the house of a popular Irish actor, by name Robert Owenson. His wife was not present, having excused herself on the plea of indisposition; but the feast progressed merrily, with singing, toasts, and story-telling, and it was already Christmas morning when a breathless messenger appeared on the threshold to inform the host of the arrival of an unexpected Christmas present from his wife. He hastily quitted the room on receiving the announcement, and an hour later returned beaming to his guests (who had not thought of dispersing in the meantime) bringing word that all was going well, and he was the proud father of "a dear little Irish girl," the blessing he had long wished for. This intelligence was greeted with a half-suppressed cheer by the company, who



arranged before they left to meet again a month later and celebrate the christening, one of them, Edward Lysaght, a noted lawyer and wit of that day, agreeing to stand sponsor.

The party then broke up, and made the best haste they could to their several homes, for the night was cold and the snow was falling. Lysaght, who had the farthest to go, trudged steadily onward, his mind yet filled with thoughts of the feast just over and of the little baby who was to be his goddaughter, while the notes of a Christmas carol, sung by a child whose form he could dimly perceive some distance in advance, floated back to his ears and fell in pleasantly with his thoughts. Overtaking the child, he was enabled to catch the last words of her song. They were the well-known refrain :

“Christmas comes but once a year,  
And when it comes it brings good cheer.”

As the song died away the singer sank down suddenly upon the steps of a brilliantly lighted house resounding with music and laughter. He went up to her and found that she was dead, still grasping her ballad in her hand.

This pathetic story of her birthnight was almost the first story told to Robert Owenson's little daughter, and a short poem upon the subject by Lysaght was the first thing she ever learned by heart.

Her christening took place according to agreement, a month after her birth, and the occasion was one of rejoicings truly Irish in their character. A branch of shillalah graced the table, and Mr. Owenson, who was a fine musician, sang, first in Irish and then in English, the famous song of “O'Rourke's Noble Feast,” the whole company joining enthusiastically in the chorus :

“Oh you are welcome heartily,  
Welcome, gramachree,  
Welcome heartily,  
Welcome joy!”

Later, the extremely young lady was herself brought in, and her health drunk standing with three times three, and the significant accompanying words, "Foghan Fah," or "wait awhile." It was an appropriate toast, for a 'while' not very long raised the little Sydney Owenson, who was thus cordially greeted upon her first appearance in society, to a position where few of her early friends expected to find her.

Robert Owenson was a gifted and hospitable Irishman; the only son of Walter MacOwen or Owenson, a Connaught farmer, and Sydney Crofton, the orphan granddaughter of Sir Malby Crofton of Longford House. His parents had made an indiscreet and romantic marriage. They met first at a hurling-match, where Miss Crofton was the Queen of Beauty who awarded the prize, and young Owenson the handsome athlete who won it. A few weeks after, they ran away together and were married, but the union did not prove a happy one, and the bride, who was a woman of talent, consoled herself as best she could with music and poetry. So well were her efforts appreciated by the neighboring peasants that they nicknamed her *Clasagh-na-Valla*, or *Harp of the Valley*. Her eloquence, however, was of more practical benefit to her son, since a certain Mr. Blake was so impressed by her recital of the wrongs inflicted by one of his ancestors upon a long dead MacOwen, that he carried off young Robert to London with him by way of amends. After a time a love affair with a pretty singer brought the young man into disgrace with his patron, and he took to the stage to support himself. A few years later, following the family custom, he ran away with and married Miss Jane Hill, the sister of a college friend.

It was from her father that Sydney Owenson, the namesake of poor *Clasagh-na-Valla*, derived those brilliant and winning qualities that made her famous; but it was her

English mother from whom she inherited her practical sense and business capacity, and perhaps also what she herself describes as her "sacred horror of debt."

During her early years the family fortunes were extremely unsettled, her father striving vainly to earn a respectable income by the combined pursuits of wine merchant and manager of a theatre. She and her younger sister Olivia received an irregular education, partly from their mother, partly at school. But they did not progress satisfactorily, and Sydney in particular was the despair of her mother, who had set her heart upon having her eldest daughter equal the achievements of a precocious little child of Rowland Hill's, who had read the Bible through twice before she was five, and knitted all the stockings worn by the coachman. Happily for the public good Mrs. Owenson's ambition was disappointed; her elfish little girl found it quite impossible to master the genealogy of the patriarchs, and could not be made to sit still and sew, but nothing that was going on about her escaped her inquisitive, bright eyes. She was deeply interested in all the trades carried on in the neighborhood, and did her best to become acquainted with their mysteries.

She even went so far as to set up a shop with her father's theatrical wigs, choosing for the purpose the only window fronting upon the street, and inscribing upon it, in her best and biggest hand-writing, SYDNEY OWENSON, SYSTEM, TETE AND PERUKE MAKER--which was the proper form of advertising at that period. What is more, she could have carried on the trade had she been permitted, having acquired the art through observing her father's hair-dresser.

She was also tolerably well instructed in chimney-sweeping, having closely observed the proceedings of a number of young sweeps who lived in a cellar across the way. On one occasion, when the school chimney caught

fire, she dashed out into the street and summoned in the the whole tribe of them to the rescue. They put out the fire, but filled the room with soot, greatly to the indignation of the school-mistress, who turned them all out into the street for their pains, and Sydney with them.

It was at about this time that she made her first literary venture. She was the happy owner of a large number of pets, chiefly among which was a great yellow cat, named Ginger. Ginger and Mrs. Owenson were not on the best of terms, and the discerning animal was glad to keep herself out of that lady's way, in a snug nook arranged for her underneath the sideboard by her little mistress. One evening, as Sydney was kneeling at her mother's knee, concluding her nightly prayer, with a blessing invoked upon her various friends, a soft purr was heard issuing from this retreat. Moved by so touching an appeal, she added to her usual petition the words, "God bless Ginger the cat!" Mrs. Owenson, much shocked, caught her by the shoulder and shook her, saying:

"What do you mean by that, you stupid child?"

"May I not say, 'bless Ginger?'" asked Sydney.

"Certainly not," replied Mrs. Owenson.

"Why mama?"

"Because Ginger is not a Christian!"

"*Why* is not Ginger a Christian?"

"Why? Because Ginger is only an animal."

"Am I a Christian, mama, or an animal?"

At this point Molly, the devoted household servant, was abruptly requested to take those troublesome children to bed, and teach them not to ask foolish questions. But even bed did not end the matter. Sydney's warmest feelings were aroused in sympathy with her poor un-Christian favorite, and while lying awake she composed a poem in its honor, which was next morning recited in

the kitchen amid great applause. James the butler took it down from the lips of the young poet; Molly corrected the proof; and at breakfast it was read to the family, winning praise from Mr. Owenson, and, which was more important, a pardon for both Sydney and Ginger. Here it is :

“My dear pussy cat,  
 Were I a mouse or rat  
     Sure I never would run off from you;  
 You're so funny and gay  
 With your tail when you play,  
     And no song is so sweet as your mew.

“But pray keep in your press,  
 And don't make a mess  
     When you share with your kittens our posset;  
 For mama can't abide you,  
 And I cannot hide you,  
     Except you keep close in your closet.”

In spite of Mrs. Owenson's antipathy to Ginger, and to most other things which her daughter particularly liked, Sydney was very fond of her mother, and her death a few years later was a terrible blow to her. It was thought best for the children to be out of the way for a few days after the event, and they were sent to stay with a friend who lived some miles distant. Sydney was not content to be separated from her father in his time of trouble. Twice she was captured and detained when about to return; but the third time she succeeded in squeezing herself through a hole cut in the barn-door for the dog, and ran the whole way home, never pausing till she found her father and threw herself into his arms.

During the next few years the condition of Mr. Owenson's business became worse and worse, till it at last resulted in bankruptcy, and he went away to Limerick to await a final meeting of his creditors. It was the girls'



vacation at the time, and they were left at home under the guardianship of the faithful Molly until their school should reopen, the true cause of their father's journey being unknown to them. But Sydney was not easily kept in the dark, and it was not long before her father received a letter from her, containing a strange mingling of foresight and simplicity.

“Mr. O’F—— has been here,” she wrote. “He has told me all, and I have seen your name on the list of Statutes of Bankruptcy. He said it was the best and honestest, indeed, the *only* thing that could be done, and that you will come out of this terrible dilemma as well considered and respected as you have hitherto lived; but that time, and great economy, and your resuming your theatrical position with Mr. Daly at the Theatre Royal, were indispensable. Now, for all this, dear sir, we must relieve you from the terrible expense you have been at for our education. Of *this*, I am resolved to relieve you, and to earn money for you instead of spending the little you will have for some time to come.”

An important statement in italics, follows: “*Now, dear papa, I have two novels nearly finished!*”

Her plan was to go out as a governess while she finished these works, and she had already heard of two situations, either of which she thought she could fill. A short postscript to the letter shows that her talent for being agreeable had already begun to be recognized.

“P. S. Captain Earle and Captain White Benson, who you may remember at Kilkenny were always running after us, called yesterday; but Molly would not let them in, which I thought was rather impertinent of her. However, as things are at present, I believe it was all for the best.”

Her next letter shows the manner in which she faced the embarrassments of her position. She begins by com-

plaining of a certain "odious Mrs. Anderson," who wanted her bill paid, and was "insolent" about it, and also of the landlady, who not only detained their piano, a hired one, when they wished to return it to the owners, but gave them warning to leave next week. Molly the dauntless defended the rights of her young charges, and the contest of words threatened at one time, greatly to their terror, to become a passage of arms. When this excitement was over the three sat down and indulged in a hearty cry, in the midst of which arrived M. Fontaine, Mr. Owenson's old ballet-master, and a devoted friend. He was in a carriage on his way to Dublin Castle, where he had recently been appointed Master of Ceremonies.

"Poor darling old gentleman," wrote Sydney to her "dearest Dad," "I thought he was going to cry with us (for we told him everything), instead of which, however, he threw up the window and cried out, 'Come up then, Martin my son, with your little violin'; and up comes Martin, more ugly and absurd than ever, with his little 'kit'; and what does dear old Fontaine do but put us in a circle, that we might dance a *chassez-à-la-ronde*, saying, 'enliven yourselves, my children, that is the only thing'; and only think, there we were; the next minute we were all of us—Molly, Martin, and Monsieur included—dancing away to the tune 'What a Beau your Granny is' (the only one that Martin can play), and we were all laughing ready to die until Livy gave Molly, who was in the way, a kick behind; she fell upon Martin, who fell upon his father, who fell upon me—and there we were, all sprawling like a pack of cards and laughing; and then, dear papa, Fontaine sent off Martin in the carriage to the confectioner's in Grafton street for some ices and biscuits; so that we had quite a feast and no time to think or be sorrowful."

Better even than this, the merry and wise old French-

man carried the girls off with him to the Castle, where they spent a triumphant evening, listening to songs and readings, observing the noted people present, and finally (owing to a judicious word from M. Fontaine to their hostess, Countess O'Haggerty) themselves singing a duet which took the company by storm.

Twice disappointed in her hope of obtaining a situation—both the places mentioned in her letter to her father being denied her on account of her youth—Sydney Owenson was at last engaged as governess and companion for the daughters of Mr. Featherstone, two pleasant girls of about her own age. The arrangement was made by their mother, while visiting in Dublin, and it was settled that Miss Owenson should join the family a few days later at their country seat, Bracklin Castle.

She was to leave Dublin by the night coach, and M. Fontaine, ever gay and ever friendly, gave a farewell party in her honor on the very evening of her departure. There was no danger of her missing the coach, he assured her, since it passed close by at the head of the street, and the driver had promised to blow his horn. She could bring her traveling dress with her in her bag, and change her costume before starting.

The party took place, and was highly successful. Indeed, so great was the general hilarity that the passage of time was forgotten, and in the midst of the dance, just as Miss Owenson was flying merrily through "Money in Both Pockets," with her favorite partner, the horn sounded its warning blast from the corner. There was not a moment to lose; a change of dress was not to be thought of. With her own bonnet hastily clapped on her head, and Molly's long cloak thrown over her shoulders, she dashed out of the door, accompanied by her partner bearing her valise, and escorted on her way by the whole excited company in a body. She made the best speed

she could, her pink silk shoes glancing over the icy pavement, and her muslin ball dress fluttering in the wind—and reached the stage just as the grumbling driver was preparing to go on without her.

At Kinigad, where she arrived late at night very tired and sleepy, she retired at once to her room in the inn, too confused to remember her baggage, and sure that she would have plenty of time to change her dress in the morning, before the carriage from Bracklin came to her. But what was her dismay when she rose and asked for her bag, to find that it had gone on with the stage! She could but resign herself to the inevitable, and towards noon, after a long drive, she presented herself in the drawing-room of the Castle, “pinched, cold, confused, and miserable,” to claim her new position. The whole family was assembled, and a general titter greeted her appearance, Mr. Featherstone alone regarding her fantastic attire with severe disapproval. For a moment she was daunted, but her native courage soon revived, and she told her story with such vividness and spirit, that her audience were completely overcome with mingled mirth and compassion for her sad plight, and as soon as she had concluded she was born off in a gale of laughter by the two girls, who ransacked their wardrobes to find her something to wear.

Nor was this all. At dinner, Mrs. Featherstone introduced her to two tutors, the parish priest, and the Protestant curate of the neighboring village, and she kept the table in a roar during the whole meal, while the servants who waited nearly choked themselves by stuffing napkins in their mouths, in a vain attempt to refrain from laughing. So pleased were her companions, that at dessert the priest, Father Murphy, arose with a glass of port wine in his hand to drink her health. After a polite bow and a “By your leave, Madame,” to the hostess, he turned to the new governess, exclaiming :

“This is a hearty welcome to ye to Westmeath, Miss Owenson; and this is to your health, mind, and body!”

Music followed, and she delighted her hearers with “Barbara Allen,” and her favorite Irish song, “Ned of the Hills.” The applause with which these selections were received was interrupted by the entrance of the butler, who announced that a piper had come from Castle-town, “to play in Miss Owenson.” At once the young ladies proposed a dance in the hall; partners were chosen; the music struck up; the servants crowded about the open doors to look on; and Sydney Owenson, always one of the lightest and most graceful of dancers, concluded her first day as a governess with an exultant Irish jig.

Imagine such a *début* as this in a staid English or American family!

In spite, however, of her startling entrance upon the scene, she fulfilled the duties of her position conscientiously and successfully, and devoted most of her leisure time to the completion of one of the two half-finished novels. The work was finally concluded in Dublin, where the Featherstones spent a portion of each year, and she determined to see it safely in the hands of the printer before returning to Bracklin Castle. The novel had been accomplished alone and unaided, and she resolved to keep her secret to the last, though she did not even know the difference between a publisher and a bookseller.

She rose early one morning, glided quietly down the stairs, appropriated to her own use the cloak and market-bonnet of the cook, which she found hanging in the hall, and slipped out of the house unperceived, carrying her manuscript neatly tied with a rose-colored ribbon under her arm. She had not the least idea where to go, and wandered about the business streets of the city, frightened and uncertain, until her eye fell upon a sign bearing the



words: "T. Smith, Printer and Bookseller." As she entered the doorway, the impish shop-boy, who was sweeping out the place, sent a cloud of dust into her face, then dropping his broom leaned his elbows on the counter and inquired:

"What do you plaize to want, Miss?"

"The gentleman of the house," she managed to reply.

"Which of them, young or ould?" asked the boy; but before she could answer an inner door opened, and a young soldier in full uniform, his musket over his shoulder, entered whistling "The Irish Volunteers," and stopped short, surprised at the unexpected apparition of an exceedingly pretty girl in an exceedingly ugly bonnet.

To add to the discomfort of the situation, the shop-boy, with a wink, put in his word: "Here's a young Miss wants to see yer, Master James;" whereupon Master James, much flattered by the announcement, advanced smilingly and chucked Miss Owenson under the chin. Before she could find words to resent this familiarity, an elderly gentleman in a great passion burst into the room, half-shaved, and still holding his razor and shaving cloth in his hand, and ordered the young soldier to be off "like a sky-rocket" to join his company, which was about to march. He then turned to poor Miss Owenson, and addressing her as "Honey," bade her sit down and he would be back in a jiffy. He vanished, but soon returned in a more presentable condition, and inquired what he could do for her. She was too confused to reply immediately, but after he had repeated the question she answered faintly, beginning to untie the rose-colored ribbon:

"I want to sell a book, please."

"To sell a book, dear? An ould one? for I sell new ones myself. And what is the name of it, and what is it about?"

The title, she told him, was *St. Clair*, and it was a novel

of sentiment, after the manner of Werter. But, unfortunately, Mr. Smith had never heard of "Werter," and, moreover, he was not a publisher at all. He told her so very good-naturedly, and the young authoress, "hot, hungry, flurried, and mortified," as she says in describing the incident, began to tie up her manuscript with unsteady fingers. She tried to meet the blow bravely, but tears came into her eyes in spite of herself, and kind-hearted Mr. Smith melted at once.

"Don't cry, dear—don't cry," he said consolingly. "There's money bid for you yet! But you're very young to turn author, and what's your name, dear?"

"Owenson, sir," she replied.

The name acted like an charm. Mr. Smith, who was an old friend of her father, asked her into the parlor and wrote a letter recommending her to Mr. Brown, a noted publisher of novels. So, courtesying, blushing, and wiping her eyes, she took her leave and set forth in search of Mr. Brown.

She found him without much trouble—a little old man in a bob-wig, looking over papers at a counter—and presented her letter, which he seemed by no means pleased to receive. He was still frowning at it when his wife entered from an inner room where breakfast was prepared, exclaiming :

"Mr. Brown, your tea is as cold as ice!"

Then, taking possession of the note, she asked what that was.

"A young lady who wants me to publish her novel, which I can't do," was the discouraging reply; "my hands are full already."

Poor Miss Owenson raised her handkerchief to her eyes; but Mrs. Brown, pitying her distress, told her to leave the book and she would see that it was carefully read. St. Clair, pink ribbons and all, remained on Mr.

Brown's counter, and a little later its venturesome young author entered her house unnoticed, returned her borrowed garments to their place, and joined the Featherstones at breakfast. Next day she went with the family to Bracklin, having forgotten to leave her address with the publisher.

She heard no more of St. Clair, until, during her next visit to Dublin, she accompanied Mrs. Featherstone to call on an invalid friend, and found a printed copy of her novel lying upon the window seat. She promptly communicated with Mr. Brown, who presented her with four copies—and nothing more. The book had some success, and was even translated into German with a remarkable preface, stating that the writer had strangled herself with a handkerchief for love. She afterwards rewrote it, and the new version was published in England.

She left the Featherstones in 1801, and in 1805 published her second novel, "The Novice of St. Dominic." Her handwriting was extremely illegible, and the work (it was in six volumes) was copied out for her as fast as she wrote it by Francis Crossley, a youth of eighteen, one of the most devoted of her many admirers. The book was issued in London, and she was promptly paid for it. Of the sum she received—her first literary earnings—the greater part was sent to her father; the rest she spent in purchasing a winter cloak and an Irish harp.

Her next effort, "The Wild Irish Girl," was in a new vein. It treated of the Irish scenes with which she was familiar, and described them with the humor, the fervor, and the patriotic feeling that marked her own truly Irish character. The plot was based upon an incident in her own life, and the fact that public opinion identified her with her heroine, is shown by the letters she received from her friends, in which she is quite as often addressed by the name of *Glorvina*, as by that of Sydney. Some

of her notes from Lord Abercorn begin simply "Dear Little Glo." The book had an immediate and triumphant success, and from that time until her death she was one of the most conspicuous figures in the literature and society of her day.

In 1810, after much hesitation, she once more resigned her liberty to accept the pressing invitation of Lord and Lady Abercorn to become a member of their household. This decision affected the course of her whole life, since it was at their house that she met her future husband, Sir Charles, then plain Doctor Morgan. Lady Abercorn, a benevolent but not very adroit woman, equally attached to her sprightly companion and her handsome young physician, soon determined to arrange a match between them. It was some time before they met; but she made such good use of her opportunities to praise each to the other, that Miss Owenson (at her request) had already written a humorous mock "Diploma of the University of Saint Glorvina" for the doctor, before ever seeing him; while that gentleman on his part conceived so deep a prejudice against a woman whom he pictured as an uncomfortable paragon, that he determined to avoid her at all hazards. But fate decreed otherwise. One day, as he was quietly seated talking with Lady Abercorn, the door opened and a servant announced "Miss Owenson." He started to his feet at once, intent upon flight; there was but one door; and, as Miss Owenson entered it, she caught a glimpse of the dismayed Doctor just escaping by the window.

This was a little too much to be borne. Her vanity was touched, and when they were at last brought together she exerted herself to the utmost to please him, with such alarming success that he fell desperately in love with her; and, Lord and Lady Abercorn helping him to urge his suit, he was engaged to her at the end of a month. But

the Wild Irish Girl had been taken by surprise, not fairly won, and no sooner had she given him her promise than she took fright at the terrible suddenness of the event. She begged leave of absence to visit her father, who was ill, promising to come back in a fortnight, although she had inwardly resolved to remain away several months at least, if ever she returned at all. Indeed, in after life she used frankly to say that for her perversity at this period she had deserved to miss marrying the best husband that ever woman had.

One excuse followed another, and still she did not come, while the poor Doctor grew every day more angry and miserable. His letters to her are filled with mingled reproach, jealousy, tenderness, and despair, with an occasional standing on his dignity; hers to him are all evasion, contradiction, persuasion, affection, and petulance. The secret of the situation is summoned up in a single one of her sentences:

“There was so much of *force* in the commencement of this business, that my heart was frightened back from the course it would naturally have taken.”

She returned at last, but even then she would set no day for the wedding, and finally Lady Abercorn took the matter into her own hands. One bitter January morning she entered the library where her intractable protegee was seated before the fire in her morning wrapper, and said, taking her by the arm:

“Glorvina, come up stairs directly and be married; there must be no more trifling.”

Poor Glorvina, too astonished to protest, submitted meekly to be led into another room, where Sir Charles (he had been knighted at Lord Abercorn's request) stood awaiting her, in company with a chaplain attired in full canonicals. She was married there and then, and not even the guests in the house knew anything about it until



several days later, when Lord Abercorn, after dinner, filled his glass and invited them to drink to the health of "Sir Charles and Lady Morgan!"

Lady Morgan's married life was unusually happy. Her husband was devoted to her, and, far from being jealous of her fast increasing fame, was extremely proud of it, and rendered her valuable assistance in her literary labors.

She in her turn always noted with peculiar pleasure any complimentary reference to his medical works, for he, too, was an excellent writer in his own province, and rejoiced in the attentions paid him.

They soon became familiar figures in society, where Lady Morgan's agreeable talents had always made her popular, and when they visited the continent they were received at once into the most brilliant circles of Paris, Florence, Rome, and Brussels. In her "France" and "Italy," Lady Morgan describes in her usual vivid manner many of the interesting people whom they met. In France she associated on terms of intimacy with the Marquise de Villette (the *Belle et Bonne* of Voltaire), who obtained her admission to the order of Free Masons. She was much with Talma, who gave his most famous recitations in her salon; with Humboldt, of whom she always speaks with reverent affection; and with that most un-American of Americans, Madame Patterson-Bonaparte. To us, perhaps, the most interesting of all her friends is Lafayette. She gives us a delightful reminiscence of the Lafayette family at La Grange, where she was for some time a favored guest.

"We arrived at sunset last evening," she writes, "and the old tower covered with the ivy planted by Charles Fox shone out in strong relief from the dark woods behind; but the brightest of all sunshine was the dear Lafayette's own noble countenance, beaming with smiles and cordiality as he stood at the castle gate to receive us,

surrounded by his children and grandchildren and other members of his family.”

The grandchildren were twelve in number ; yet during the whole time she was there, Lady Morgan mentions that she never heard the cry of a child, nor observed any symptoms of a dispute. Besides this large family there were several visitors at the castle. Two American gentlemen were there ; and Carbonel, who composed the music for Beranger's songs ; and Scheffer, then a rising young artist, who painted Lady Morgan's picture. At dinner, where there were seldom fewer than from twenty to thirty guests, Lafayette was always placed at the center of the table between his two youngest grandchildren. In fine weather they spent much of the day out of doors, wandering about the beautiful grounds, lying upon the grass, or fishing in the pools.

In the evening, every one gathered about a huge wood fire, roaring upon the cavernous stone hearth, and listened to Lafayette's anecdotes of historic personages, or Lady Morgan's Irish stories, or Carbonel's music. Sometimes, in one of Beranger's spirited songs — *La Sainte Alliance* was a great favorite — the whole company would join in the chorus, till the roof rang.

Sunday, Lady Morgan tells us, was always a peculiarly joyous day at La Grange.

“On Sunday,” she writes to her sister Olivia, “there was a village festival, and we all walked down to the village to join it. It was completely such a scene as one sees at the opera. The villages here are very straggling, and resemble English hamlets rather than towns ; but the scene of action was principally in a little square before the gates of a little nunnery, where all the nuns were assembled in their habits, in the midst of the fun. . . . The beaux had their hair powdered as white as snow, with immense queues, and dimity jackets and trousers: the

women in such caps as I brought over, with a profusion of lace, gold crosses, white gowns, and scarlet aprons. At four o'clock the ball began on the green. It is astonishing to see with what perfection men, women, and children dance the quadrilles, which are here called country dances, and how serious they all look. We left them hard at it, and retired to dinner at five. They all came up to the General to speak to him. He shook hands with all the old folk, and talked to them of their farms. It was one of the most delightful scenes you can imagine. My English dress excited great amazement, especially a long grey cloak I brought from London. In the evening there was (as there is every Sunday evening) a ball at the castle. After coffee we all went down to the hall, and there children, guests, masters, mistresses, and servants joined together in the dance, as they had done in the morning at prayers; for there is a chapel belonging to the château, where the priest of the parish officiates. The servants danced in the quadrilles — six *femmes-de-chambre*, and all the lacqueys. Oscar and Octavie, the two young ones, three and four years old; danced every quadrille, and never once were out; in short, these scenes of innocence and gaiety and primitive manners are daily repeated."

Lafayette himself, while the dancing went on, "stood looking on and leaning on his stick, the happiest of the happy."

The books which Lady Morgan published during her married life — including the novels of "O'Donnel" and "Florence McCarthy" — were far more generally read than any of her previous works, with the exception of "The Wild Irish Girl." Her career was one of almost uninterrupted success and happiness, until the death of her husband in 1843. After that, although her wit and mirth remained to her, there was always a certain under-

tone of sorrow in Lady Morgan's longer letters; and, as she grew older, it is sad to find her noting the death of one old friend after another, always with a few words of genuine appreciation.

She was fond of society until the end, and on St. Patrick's Day, a week before the beginning of her last illness, she gave a musical morning party, of which she was herself the life and soul.

She was not aware until the last that her illness was serious, and she dictated cheerful notes to her friends relative to her condition. On the very day of her death she called for her desk and tried to write a letter, but was obliged to give up the attempt. Shortly after, her breath began to fail her, and she turned to her favorite niece, who was supporting her, and asked, "Sydney, is this death?"

After that she only spoke a few times to thank her friends and her servants, who were also her friends, for the services they rendered her. She died quietly and painlessly, in the evening of April 16, 1859, aged about seventy-six years.

So lived and so died the Wild Irish Girl. She was the joy of every circle she entered, and her works, some of which are still read with pleasure, form an agreeable part of the record of her time.



*Mrs. F. M. [unclear] [unclear]*





## XXXII.

### MARIA THERESA.

**O**UGHT women to vote? This is one of the questions of the day. Many men would be disposed to favor the admission of women to the ballot but for one objection. If, say they, women can vote for President, why should they not be eligible to the office of President? Very well; suppose they were. When we consider that the two greatest empires of modern times have been governed by women, and when we consider also how many of the nations of the earth have been governed badly by men, why should we think it so terrible a thing to have a woman at the head of this Republic? It is true, we are not likely to witness such an event, but if it should occur, the nation would probably survive it.

Let us see in what manner the great Maria Theresa ruled for forty years the extensive and ill-assorted empire of Austria.

Born in 1717, the eldest daughter of the Emperor, Charles VI, she married in her nineteenth year, Francis, the Duke of Lorraine, and in her twenty-third year, upon the death of her father, was proclaimed Empress of the sixteen different states and territories which made up the Austrian empire. Her father was a man of limited capacity, though of respectable character, and left to his daughter an empty treasury, a small, disorganized army, and a disputed succession. Although all the great powers, during the lifetime of the Emperor, had solemnly engaged to recognize his daughter as the legitimate heir,

no sooner had the news of his death spread over Europe, than all of them, except the King of England, questioned her claims, and several of them took measures to seize portions of her inheritance. It was the general opinion of Europe that the impoverished empire, under the sway of a young woman, would fall to pieces almost of itself, and that the only question was, respecting the division of its provinces among adjacent states.

While the other powers were negotiating and arming with a view to the dismemberment of Austria, Frederick II, the young King of Prussia, availing himself of the splendid army and the vast treasures accumulated by his father, suddenly invaded the Austrian province of Silesia, and marched with such rapidity that, in a few weeks, he had possessed himself of almost the whole province. Frederick then offered to the young Empress to establish her in the possession of all her other states, and to give her a subsidy of five million of francs, on the single condition of her ceding to Prussia the province of Silesia, which Frederick claimed as rightfully belonging to his kingdom. Threatened as she was by France, Holland, and Spain, it would have been only prudent in her to have accepted this offer. But with the Imperial crown, she inherited also an Imperial pride. She rejected the proposal with as much promptitude and disdain, as though she had been the mistress of powerful armies and inexhaustible treasuries.

In this extremity she repaired to Hungary, where the celebrated scene occurred with the Diet of that country. Presenting to the assembled nobles her infant child, she appealed to their compassion and their loyalty, saying, with tears in her eyes :

“ I have no allies but you in the world.”

Whereupon, her husband shouted :

“ Life and blood for our Queen and kingdom.”

“Yes,” exclaimed the members of the Diet, “our life and blood.”

Some timely help, too, came from George II of England, and it was with English guineas and Hungarian horsemen that she endeavored to expel Frederick from Silesia, and keep at bay the armies of France and Spain. Such enthusiasm was there for her in England, that a public subscription was started for her benefit. The Duchess of Marlborough subscribed the extraordinary sum of forty thousand pounds sterling, and other ladies of London a hundred thousand more — so touched were the susceptible hearts of the English people at the spectacle of a young and beautiful woman defending her hereditary rights against such numerous and powerful enemies. The Empress, however, thought it due to her dignity to decline this friendly succor, and said to the ladies, that she would defend her states by the help of her loyal subjects alone. It added to the general interest in her fortunes, that she was about again to become a mother, and knew not, as she said, whether there would remain to her a city in which she could give birth to her child.

Despite the heroic efforts of the Hungarians, she was compelled to yield Silesia to the King of Prussia in order to detach him from the coalition against her. She then waged successful war against her other enemies until, in the eighth year of her reign, she concluded a treaty of peace which left her mistress of all the ancient possessions of her house, excepting alone the fine province wrested from her by the invincible Frederick.

After this eight years of most desperate and desolating warfare, Maria Theresa enjoyed a precious interval of seven years of peace; which is about the duration of two presidential terms. Then it was that, for the first time, she could display the gentle and benevolent traits of her

character. She employed her power to encourage agriculture and reanimate trade. She removed tariffs and other barbarous restrictions from the commerce with foreign nations. She caused new and better roads to be constructed. She decorated her capital with grand and useful edifices. Directly through her encouragement, her subjects began to manufacture woolen cloths, silk, and porcelain, which remain to this day important branches of the national industry. Not content with these merely material works, she founded a University, several colleges, schools of architecture and design, and three observatories. She took great pains to make her subjects acquainted with improved methods of healing the sick. For the old soldiers who had shed their blood in her cause, she erected hospitals and asylums. She pensioned the widows and dowered the daughters of officers who had fallen in war. Above all, in her own life, and in the government and education of her family, she set an example of purity, wisdom, and devotion, which every mother in the world could study with profit. She did not think that the labors of governing an empire exempted her from the ordinary responsibilities of life. She became the mother of ten children, four sons and six daughters, all of whom survived her, and all of them, I believe, did honor to the character of their mother.

But she could not reconcile herself to the loss of her darling Silesia. Always looking forward to the time when she should be in a position to recover that province, she strengthened and disciplined her army continually, and founded military schools where officers could be trained capable of coping with the veterans of the Prussian king. At the same time she prepared the way, by able diplomacy, to combine the powers of Europe against the ambitious Prussians. She stooped even to flatter the mistress of the King of France, Madame de Pompadour,



whom, in notes still existing, she styled "my dear friend." The great Frederick, on the contrary, would never condescend to notice, officially, the existence of Madame de Pompadour, and made her his bitter foe by his contemptuous silence and stinging sarcasm. He used to call her "Petticoat III," in allusion to the fact that she was the third mistress of Louis XV; and there were always about the two courts busy adherents of the Empress to convey to the ears of Pompadour the sneering wit of the Prussian monarch.

By such arts, and others more legitimate, Maria Theresa united against Frederick the sovereigns of France, England, Russia, and of several of the States of Germany, not doubting for a moment that a kingdom of five millions of souls must of necessity succumb before a combination of States, the united population of which was more than a hundred and fifty millions.

But she did not know her enemy. Informed of the secret treaty for the destruction of his kingdom and its division among his enemies, Frederick suddenly marched with sixty thousand men, and overran Saxony and Bohemia, and thus began the famous Seven Years' War, which only ended when the enemies of Frederick, exhausted of men and money, were compelled to leave him in peaceful possession of the province he had seized. It must be avowed, however, that, in all probability, Frederick would have been overwhelmed and finally defeated, but for the accession to the throne of Russia of Peter III. This emperor had conceived such a passionate admiration of the character and exploits of the Prussian king that the moment he came upon the throne he abandoned the coalition, and withdrew his armies from the seat of war. This event occurred in the very nick of time. It relieved Frederick and completed the discouragement of his enemies.

After the restoration of peace, Maria Theresa renewed her exertions for the welfare of her people. Though a devout Roman Catholic, she resisted the efforts of the Pope to control the ecclesiastical affairs of her empire, and so checked the power of the Inquisition that her successors were able to suppress that terrible institution. One of her best acts was the abolition of torture in the administration of justice—a reform which was greatly due to the eloquent and pathetic denunciations of Voltaire. At that time, in almost every country, criminals were put to the torture, either to compel them to confess their own guilt or to reveal the names of their accomplices. The unhappy prisoner, pale and trembling with terror, was conducted to a vault underground, and there, in the presence of a magistrate and recording clerks, he was subjected to increasing degrees of anguish, until the attending surgeon decided that he could bear no more without danger of his life. Many poor wretches, to gain a moment's respite from agony, accused innocent persons, who, denying their guilt, were in turn subjected to the same infernal cruelty. The first monarch of continental Europe to abolish this most irrational and horrid system was Frederick the Great; the second was Catherine II, of Russia; the third was Maria Theresa; the fourth was Louis XVI, of France. Readers may remember that when the benevolent Howard made his tours among the jails of Europe, about the time of the American Revolution, he found the torture chamber in almost every city that he visited, and in many of them it was still employed.

It used to be considered a stain upon the administration of the Empress Maria Theresa that she consented to the dismemberment of Poland, and to accept a large portion of that country as her share of the spoil. More recent writers, however, who have looked into that affair closely, are disposed to think the act justifiable and even

necessary. One thing is pretty certain; if a country *can* be dismembered, it soon will be, unless it is the interest of some great power or powers to protect it.

Mary Theresa died in 1780, aged 63, bequeathing to her son, Joseph, an empire far more united, prosperous, and powerful than the Austria which she inherited from her father. When the news of her death was brought to Frederick, the greatest of her enemies, he wrote to his friend, D'Alembert, the French author:

“I have shed some very sincere tears at her death. She has done honor to her sex and to the throne. I have made war upon her, but I have never been her enemy.”

Of the female sovereigns of Europe in modern times, Maria Theresa was, probably, the ablest and the most virtuous. Her errors were those of her rank and blood; her good actions were the result of her own noble heart and generous mind. Austria still styles her the Mother of her country, and remembers with fondness one of her sayings:

“I reproach myself for the time I consume in sleep; it is so much taken away from the service of my people.”

## XXXIII.

### LADY FRANKLIN.

**T**HREE women have a claim to be associated with the name of Sir John Franklin. The lady whom he first married, Miss Eleanor Porden, is one of them. It was she who, knowing how fatal a brief delay may be to an arctic expedition, bade her husband set sail for the northern seas at the appointed time, although she was then in the last stages of consumption. He sailed, and it proved to be her last wish that he obeyed, for she died the day after his departure.

His second wife was the Lady Franklin of whom all the world has heard. It was to her untiring efforts (in all of which she was devotedly aided by Sir John's niece, the late Miss Sophia Cracroft), that the solution to the mystery which so long shrouded the fate of the explorer and his ill-starred vessels, was due.

Lady Franklin, whose maiden name was Jane Griffin, was born in 1794, and was married to Sir John Franklin in 1828, when she was thirty-four years of age. Ten years later she accompanied him to Van Dieman's Land, (now Tasmania,) of which he had been appointed governor. She early gained the good will of the inhabitants, and was noted among them both for her many deeds of private beneficence, and for the active, efficient aid which she rendered her husband in his public duties. She showed especial interest in the welfare of poor emigrants, and of the convicts who, after transportation to New South Wales was abolished, were sent to Tasmania from all



LADY FRANKLIN.





parts of the British Empire. That Sir John and Lady Franklin acquired, not only the approval, but the affection of the colonists, is shown by the comments of the local press upon their departure for England at the expiration of Sir John's administration. A few years later Lady Franklin had the melancholy pleasure of receiving from them a large sum of money to assist her in prosecuting her search for her lost husband and the records of his expedition, and they further testified their remembrance of him by erecting a statue in his honor at Hobart Town.

Sir John's success as an arctic discoverer led the English government in 1845 to offer him the command of an expedition to sail in search of the Northwest passage, a duty which he gladly accepted. Two ships, the "Erebus" and "Terror," were provided, and an additional transport to convey stores as far as Disco, in Greenland. These three vessels sailed from Greenhithe on the nineteenth of May.

The "Erebus" and "Terror," which were fine ships fitted expressly for arctic service, and victualled for three years, were last seen in Baffin's Bay by a whaler, lying moored to an iceberg. All was then going well. In letters written home a few days previous to this, the officers of the expedition expressed ardent hope and perfect confidence in their commander, while Sir John himself, writing to Lady Franklin, assured her cheerfully of his well-being, and dwelt upon the future with joyous anticipations of success. Not one of his hundred and thirty-four officers and men lived to return.

At the end of two years, nothing further having been heard from the expedition, preparations were begun for the too probable necessity of sending them assistance. As time passed the feeling of uneasiness deepened, and at last was begun that noble series of attempts made by both English and Americans, which resulted after fourteen years only in the sad discovery of the truth.

In 1848 three expeditions, expensively fitted out and ably commanded, were sent by the government in search of the missing explorers. They all failed; but the failure did not cause discouragement either to the government or the people of England. It served instead as a spur, urging them to new efforts, made on a scale that would insure success. The first step was taken by the Lords of the Admiralty, who in March, 1849, offered a reward of twenty thousand pounds to any man or party who should render efficient aid to Sir John Franklin or his men. A second reward of three thousand pounds was offered by Lady Franklin, who also, at her own expense, sent a supply of coal and provisions to be deposited on the coast of Lancaster Sound. These were landed upon the conspicuous promontory of Cape Hay, for the use of the missing party, should they visit that region. She had already sent, by a ship of one of the earlier expeditions, a large quantity of similar stores, which had been buried at prominent points along the coast, the place being marked in each case by a tall signal post, with an arrow painted upon it, pointing out the exact spot where the articles were concealed.

It was in this year also that she addressed to the President of the United States her well-known appeal, in which she called upon the Americans as a "kindred people to join heart and hand in the enterprise of snatching the lost navigators from a dreary grave." After referring to the reward offered by the British Government, she said:

"This announcement, which, even if the sum offered had been doubled or trebled, would have met with public approbation, comes, however, too late for our whalers which had unfortunately sailed before it was issued, and which, even if the news should overtake them at their fishing grounds, are totally unfitted for any prolonged adventure, having only a few months' provisions on board,

and no additional clothing. To the American whalers, both in the Atlantic and Pacific, I look with more hope as competitors for the prize, being well aware of their number and strength, their thorough equipment, and the bold spirit of enterprise that animates their crews. But I venture to look even beyond these. I am not without hope that you will deem it not unworthy of a great and kindred nation to take up the cause of humanity in which I plead in a national spirit, and thus generously make it your own."

The Secretary of State, Mr. Clayton, at once sent an encouraging reply to Lady Franklin, and President Taylor, calling the attention of Congress to the matter in a special message, stated his earnest desire that all possible assistance should be rendered. He had already caused notice of the rewards offered, and information regarding the probable means of finding the lost vessels, to be circulated among whalers and seafaring men all over the country. Popular feeling favored Lady Franklin and her cause, and when Mr. Henry Grinnell of New York offered to provide two fully equipped vessels at his own expense, asking only that the government would transfer to them some thirty men from the navy, there was a general desire that the proposition should be accepted. Memorials to that effect were sent to Congress from the cities of New York and Philadelphia. The matter was not decided, however, for a year.

In 1850 the two Grinnell vessels, the "Advance" and "Rescue," sailed under the command of Lieutenant De Haven. In the same year and for the same purpose there went from England, in all, ten other vessels. Of these two, the "Lady Franklin," a fine vessel of two hundred and twenty tons, and the "Sophia" (named after Miss Cracroft), a brig of one hundred and twenty tons, were fitted out at Lady Franklin's desire and mainly at her own expense.

They were placed under the command of Captain Penny. A third vessel, the "Prince Albert," was paid for by Lady Franklin and her friends. She defrayed two-thirds of the expense by means of selling out of the funds all the money which she could legally dispose of. The commander of the "Albert" was Captain Forsyth, who volunteered for the service and would accept no pay. Indeed, the number of volunteers who desired no other compensation than the honor of aiding in the search was a marked feature in the long series of arctic voyages made with the intent of learning Sir John Franklin's fate.

The result of the daring and persistent explorations of these twelve vessels may be summed up in a few words. Captain Ommaney, commanding the "Assistance," discovered at Beachy Head traces of an encampment which he supposed to be Franklin's. Lieutenant De Haven, of the American expedition, landed and confirmed the discovery. Captain Penny of the "Lady Franklin" visited the same place, explored it thoroughly, and found all the indications of a winter encampment, and the graves of three of Franklin's men. The dates upon the headboards showed that the party had been there during the winter of 1845-6—that is, the first winter after leaving England.

In the summer of 1851 the twelve vessels returned home, one after another. The "Prince Albert," however, was not allowed to remain long in English waters. Lady Franklin caused her to be elaborately and expensively refitted, her bow and stern sheathed with wrought iron, her sides protected by planking, and sent her forth again to brave the perils of the North. She sailed in June, 1851, from Stromness, and Lady Franklin herself came down to see her off. After a touching farewell to officers and men, she watched her standing out to sea, the Union Jack streaming from her peak and the French flag flying at the fore. This was in honor of Lieutenant Bellot



(second in command), a young Frenchman whom a romantic love of adventure had led to leave his native country and offer his services to Lady Franklin.

In 1852 the English government sent out another expedition of five vessels under the command of Sir Edward Belcher. In the same year, in consequence of a rumor received through an Esquimaux interpreter, that Sir John and his crews had been murdered at Wolstenholme Sound, Lady Franklin refitted the screw steamer "Isabel" and sent her to investigate the report, which proved to be wholly false. The next year this steamer was again refitted at her expense, and carried supplies to Captains Collinson and M'Clure of the government expedition at Behring Strait.

But it was not until 1854 that further authentic tidings were obtained of the missing explorers. In that year Dr. Rae, at the head of a land party sent by the Hudson's Bay Company, learned from the Esquimaux that, in 1850, about forty white men had been seen dragging a boat near the north shore of King William's Island, and that, later in the season, they had all died from cold and hunger. The story was confirmed by the finding among the Esquimaux of articles once the property of Sir John and his officers, all of which Dr. Rae secured and brought back with him. He obtained the reward of ten thousand pounds offered by the Admiralty to whomsoever should first ascertain the fate of the missing expedition. A search party sent next year by the government to the spot mentioned by the Esquimaux, recovered many further relics.

Lady Franklin was not satisfied. She had given up all hope of her husband's life. He had been ten years lost; his party was provisioned for but three years; and he was sixty years old when he sailed. But her feelings did not permit her to rest until she had rescued any possi-

ble survivor and recovered the records of the expedition, if they yet existed. She appealed to Lord Palmerston to make one further attempt. In her memorial she dwelt with especial emphasis upon the incident of the "Resolute," abandoned by the English during a government search expedition, found by an American whaler, refitted, and presented by Congress to the Queen.

"My Lord," she says, "you will not let this rescued and restored ship, emblematic of so many enlightened and generous sentiments, fail even partially in her significant mission. I venture to hope that she will be accepted in the spirit in which she is sent. I humbly trust that the American people, and especially that philanthropic citizen who has spent so largely of his private fortune in the search for the lost ships, and to whom was committed by his government the entire charge of the equipment of the 'Resolute,' will be rewarded for this signal act of sympathy by seeing her restored to her original vocation, so that she may bring back from the Arctic seas, if not some living remnant of our long-lost countrymen, yet at least the *proofs* that they have nobly perished."

She adds, that should her request be denied, she will herself send out a vessel. The Government, busy with affairs in the east, was not willing to fit out another expedition.

She kept her word. The last and most successful of this long series of adventures and perilous searches, was due solely to her heroic persistence. Aided by subscriptions from her friends, she bought and refitted for Arctic service the screw yacht "Fox." Captain M'Clintock, already distinguished in former search expeditions, was placed in command of her, and she sailed upon the last day of June, 1857. Lady Franklin, accompanied by Miss Cracroft, came on board to bid the officers farewell.

Captain M'Clintock, observing her agitation, tried to repress the enthusiasm of his men, but in vain. As she left the vessel she was saluted by the crew with three prolonged, thundering cheers.

Her letter of instruction to Captain M'Clintock is so characteristic that I give it in full :

*“ My dear Captain M'Clintock :*

“ You have kindly invited me to give you ‘ instructions,’ but I cannot bring myself to feel that it would be right in me in any way to influence your judgment in the conduct of your noble undertaking ; and indeed I have no temptation to do so, since it appears to me that your views are almost identical with those which I had independently formed before I had the advantage of being thoroughly possessed of yours. But had this been otherwise, I trust you would have found me ready to prove the implicit confidence I place in you by yielding my own views to your more enlightened judgment ; knowing, too, as I do, that your whole heart also is in the cause, even as my own is. As to the objects of the expedition and their relative importance, I am sure you know that the rescue of any possible survivor of the ‘ Erebus ’ and ‘ Terror ’ would be to me, as it would to you, the noblest result of our efforts.

“ To this object I wish every other to be subordinate ; and, next to it in importance, is the recovery of the unspeakably precious documents of the expedition, public and private, and the personal relics of my dear husband and his companions.

“ And lastly, I trust it may be in your power to confirm, directly or inferentially, the claims of my husband’s expedition to the earliest discovery of the passage, which, if Dr. Rae’s report be true (and the Government of our country has accepted and rewarded it as such), these martyrs in a noble cause achieved at their last extremity

after five long years of labor and suffering, if not an earlier period.

“I am sure you will do all that man can do for the attainment of all these objects; my only fear is that you may spend yourselves too much in the effort; and you must therefore let me tell you how much dearer to me even than any of them is the preservation of the valuable lives of the little band of heroes who are your companions and followers.

“May God in his great mercy preserve you all from harm amidst the labors and perils which await you, and restore you to us in health and safety, as well as honor! As to the honor I can have *no* misgiving. It will be yours as much if you fail (since you *may* fail in spite of every effort) as if you succeed; and be assured that, under *any and all circumstances whatever*, such is my unbounded confidence in you, you will ever possess and be entitled to the enduring gratitude of your sincere and attached friend,

JANE FRANKLIN.”

The confidence expressed in this letter was not misplaced. Captain M'Clintock's heart was indeed in the work, and his enthusiasm was shared alike by officers and crew. It was a bitter disappointment to them all when in August their vessel was caught in the ice in Melville Bay, and they were obliged to remain in the pack, drifting with it when it drifted, until the next spring. During this long detention Lady Franklin was often in their thoughts, and they spoke sorrowfully of the grief she would experience when she learned of the delay. The feeling of the crew towards her was described by Captain M'Clintock as “veneration.” She was remembered on all their holidays, and at their Christmas dinner her health and that of Miss Cracroft were drunk with acclamations. It was also unanimously resolved, after the

killing of the first bear, that its skin should be presented to her as a joint gift from the officers and crew, all of whom had assisted in the hunt.

At last the "Fox" escaped from the ice and proceeded upon her way. In May, 1859, one of her officers, Lieutenant Hobson, discovered a cairn containing a record of the lost expedition. This record consisted of a note, written in 1847, stating their success up to that time, and adding that all were well. But around the margin another hand, writing a year later, gave a sadly different story.

From this writer, who was Captain Fitzjames, we learn that Sir John Franklin died June eleventh, 1847, and that in April of the next year, only two days before the date of this record, the "Erebus" and "Terror" were abandoned, and their crews landed under the command of Captain Crozier. A note in Captain Crozier's handwriting added that they were to start the next day for Back's Fish River.

To this river, accordingly, the searchers of the "Fox" proceeded; and there they found numerous relics of the party, including silver articles marked with Sir John Franklin's crest, a boat, watches, clothing, and several skeletons. The Esquimaux of the region remembered the coming of these strangers, and said that all of them had perished of cold and hunger; which was, indeed, but too evident.

"They would fall down and die as they walked along the ice," said an old Esquimaux woman to Captain M'Clintock.

With this news the "Fox" returned to England. Sad as the certainty was, it must have been a relief to Lady Franklin to receive it. She learned from the earlier of the two notes in the cairn, that her husband had attained the great object of his expedition; he had discovered the Northwest Passage. From the second note she learned



that it had been his great good fortune to die on board his ship, escaping all the horrors of that terrible overland march. Indeed, he died before the expedition had experienced anything other than brilliant and striking success.

In 1860, Lady Franklin was presented with a gold medal by the Royal Geographical Society. She died in 1875. The monument erected to her husband in Westminster Abbey records, after his exploits and his fate, her name, her devotion, the date of her death, and the inseparable connection of her fame with his.

## XXXIV.

### MADAME DE MIRAMION.

CHARITY is of no age, race, or country. Travelers among the most savage tribes find kind and compassionate hearts, and some of the most excellent institutions of benevolence have been founded in times of the grossest corruption of manners and morals. In the worst periods there are always some who preserve their integrity, and assert by their conduct the dignity of human nature.

Madame de Miramion, a French lady of rank and fortune, born in 1629, passed the whole of her life near the showy and licentious court of Louis XIV, and in the society of Paris, when that society was most devoted to pleasure. But from her childhood she was drawn irresistibly to a nobler life, and she spent the greater part of her existence in alleviating human anguish, and founding institutions which have continued the same beneficent office ever since. A beauty and an heiress, she turned away from the pleasures of her circle at the age when they are usually most alluring. At nine years of age the death of her mother, a woman devoted to piety and good works, saddened her life and made her for a while morbid in her feelings. In the midst of a gay and brilliant circle of relations and friends, the child was moody, sorrowful, and averse to society.

“I think constantly of death,” she said one day to her governess, “and ask myself, should I like to die? should I like to die at this moment?”

The governess encouraged these feelings, and dissuaded

the child from indulging in the sports proper to her years, telling her of eminent saints who denied themselves all pleasures, and even inflicted pain upon themselves by wearing hair shirts and girdles of iron. She saved her money, bought secretly a thick iron chain, and wore it around her waist next her skin, whenever she thought she might be in danger of becoming too much interested in pleasure. This was, indeed, a common practice in France two hundred years ago. Like Florence Nightingale, she had, even in her childhood, a remarkable love of nursing and amusing the sick. In a large household, such as the one of which she was a part, there are always some invalids, and it was her delight, during her play hours, to steal away to their bedrooms to entertain them by reading, and assist in taking care of them. She would even glide from the ball-room on festive occasions to visit a sick servant, happier to mitigate suffering than to enjoy pleasure.

When she was fourteen her father died, leaving her, an orphan and an heiress, to the care of an ambitious aunt, whose only thought concerning her was to secure her a brilliant match and see her distinguished in society. The young lady had no such thoughts. Grief-stricken at the loss of her father, and weaned from fashionable pleasure still more by that event, she would have entered a convent, if she had not felt that she must be a mother to her younger brothers. For their sakes she continued in the world. Her aunt, to dispel what she deemed the gloomy thoughts of an unformed girl, endeavored to distract her mind by causing her to be presented at court, by taking her often to the theatre, and making parties for her entertainment. She succeeded for a time, and the young lady gave herself up to the enjoyments provided for her.

She had grown, meanwhile, into a beauty. Her figure was tall, finely formed, and exceedingly graceful; and her

face, of a noble loveliness, with a complexion of dazzling purity and eyes of heavenly blue, was set off by a great abundance of nut-brown ringlets, which fell down about her shoulders and neck. But the great charm of her countenance was an expression of mingled love and benevolence, such as usually, though not always, marks the features of those who naturally delight in doing good. Among the young ladies of her time there was none more beautiful than she, and to her charms of face and form was added the attraction of broad estates and fair chateaux, all her own.

As she again showed symptoms of discontent with a life of pleasure, even recurring occasionally to the iron chain, her aunt urged her to signify a preference for one of the numerous eligible lovers who had been flitting round her ever since her entrance into society. One of them, it seems, *had* attracted her regard. It was M. de Miramion, who, as she had observed at church and elsewhere, was particularly attentive to his mother, which led her to believe he was a worthy young man, who would sympathize with her desire to hold aloof from the frivolous life of her class. He was rich, and of noble rank, well looking, and in love with the beautiful Mademoiselle de Rubelle. They were married—he twenty-seven, sated with the pleasures of the world; she sixteen, superior to them. All went happily for a few months.

“I gave up playing cards,” she wrote, “and going to balls and theaters, which caused great surprise. I began a regular life; I won over my husband, and persuaded him to live like a good Christian. We were very much united, and much beloved by our family, with whom we never had any disagreement, except from their efforts to make me amuse myself.”

This harmonious married life was rudely terminated, at the end of six months, by the death of the husband, after an illness of a week. At seventeen Madame de

Miramion was a widow, and about to be a mother. The blow was so sudden and severe that nothing, perhaps, would have availed to recall her to an interest in mundane affairs but the birth of her daughter. When she reappeared in the great world, she was lovelier than ever in her face and person, and her fortune had been increased by her portion of her husband's estate. She was a very rich and beautiful widow of eighteen, with only the incumbrance of an infant in arms: Lovers again surrounded her, but she encouraged none of them; and, indeed, she was firmly resolved to dedicate her life to the education of her daughter. Among her suitors was a *roué* of high rank and wasted fortune—a widower with three daughters, who felt how advantageous it would be to add the lady's estate to his own. Rejected by her, he was given to understand by a friend of the family that she really liked him, and was only prevented from marrying him by the fear of offending her relations. This was false, but he believed it, and he determined to carry her off in the style of an old-fashioned romance.

On a certain day, as the young widow and her mother-in-law were going in a carriage to a church near Paris, the vehicle was suddenly surrounded by a band of horsemen wearing masks. They stopped the carriage and opened the door. The young lady screamed with terror, which the horsemen attributed to her desire to keep up appearances before her mother-in-law, and therefore proceeded to execute their purpose. The old lady and one servant were left in the road to make their way home as best they could, while the carriage containing the prize was driven rapidly away, surrounded by the gentlemen on horseback, led by the lover. All day the party galloped on until, at the close of the afternoon, they reached an ancient castle, with wall, moat, and draw-bridges, as we find them in the novels of the period. Here a party of two hundred of the abductor's friends were in waiting,



all armed, and all possessed with the idea that the abduction was undertaken with the full and free consent of the lady. She soon undeceived them. She utterly refused to enter the castle or leave the carriage. At length one of the gentlemen, a knight of a religious order, gave her his word of honor that if she would alight and remain in the castle for the night, she should be set free at daybreak, and conveyed in safety to her friends. She then consented to accept the shelter proffered her. She passed the night in solitude, and in the morning was replaced in her carriage and set free.

Such was the state of the law at that time in France, and such the power of the nobility, that the perpetrators of this outrage escaped punishment, and people generally seem to have thought it a gallant and high-spirited adventure, and one that ought to have been rewarded with success.

From this time to the end of her life, Madame de Miramion thought no more of lovers. After recovering from the serious illness caused by that day and night of terror, she entered upon the way of life which has caused her name to be remembered with honor and affection for two centuries. She became austere religious. She economized her large income, so as to have the largest possible sum to expend in works and institutions of charity—discarding all the gay costumes and decorations of her sex, and wearing always a plain, peculiar dress, like that of a religious order. She personally superintended her affairs, and showed a particular talent for business, making the most of all her sources of income. The education of her daughter was her own work, and so successful was she with her, that when she was married at fifteen, she was regarded and treated as a mature woman, and proved worthy of the confidence reposed in her.

Madame de Miramion was the first lady in Europe who ever tried systematically to reclaim the fallen of her own sex. She hired a spacious house in Paris, into which she received those who wished to reform, and there she maintained and taught them, and for such as persisted in leading an honest life, she procured places or husbands. Other ladies of rank joined her the King assisted, and the establishment continues its benevolent work to the present day. She also founded a dispensary, which not only supplied the poor with medicines, but instructed a number of women in the art of preparing them, and in the making of salves and plasters. An excellent institution founded by her was an industrial school for young girls, where they were taught sewing, household arts, reading, writing, and the catechism, all the pupils being furnished every day with a good plain dinner. In all these establishments, Madame de Miramion labored with her own hands and head, setting an example of devotion and skill to all who assisted her. Her singular aptitude for managing business, and her knowledge of finance, stood her in good stead. During one of those times of famine which used to desolate France, she hit upon the expedient of *selling* a piece of bread and a certain quantity of soup at cost, or a little below cost, by which many thousands were carried over the period of scarcity who would not have been reached by charity.

She spent her life in labors like these, devoting herself and all she possessed to the mitigation of human woe, reserving literally nothing for her own enjoyment. It was she who gave that impulse to works of charity which has rendered Paris the city of Europe most abounding in organizations for the alleviation of poverty and pain. She died in 1694. Recently her memoirs have been published in Paris by a member of her family, and the work, I hope, will find its way, through a translation, to readers in America.

## XXXV.

### PEG O'NEAL.

SIXTY years ago, there used to be in Washington a spacious tavern in the old-fashioned Southern style, kept by William O'Neal, who had lived in the neighborhood before the capital was built on the shores of the Potomac. This landlord had a pretty daughter named Peg, who was the pet of the house from babyhood to womanhood. She was somewhat free and easy in her manners, as girls are apt to be who grow up in such circumstances; and it did not immediately occur to her that a young lady of twenty cannot behave with quite the freedom of a girl of twelve, without exciting ill-natured remark.

Among the boarders of this old tavern, whenever he came to Washington, was General Andrew Jackson, of Tennessee, who had known the landlord in the olden time when he used to pass through that region on his way from Nashville to his seat in Congress at Philadelphia. Mrs. Jackson, also, occasionally accompanied the general to the seat of government, where she became warmly attached both to Mrs. O'Neal and to her daughter, Peg. The general nowhere in Washington felt himself so much at home as in this old tavern. No one could make him and his plain, fat little wife so comfortable as Mrs. O'Neal, and no one could fill the general's corn-cob pipe more acceptably than the lively and beautiful Peg.

In due time, Peg O'Neal, as she was universally called, became the wife of a purser in the navy, named Timber-

lake, who, while on duty in the Mediterranean, committed suicide, in consequence, it was supposed, of a drunken debauch on shore. He left his widow with two children and little fortune, but still young and beautiful.

Early in 1829, Senator Eaton of Tennessee, one of General Jackson's most intimate friends and political allies (an old boarder, too, at the O'Neal tavern), was disposed to marry the widow; but, before doing so, consulted General Jackson.

"Why, yes, Major," replied the general, "if you love the woman, and she will have you, marry her by all means."

Major Eaton observed that the young widow had not escaped reproach, and that even himself was supposed to have been too fond of her.

"Well," said the general, "your marrying her will disprove these charges, and restore Peg's good name."

They were married in January, 1829; and a few weeks after, General Jackson was inaugurated President of the United States. In forming his cabinet, the President assigned the Department of War to his old friend and neighbor, Major Eaton. This appointment suddenly invested his wife with social importance. Extravagant stories circulated in Washington respecting Mrs. Eaton, and the ladies made up their minds with one accord that they would not call upon her, nor in any way recognize her existence as the wife of a cabinet minister.

Meanwhile, General Jackson remained in ignorance of this new outbreak of scandal; but before he had been a month at the White House a distinguished clergyman of Philadelphia, Dr. Ely, wrote him a long letter detailing the slander at great length, and calling upon him to repudiate Mrs. Eaton. General Jackson had his faults, but he never did a mean thing nor a cowardly thing in his life. The manner in which he set about defending the

daughter of his old friend, and his wife's old friend, does him as much honor as one of his campaigns. He replied to Dr. Ely in a letter of several sheets, in which he examined the stories with something of the coolness of an old lawyer, and very much of the warmth of a friend. One of the charges was that the deceased Timberlake believed all this scandal, and cherished deep resentment against Eaton. The general met this in a triumphant manner :

“How can such a tale be reconciled with the following facts? While now writing, I turn my eyes to the mantel-piece, where I behold a present sent me by Mr. Timberlake of a Turkish pipe, about three weeks before his death, and presented through Mr. Eaton, whom in his letter he calls *his friend*.”

In a similar way he refuted the other accusations, and he kept up the defence in letter after letter, with the same energy and fire that he had displayed in hurling the English troops back from New Orleans. I have had in my hands hundreds of pages of manuscript in General Jackson's writing, or caused to be written by him, all relating to this affair, and all produced in the early weeks of a new administration. He brought it before his cabinet. He summoned the chief propagator of the scandals; he moved heaven and earth. But, for once in his life, the general was completely baffled; the ladies would not call upon Mrs. Eaton; not even the general's niece, Mrs. Donelson, the mistress of the White House.

“Any thing else, uncle,” she said, “I will do for you, but I will not call upon Mrs. Eaton.”

The general was so indignant that he advised her to go back to Tennessee; and she went back, she and her husband, private secretary to the President. General Jackson's will was strong, but he discovered on this occasion that woman's won't was stronger.

In the midst of this controversy, when the feelings of



the general were exasperated to the highest pitch, there arrived in Washington Martin Van Buren to assume the office of Secretary of State. Mr. Van Buren, beside being one of the most good-natured of men, and a worthy gentleman in all respects (to whom justice has not been done), had no ladies in his family. He was a widower without daughters. He was also the friend and close ally of Major Eaton. Soon after his arrival in Washington, he called upon Mrs. Eaton as a matter of course, but treated her with particular respect as a victim of calumny. He did a great deal more than this. He used the whole influence of his position as Secretary of State to set her right before the world.

Among the diplomatic corps, it chanced that the British Minister Mr. Vaughan, and the Russian Minister Baron Krudener were both bachelors, and Mr. Van Buren easily enlisted them in the cause. Balls were given by them at which they treated the lady with the most marked attention, and contrived various expedients to get the other ladies into positions where they would be compelled to speak civilly to her. All was in vain. The ladies held their ground with undaunted pertinacity, yielding neither to the President's wrath nor to the Secretary's devices.

The nickname given to Mrs. Eaton by the hostile faction was Bellona, the goddess of war. A letter-writer of the day sent to one of the New York papers amusing accounts of the gallant efforts of the three old bachelors to "keep Bellona afloat" in the society of the capital.

"A ball and supper," he says, "were got up by his excellency, the British Minister, Mr. Vaughan, a particular friend of Mr. Van Buren. After various stratagems to keep Bellona afloat during the evening, in which almost every cotillion in which she made her appearance was instantly dissolved into its original elements, she was at length conducted by the British Minister to the head of

the table, where, in pursuance of that instinctive power of inattention to whatever it seems improper to notice the ladies seemed not to know that she was at the table. This ball and supper were followed by another given by the Russian Minister. To guard against the repetition of the spontaneous dissolution of the cotillions and the neglect of the ladies at supper (where you must observe, none but ladies had seats), Mr. Van Buren made a direct and earnest appeal to the lady of the Minister from Holland, Mrs. Huygens, whom he entreated to consent to be introduced to the accomplished and lovely Mrs. Eaton.

“The ball scene arrived, and Mrs. Huygens, with uncommon dignity, maintained her ground, avoiding the advances of Bellona and her associates until supper was announced, when Mrs. Huygens was informed by Baron Krudener that Mr. Eaton would conduct her to the table. She declined and remonstrated, but in the meantime Mr. Eaton advanced to offer his arm. She at first objected, but to relieve him from his embarrassment walked with him to the table, where she found Mrs. Eaton seated at the head, beside an empty chair for herself. Mrs. Huygens had no alternative but to become an instrument to the intrigue, or decline taking supper; she chose the latter, and taking hold of her husband's arm withdrew from the room. This was the offence for which General Jackson afterwards threatened to send her husband home.

“The next scene in the drama was a grand dinner, given in the east room of the palace where it was arranged that Mr. Vaughan was to conduct Mrs. Eaton to the table and place her at the side of the President, who took care by his marked attention to admonish all present (about eighty, including the principal officers of the government and their ladies) that Mrs. Eaton was one of his favorites, and that he expected her to be treated as such in all places. Dinner being over the company retired to the

coffee room to indulge in the exhilarating conversation which wine and good company usually excite. But all would not do. Nothing would move the inflexible ladies."

Mr. Van Buren's conduct completely won the affection of General Jackson, of which during the summer of 1830 he gave a most extraordinary proof. Being exceedingly sick, and not expected to live through his first term, he wrote a letter strongly recommending Mr. Van Buren as his successor to the presidency, and denouncing his rival, Calhoun, as signally unfit for the position. The letter was confided to the custody of Major William B. Lewis, of Nashville, who permitted me to copy it in 1858 for use in my *Life of Jackson*. It had lain in a green box, with other private documents of a similar nature, for twenty-eight years; for, as the general in part recovered his health, it was never used for the purpose intended. Not the less, however, did General Jackson, by a long series of skillful manoeuvres, secure for Mr. Van Buren the succession to the presidency.

Finding the ladies resolute, and being himself constitutionally unable to give up, General Jackson broke up his cabinet, quarreled with Calhoun, drove him into nullification, sent Van Buren abroad as Minister to England, and, in short, changed the course of events in the United States for half a century; all because the Washington ladies would not call upon Mrs. Eaton. Some time after the close of the Jackson administration Mrs. Eaton was again left a widow; but this time, she was left a rich widow. For many years she lived in Washington in very elegant style, in a house all alive and merry with children and grandchildren. In her old age she was so unfortunate as to marry a young Italian dancing-master, who squandered her fortune, and brought her gray hairs in poverty and sorrow to the grave. She died in Washington a few years ago, aged about eighty-four years.

Was General Jackson right in carrying his defence of Mrs. Eaton to this extreme? We may say of General Jackson that he often did a right thing in a wrong way. If he did not succeed in making the ladies call upon Mrs. Eaton, he gave the politics of the country a turn which, upon the whole, was beneficial.

## XXXVI.

### MRS. L. N. MONMOUTH, AND HOW SHE LIVED ON FORTY DOLLARS A YEAR.

HERE is a true tale of a lady, still living among us, who rescued her home, her life, her happiness, and her dignity as a gentlewoman, from an abyss of circumstances that threatened to engulf them all. She is that Mrs. L. H. Monmouth, of Canterbury, New Hampshire, of whom the reader may have casually heard, who in middle age, half disabled, and an invalid, suddenly lost her fortune. She had been living in comfort and apparent security in the receipt of a modest, but sufficient income, much of which she spent in charity. She awoke one morning and found herself without a dollar—everything gone but the old homestead that sheltered her.

Too ill to work, afflicted with a crippled arm and one blind eye, and dazed by the suddenness of her misfortune, she was at her wits' end to know what to do. In this emergency, friends were not backward in offering their advice.

“Take boarders,” said one.

“Sell your place and buy a cottage,” said another.

“Let it, and hire your board,” said a third.

Others, perhaps as well-meaning, but even less practical, counseled her to be resigned, to rely on Providence, to trust and pray. A few added the vague though kindly phrase:

“When you want anything, be sure and let us know.”

If these various suggestions were of any assistance to Mrs. Monmouth in her trouble, it was only in showing



her that she must think and act for herself. Take boarders she would not, on account of her health. Her house, if she sold it, would not bring more than six hundred dollars, a sum too small for the purchase of a cottage, and which, if used for paying board, would soon have slipped away and left her dependent upon charity.

The house was old, dreary, and dilapidated. "The roofs leaked," she says, "the windows were rickety, the chimney discharged a mournful brickbat in every driving storm." But it was a shelter; it was dear to her; and she resolved to keep it. The land upon which it stood yielded twenty dollars a year in hay, twelve for pasture, and in good years three for apples. By knitting and making artificial flowers, the only work she was able to do, she could depend upon earning fifteen dollars more. These sums together equaled an income of exactly fifty dollars, ten of which would be required for taxes. Upon the remaining forty she determined to live, and did live.

She did not enter upon this desperate experiment without serious misgivings. Her first thought was to assign twenty dollars out of the precious forty for food, but this sum she soon reduced to seventeen. Better starve the body than the mind, she thought, and the three dollars thus saved were used to continue her subscription to her favorite weekly newspaper. She did better even than this; for in her final apportionment of expenditures we find ten dollars — one-quarter of her whole income exclusive of taxes — set apart for the purchase of reading matter; the only other item in the list, besides food, being thirteen dollars for fuel.

Not a single penny did she devote to dress, and the ingenious shifts by which she succeeded in clothing herself respectably and sufficiently upon nothing a year, for three years, are worthy of study, and cannot fail to excite

admiration. Her wardrobe, at the time of her loss of fortune, contained but one suit in really good condition, and but one outer garment of any kind, a waterproof cloak much worn and defaced. But she possessed a palm-figured dressing-gown lined with purple flannel, the outside of which was soiled and torn, while the lining was still quite good. This she ripped to pieces, and, after washing and ironing the flannel, made a new gown from it which she trimmed with the palm-leaf figures cut from the sound parts of the other material, and placed in three bands round the skirt and sleeves. She then raveled out an old red undersleeve and edged each band with a narrow fluting made from the worsted thus obtained.

“I took genuine comfort,” she tells us, “in planning and piecing it out, day after day, with half-mittens on my cold hands, sitting close to a cold fire. I was more than a week about it, for owing to shortness of firewood my days were very short, and my lame hand was decrepit and painful. I recollected that when I had made this wrapper out of an abundance of nice new materials I had been quite impatient at having to sew on it for two days, and called in help to finish it off. People who saw it after it was remodeled said it was handsomer than when it was new, and it is certain I thought a good deal more of it.”

Even a Yankee woman might well be proud of such a triumph; but it was by no means the greatest which this undaunted lady achieved. She had now two dresses, but an outside garment was necessary, since the waterproof was quite unpresentable. In an outer room of the house hung an old, rusty overcoat of her father. It had been there undisturbed for fifteen years, in company with a pair of big boots, partly through an affectionate liking of hers to see it around, partly as a wholesome suggestion

to tramps of a possible masculine protector. It was destined now to resume a more active career of usefulness. With great difficulty Mrs. Monmouth lifted it from its peg and dragged it to her room to examine at her ease.

It proved a mine of wealth to her. The lining alone, of the finest and glossiest black lasting, quilted in diamonds, was a great treasure; then, when this had been ripped away, the reverse side of the coat itself was revealed to be dark gray, clean, whole, and as good as new.

With this gray cloth cut in strips, the old waterproof newly washed, pressed, and mended, was so trimmed and pieced as to make a very respectable garment for winter service. Better still, the same stuff—a kind of fulled cloth—was so thick, warm, and pliable that Mrs. Monmouth, after having ripped up an old shoe for a pattern, was enabled to make herself an excellent pair of shoes out of it, comfortable, neatly fitting, and not unsightly.

“These home made shoes,” she says with pardonable pride, “shut off the shoe bill at the store, and gave me *Harper's Magazine*.”

But let us not forget the quilted lining. From this, long, shining, and almost exactly of the fashionable shape, a cloak was made which, when lined and trimmed with a few odds and ends of cashmere, proved so handsome and at a little distance so like satin, that its skillful and modest owner dared not wear it much abroad, for fear of being accused of wild extravagance. It was reserved to put on in the house on very cold days, and on Thanksgivings, “to give thanks in.”

From some plaid black and white flannel which had lined the waterproof before its renovation, another cloak was made, less elegant, but still, when decorated with pressed gros-grain ribbon, and a fluting and ball-fringe

made from a pair of raveled stockings, it was an article of apparel by no means to be despised. This served for use in spring and fall.

The problem of shoes had been mainly solved by the discovery of the old overcoat, although, to spare any unnecessary use of objects so difficult to manufacture, the soles of old rubbers, lined with flannel and laced sandal-wise upon the feet, often answered for household wear. The problem of stockings remained. It was finally solved by means of a knitted shawl and some ancient homespun underclothes, all of which had been long since cast aside. They were a mass of ends and ravelings, but the yarn, though torn and in a few places moth-eaten, was otherwise quite sound and very strong. This was carefully washed, wound into skeins, colored, rinsed, and rewound into balls for knitting—a labor of weeks. When it was completed Mrs. Monmouth found herself supplied with sufficient material to afford stockings for a lifetime.

Her summer clothing gave less trouble than the heavier garments required for winter. She was fortunate enough to find an old chocolate and white print gown of her mother's, which merely demanded altering over. A second dress—a very pretty one—was made from a bed-ticking, and trimmed with blue drilling taken from a pair of overalls left on the place by some careless workman, years before. A pair of checkered table-cloths were held in reserve to be used should occasion require. Linen articles were supplied from fifteen mettoes, worked upon muslin and cotton flannel, that the house contained. These were soaked and boiled clean before being used. Hats and bonnets were deemed superfluous. When, however, it was necessary to pass the limits of the little farm and appear in public, a battered straw ruin from the attic fulfilled the demands of propriety, its forlorn condition being concealed beneath the folds of a *barège* veil.

In the matter of food Mrs. Monmouth relied much upon corn meal. Four and a half cents would support her very well for a day and a half; one cent for a quarter of a pound of meal, one and a half for a quarter of a pound of dried beans, and two for a bit of salt pork. This was her customary bill of fare for three days out of the seven. Rice she made great use of, and a pound of oatmeal cooked on Monday served as a dessert throughout the week, a cup of molasses taking the place of sauce. Occasionally, when they were at their cheapest, she bought several eggs; at rare intervals she even indulged herself with a beet, a turnip, or a few cents worth of butcher's scraps. Once a month she luxuriated in baking gingerbread or frying doughnuts, one at a time, over her little oil stove.

"I always enjoyed the frying of doughnuts," she says, "and looked forward to it with a zest of anticipation; they generally came up plump and round, and quite filled the little cup of boiling lard. I picked them out with a fork and invariably ate the first while the second was cooking. After that I let them congregate upon a plate, and watched their numbers increase to five, six, seven—never more than that."

Now and then she was haunted by visions of the savory cakes and pies baking in her neighbors' ovens; but whenever the contrast became too strong between these fancied delicacies and the lonely pot of oatmeal in her own cupboard, she hastened to forget her deprivations in a book.

Her usual provision of winter fuel was three cords of wood, which she sawed herself, despite her lame arm, "worrying off," as she expresses it, "a few sticks each day." During the milder seasons of the year she burned only such dried moss, branches, and pine cones as she could gather in the neighborhood. For almost all cooking



she used an oil stove. Her lame arm, which was easily affected by the weather, became almost useless during periods of intense cold. At these times, feeling that when nothing could be earned something might at least be saved, she would spare her fuel by creeping into bed with a book and a hot freestone, and spend the day beneath the clothes.

She had no money to spare for incidental expenses. When the roof of her shed let in too much rain upon the wood-pile, the wood-pile was moved to a drier spot. When a front window was ruined by some reckless sportsman putting thirty shot holes through it, the blinds were closed and it was left unattended. When the plaster dropped down into the rooms its place was supplied by patches of cloth pasted over the bare brown laths. Yet, while her poverty reduced her to such makeshifts as these, while she denied herself even the lotion which would alleviate the condition of her crippled arm, Mrs. Monmouth always managed to keep a dollar or two on hand for charitable purposes, and never failed to manufacture some simple Christmas presents for a few children and faithful friends who were accustomed to bring her occasionally during the year what she gratefully terms "baskets of benefaction."

She succeeded, moreover, in finding time and strength to render pleasing and attractive the old home which she could not afford to repair, and which became, in the course of a few years, a veritable museum of ingenious and beautiful handiwork. At last the people around her became interested; the place began to be talked of, and its fame spread into the neighboring towns. Visitors arrived, few at first, and later in such numbers that Mrs. Monmouth was obliged to charge an admittance fee, and afterwards to issue a circular containing prices and regulations.

"Children, seven cents; Ladies, ten; Gentlemen, fif-

teen ;” says this interesting little document, adding that “No gentlemen unaccompanied by ladies will be admitted, and strangers must bring an introduction.”

It also states, very prudently, that “Ladies are requested not to come with horses they cannot manage. Such as wish to remain most of the day can do so by bringing lunch and paying twenty-five cents.”

Besides her other labors, Mrs. Monmouth has written a small pamphlet relating her experiences, which she entitles, “Living on Half a Dime a Day.”

Let no one undervalue these trifling details, for they convey to this extravagant age a lesson of which it stands in need. Some of the brightest spirits of our time have passed or are passing their lives in miserable bondage, solely through disregard of Mrs. Monmouth’s principle of preserving her independence by living within her means. An English poet of great celebrity has a costly mansion unfinished, which has for years made him a bond-slave to publishers and architects.

The French novelist, Balzac, as we see by his Letters, spent his life in a mere struggle to pay off enormous debts incurred in building, improving, and furnishing. He was a man of almost unequalled strength of constitution, one who could work sixteen hours a day, for months at a time, without obvious exhaustion ; but it killed him at last. The disease of which he died was called consumption, but its correct name was House and Grounds ; and he seemed quite helpless in the clutch of this dread malady. When he began to write he used to receive for a small volume one hundred and twenty dollars, and he endeavored to write one of these every month. In the course of a year or two his price rose to four hundred dollars for a volume, which would have yielded him a tolerable income without excessive labor. But now, presuming upon his strength and ability, he began to get

into debt, and, in six years, he owed twenty-five thousand dollars. From that time to the end of his life, he was possessed of two raging manias—a mania to get into debt, and a mania to work out of debt. But it is so easy to spend! He sometimes received five thousand dollars a month for literary labor, and sold one story to a newspaper for four thousand dollars. Rising from his bed at midnight, he kept at work all the rest of the night, and most of the next day, till five in the afternoon; but his debts grew apace and speedily reached a total of fifty thousand dollars.

Then, of course, he must needs buy a house and set about improving its garden. He appears not to have known what was the matter. He wondered that he should be so pestered with debts. “Why am I in debt?” he asks. He died insolvent, after making millions by his pen, and at the very moment almost of his death he was buying an antique costume for thirty thousand francs, and concluding bargains for pictures and ancient needle-work.

There is an interesting passage in the memoirs of George Ticknor, where he speaks of his two visits to Abbotsford, the big house that brought low the magnificent head of Sir Walter Scott. When Mr. Ticknor first visited the author of “Marmion,” his abode was a modest, comfortable establishment, quite sufficient for a reasonable family of liberal income. When he paid his second visit, Sir Walter having in the interval made and lost a great fortune, Abbotsford had grown into a costly, extensive, nondescript, preposterous mansion. The moment his eyes fell upon it he understood Sir Walter’s ruin. That toy house was his ruin. The American visitor discovered among its grandeurs the apartment he had occupied twenty years before, reduced in rank and office, but still recognizable, and he could not but lament

the fatal mania which had lured so great a man to spoil a modest country house by incrusting it over with an eccentric, tawdry palace.

A leaf from Mrs. Monmouth's book might have saved these men from misery and despair. She made the most of small means, and they made the least of large. In the midst of poverty she preserved her independence and her dignity; with superabundant means, they threw both away.

## XXXVII.

### THE TRIAL OF JEANNE DARC, COMMONLY CALLED JOAN OF ARC.

**R**OME refuses to canonize the Maid of Orleans. At the beginning of the year 1876, Monseigneur Dupanloup, bishop of the diocese in which she began her career in arms, went to Rome, and asked, on behalf of his Catholic countrymen, that the maiden who, four hundred and fifty-three years ago, assisted to restore the independence of France, might be added to the roll of the saints. The power that sent the golden rose unasked to Isabella of Spain refused this costless favor to the urgent request of Frenchmen.

It had no other choice. The Historical Society of France has given to the reading world the means of knowing what power it was that consigned her to the fire. It was no other than the Church which so recently was asked to canonize her. After a five months' trial, in which sixty ecclesiastics, and none but ecclesiastics, participated, she was condemned as an "excommunicated heretic, a liar, a seducer, pernicious, presumptuous, credulous, rash, superstitious, a pretender to divination, blasphemous toward God, toward the saints male and the saints female, contemptuous of God even in His sacraments, distorter of the Divine law, of holy doctrine, of ecclesiastical sanctions, seditious, cruel, apostate, schismatic." It were much, even after the lapse of four hundred and fifty years, to forgive such sins as these.

The proceedings of this long trial were recorded from





JEANNE D'ARC



day to day with a minuteness which only a short-hand report could have surpassed, and when the last scene was over, the record was translated into official Latin by members of the University of Paris. Five copies of this translation were made, in the most beautiful writing of the period—one for Henry VI, King of England, one for the Pope, one for the English cardinal, uncle to Henry VI, and one for each of the two presiding ecclesiastics. Three of these manuscript copies exist to-day in Paris, as well as a considerable portion of the original draft—*le plumitif*, as the French lawyers term it—written in the French of 1430. The very copy designed for the boy King of England, the ill-starred child of Henry V and Catherine of France, has remained at Paris, where its presence attests the reality of the Maid's exploits, and recalls her prophetic words, uttered often in the hearing of the English nobles: "You will not hold the kingdom of France. In seven years you will be gone." This report, edited with care and learning by M. Jules Quicherat, has been printed verbatim in five volumes octavo, and these have been since reduced to two volumes by the omission of repetitions, under the zealous editorship of Mr. E. Reilly, a distinguished lawyer of Rouen, where the trial took place. The record is therefore ineffaceable. The Church could not canonize in 1876 a personage whom the Church is known to have cast beyond her pale in 1430 to be mercifully burned alive. She was abandoned to "the secular arm," which was besought to act toward her with sweetness—*avec douceur*. In thirty minutes the secular arm bound her to a stake in the market-place of Rouen, and sweetly wreathed about her virgin form a shroud of flame.

France no longer possesses Domremy, the remote and obscure hamlet of Lorraine where the Maid first saw the light. The house in which she was born, the little church

of St. Remi in which she knelt, and the church-yard wall against which her abode was built, are all standing. The village is commonly called Domremy-la-Pucelle, in remembrance of her, and every object in the neighborhood speaks of her: the river Meuse gliding past, the hill of the fairies upon which her companions danced, and where they laughed at her for liking better to go to church, the fountain where the sick were healed by miracle, and the meadows in which she sat spinning while she watched the village herd on the days when it was her father's turn to have it in charge. These remain little changed; but they are now part of the German Empire—part of the price France has had in our time to pay for Louis XIV and the Bonapartes. To such a people as the French it is not a thing of trifling import that France does not own the birthplace of the Maid of Orleans.

Nor was Lorraine a French possession when Jeanne Darc kept the village herd on the banks of the Meuse in 1425. For a long period it had been a border-land between France and the empire, during which the inhabitants of that sequestered nook had been as passionately *French* in their feelings as the people of Eastern Tennessee were warm for the Union in 1863. In a border-land there is no neutrality. And during the childhood of this maiden, France had fallen under the dominion of the English. She was three or four years of age when Henry V won the battle of Agincourt, and by the time she was ten, France as an independent power had ceased to be. It was not merely that Harry V and his bowmen had overthrown in battle the French armies, but, apart from this conquest of the country, there were grounds for the claim of his son to the French throne which even a patriotic and conscientious Frenchman might have admitted. The French King himself, Charles VII, indolently doubted the right of his line to the throne, and doubted also his own legitimacy.

What could a Frenchman think of the rival claimants of 1428? Paris was in the power of the English, and apparently content to be; two-thirds of France were strongly held by English troops, and the remainder was not safe from incursion for a day; the uncles of the English King, who ruled France in his name, were men of energy and force, capable of holding what their valiant brother had won; and as to the King, Henry VI, boy as he was, he was a French Prince as well as English, the son of English Harry and the Princess Catherine, whose pretty courting scenes so agreeably close Shakspeare's play. "Shall not thou and I," says blunt King Hal to the Princess, who happily understood him not, "compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople, and take the Turk by the beard?" The boy had been compounded; he was now called Henry VI, of France and England King; and many thousand Frenchmen owned him sovereign in their hearts.

The person whom we commonly style Joan of Arc, and the French Jeanne d'Arc, would have written her name, if she had ever known how to write, JEHANNETTE ROMMÉE. "My mother," she said, upon her trial, "was named Rommée, and in my country girls bear the surname of their mothers." Her father was a farm laborer named Jacques Darc, originally D'Arc—James of the Bow, or, as we might say, if he had been an English peasant, James Bowman. A learned descendant of the family—for she had several brothers and sisters—who has written a book on the Maid, writes her name and his own Darc; and although there is an inclination in France to give her still the aristocratic apostrophe, it is probable that history will now accept plain Jeanne Darc as the name nearest the truth. Whether her father was a free laborer or a serf was not known even to the persons who drew up her patent of nobility in 1428, and is still uncertain. We



know, however, that he was an agricultural laborer, who "went to the plow," which plow this daughter may have assisted to draw. As I propose, however, to give those portions of her testimony in which she relates her own story, I will merely recall a few of the circumstances of her lot needful to the elucidation of her words. These were mostly gathered from the lips of her companions, years after her death, when the mother of the Maid of Orleans, from whom she probably derived her cast of character, cried to France, and cried not in vain, to do justice to her daughter's memory.

The Darc cottage was so near the village church that a religious girl residing in it would always feel herself in the shadow of the altar. She could look from her home into the church's open door. She was familiar with the sexton from her childhood, and used to remind him of his duty when he forgot to ring the bell for prayers, even bribing him to be punctual by gifts of wool and yarn. Of knowledge derived from books she possessed none, unless we except her Paternoster, her creed, and a few short prayers and invocations, she not differing in this particular from nine-tenths of the people of the kingdom. Probably not one of her race had ever been able to read. She was, nevertheless, a person of native superiority of mind and character, capable of public spirit, yearning for the deliverance of her country, fervid, energetic, of dexterous hand, well skilled in all the arts and industries appertaining to her lot, and proud to excel in them. It is not true that she was an inn servant, who rode the horses to water, and saddled them for travelers. She lived honorably in her father's house, earning her share of the family's subsistence by honest toil, spinning, weaving, bread-making, gardening, and field-work, "taking her spinning-wheel with her to the fields when it was her father's turn to tend the village herd" — a faithful helper

to her parents. She was a well-grown girl, robust, strong, and vigorous. Of the numerous portraits known to have been taken of her during the two years of her glory, I know not if any one has been preserved. Probably not; else why do not Martin, Guizot, and the other French historians give some authority for the radiant beauty of the pictures they present to us of the Maid? Beautiful she probably was. Pitiful and devout we know she was from the testimony of all her village, as well as from that of her pastors, who heard her in confession, and witnessed her life from day to day and from hour to hour. We know, also, that her heart was wrung with sorrow for her desolated country, and her careless, self-indulgent King, whom she ignorantly thought a peerless hero and a Christian knight without reproach.

Such traits as these, subdued by Catholic habits, impart to youth and beauty, untutored though it be, an assured serenity of demeanor which impresses and charms. By Catholic habits I mean such as the habit of remaining still and silent in one attitude for a long time, the habit of walking at a measured pace with the hands in a prescribed position, the habit of pausing several times a day and collecting the soul in meditation on themes remote from the day's toil and trouble. The effect of these habits upon the nervous system, and consequently upon the demeanor, is such as to give convent schools an obvious advantage, which keeps them full of pupils all over the world. Granting that the effect is chiefly physical, and that it is often overvalued, we must still admit that it often confers personal power and personal charm.

The story of this village maiden is incomprehensible, unless we allow her the might and majesty of such a *presence* as we still see in pure-minded and nobly purposed women. Many of those who executed her will at critical moments could only explain their

obedience by dwelling upon the power of her demeanor, which was at once impassioned and serene. Rude men-at-arms could not swear in her presence, and the nobles of a dissolute court yielded to the force of her resolve. They told her that her road to the king was infested with enemies. "I do not fear them," replied this peasant girl, not yet eighteen. "If there are enemies upon my road, God is there also, and He will know how to prepare my way to the Lord Dauphin. *I was created and put into the world for that!*" The Comte de Dunois in his old age, twenty-six years after the campaigns in which he had fought by her side, bore testimony to the commanding power of her words. She said one day to the king, in the hearing of Dunois: "When I am annoyed because my message from God is not more regarded, I go apart and pray to God; I lay my complaint before Him; and when my prayer is finished I hear a Voice which cries to me, 'Child of God, go, go; I will be your helper; go!' And when I hear that Voice I am glad exceedingly, and I wish to hear it always." After repeating these sentences of the Maid, old Dunois would add, "And what was more wondrous still, while she uttered these words her eyes were raised to heaven in a marvelous transport." This Maid, I repeat, is inexplicable, unless we think of her as one of those gifted persons who have natural power to sway and to impress.

She spoke to the king of a Voice that cheered and guided her. Usually she used the plural, *mes voix*. These Voices play the decisive part both in her life and death, and they furnish also the chief difficulty of her history. Most of us moderns have ceased to be able to believe in audible or visible supernatural guidance such as she claimed to enjoy, and we at once suspect imposture in the person who pretends to it. She shall tell her own story, and the reader must judge it according to the light

which he possesses. Those who are inclined to set down all such pretensions as conscious frauds must not forget that Socrates spoke familiarly of his dæmon, whose *voice* he thought he heard, and whose behests he professed to obey from early life to his last hours. They should also recall the case of Columbus, who distinctly heard a voice in the night bidding him to be of good cheer, and holding out hopes of success which were *not* fulfilled. Jeanne Darc was quick enough to distrust and detect other claimants to supernatural visitations. The woman who pretended to receive nightly visitations from a Lady in White was quickly put to the test. Jeanne Darc resorted to the simple expedient of passing two nights with her, and when the vision did not appear, told her to go home and take care of her husband and children. This Maid also gave two proofs of genuineness not to be looked for in impostors. In her village home she was noted for her skill as well as for her fidelity in the labors belonging to her position; and when she had entered upon her public life, she was ever found in the thick of the battle, banner in hand, not indeed using her sword, but never shrinking from the post where swords were bloodiest. The false knaves of this world neither excel in homely duties nor lead the van in perilous ones.

France had never—*has* never—been so near extirpation. “The people,” as the historian Martin expresses it, “were no longer bathed in their sweat, but ground in their blood, debased below the beasts of the forest, among which they wander, panic-stricken, mutilated, in quest of an asylum in the wilderness.” This fervent and sympathetic girl came at length to *see* the desolation of her country; her own village was laid waste and plundered by a marauding band. From childhood she had been familiar with the legend, “France, lost through a maid, shall by a maid be saved.”

The story of her exploits at court, in camp, in the field, is familiar to all the world. A thousand vulgar fictions obscure and degrade its essential truth. What this untaught girl did for her country was simply this: she brought to bear upon the armies of France the influence of what our own Western preachers would call a "powerful revival of religion." From bands of reckless and dissolute plunderers, she made French soldiers orderly, decent, moral, and devout. Hope revived. She made the king believe in himself; she made the court believe in the cause. Men of faith saw in her the expected virgin savior: men of understanding perceived the advantage to their side of having her thus regarded. She may, too (as some of her warrior comrades testified in later years), have really possessed some military talent, as well as martial ardor and inspiration. They said of her that she had good judgment in placing artillery. Later in her short public career she showed herself restless, rash, uncontrollable; she made mistakes; she incurred disasters. But for many months, during which France regained a place among the powers of Europe, she was a glorious presence in the army—a warrior virgin, in brilliant attire, splendidly equipped, superbly mounted, nobly attended; a leader whom all eyes followed with confiding admiration, as one who had been their deliverer, and was still their chief. The lowliness of her origin was an element in her power over a people who worshiped every hour a Saviour who was cradled in a manger. We can still read over the door of an ancient inn at Rheims, the *Maison Rouge*, this inscription: "In the year 1429, at the coronation of Charles VII, in this tavern, then called *The Zebra*, the father and mother of Jeanne Darc lodged, at the expense of the City Council."

Her career could not but be brief. When she left home to deliver her country, she had lived, according to the



most recent French authorities, seventeen years and two months. Fifteen months later, May 24, 1439, after a series of important victories followed by minor defeats, she was taken prisoner under the walls of Compiègne, which she was attempting to relieve. French troops, fighting on the side of the English, captured her and held her prisoner. French priests, in the metropolitan church of Nôtre Dame at Paris, celebrated her capture by a "Te Deum." It is doubtful if her own king lamented her; for this devoted, deluded girl belonged to the order of mortals whom the powers of this world often find it as convenient to be rid of as to use. It is probable that she had expended her power to be of service and had become unmanageable. Small, needless failures, chargeable to her own rash impetuosity, had lessened her prestige. For the fair and wanton Agnes Sorel the idle King of France would have attempted much; but he made no serious effort to ransom or to rescue the Maid to whom he owed his crown and kingdom.

Politicians are much the same in every age, since the work they have to do is much the same in every age. Two parties as well as two kings were contending for the possession of France, and one of these, by the prompt and adroit use of the Maid of Orleans, had gained for their side the conquering force of a religious revival. Bedford, the regent of the kingdom, who had seen his conquests falling away from him before the banner of a rustic girl, felt the necessity of depriving his rival of this advantage. If there were two powers contending for the kingdom of France, were there not two powers contending for the kingdom of this world? Loyal France had accepted the Maid as sent from God; it now devolved upon the English regent to demonstrate that she was an agent of Satan. He bought her of her captors for ten thousand pounds—a vast sum for that period—and had her brought

to Rouen, a chief seat of the English power, where to this day the bones of the regent lie magnificently entombed in the cathedral. There he caused a trial to be arranged, of a character so imposing as to command the attention of Europe. No homage rendered her by her adherents conveys to us such a sense of her importance as this trial contrived by an able ruler to neutralize her influence.

A politician who had the bestowal of church preferments could as easily find ecclesiastics to execute his will as a politician, who has only trivial, precarious offices to give, can pack a convention and control a caucus. Bedford's written promise of the archbishopric of Rouen made Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, his superserviceable agent, through whom all that was most imposing and authoritative in the Church convened at Rouen to try the Maid. Bishops, abbés, priors, six representatives of the University of Paris, the chief officer of the Inquisition, learned doctors, noted priests—in a word, sixty of the *élite* of the Church in English France, all of them Frenchmen—assisted at the trial.

The castle at Rouen, a vast and impregnable edifice in the style of the period, was the scene of these transactions. The great tower is still in good preservation; the rest of the structure has disappeared. This gloomy-looking extensive edifice, Jeanne Darc's prison and courthouse, was the centre of interest to two kingdoms during her half year's detention. It swarmed with inhabitants. As if to nullify the Maid's effective stroke of the Rheims coronation, the uncles of the English king, who was not yet ten years of age, had brought him once more to France, and he remained an inmate of the castle of Rouen during the trial. A Norman chronicler, who saw his entry into Rouen in July, 1430, speaks of him as a very beautiful boy (*ung tres beau filz*), and adds that the streets through which he

passed were more magnificently decorated than they had ever been before on sacramental days. At the gate were banners on which were blazoned the arms of England and France; and on his way to the cathedral the people cheered him so loudly that the little king told them to cease, for they made too much noise. Shows were exhibited in the streets, and the king looked at them; and when at last he entered his castle, the bells rang out a peal as if God himself had descended from heaven. There he remained for a year with his uncle Bedford, the regent, his grand-uncle Beaufort, Cardinal of Winchester, his governor, the Earl of Warwick, and the chief officers of both the royal and the vice-royal courts, all intent upon undoing in France what a village maiden had wrought in fifteen months. The castle was pervaded with intense life, and an ill-disciplined host of guards and men-at-arms were posted about it.

Jeanne Darc, treated by her French captors with decency and consideration, and detained in a lordly château more as a guest than a prisoner, bore the first months of her confinement with patience and dignity. On one point only she showed herself obstinate: she refused to lay aside her man's dress. The people of that day, if we may judge from these old records, held in particular horror the wearing of man's clothes by a woman. The ladies of the château, knowing what an advantage this costume gave her enemies, provided her with woman's clothes, and besought her to put them on. She could not be persuaded to so, alleging that she had assumed her man's dress by Divine command, and had not yet received Divine permission to change it. In other respects she was tractable, and seemed absorbed in the events of the war, ever longing to be again in the field.

The news reached her at length that she had been sold to the English—the dreadful English!—and was about to

be given up to them. "I would rather die," she cried, in despair, "than be surrendered to the English!" Then her thoughts recurred to her work unfinished—her country not yet delivered. "Is it possible," she added, "that God will let those good people of Compiègne perish, who have been and are so loyal to their lord?" Some days of anguish passed. Then she took a desperate resolution. "I could bear it no longer," she afterwards said; and so, "recommending herself to God and our Lady," she sprang one night from the tower in which she was confined to the ground, a height, as M. Quicherat computes, of between sixty and seventy feet. It was her only chance, and it *was* a chance, for she was found the next morning lying at the foot of the tower, insensible, indeed, but with no bones broken, and not seriously injured. She soon revived, and in three days was able to walk about. The English claimed their prey, and soon had her safe in the castle of Rouen.

Her new masters did not mean that she should escape. They assigned her a room in the first story of the castle, "up eight steps," placed two pair of shackles upon her legs, and chained her night and day to a thick post. It was their policy to degrade as well as to keep her, and they accordingly gave her five guards of the lowest rank, three of whom were to be always in her room, night and day, and two outside. In this woful plight, manacled, chained, watched, but not protected, by soldiers, with only a bed for all furniture, was she held captive for three months, awaiting trial—she who had until recently shone resplendent at the head of armies, and to whom mothers had held up their children as she passed through towns, hoping to win for them the benediction of her smile.

Her room, we are told, had three keys, one of which was kept by the Cardinal of Winchester, one by the Inquisitor, and the other by the manager of the trial;

and yet, as it seems, almost any one who chose could enter her room, gaze upon her, and even converse with her. The little king saw her. The king's advocate visited her, and jested with her upon her condition, saying that she would not have come to Rouen if she had not been brought thither, and asking if she had known beforehand if she should be taken.

"I feared it," said she.

"If you feared it," he asked, "why were you not upon your guard?"

She replied, "I did not know the day nor the hour."

After preliminaries that threatened to be endless, the public part of the trial began on Wednesday, February 21, 1431, at eight in the morning, in the great chapel of the château. The Bishop of Beauvais presided, and of the sixty ecclesiastics summoned forty-four were present. Three authorized reporters were in their places, and there were some other clerks, concealed by a curtain, who took notes for the special use of the English regent. There was a crowd of spectators, "a great tumult" in the chapel, and very little order in the proceedings. At a time when lords took their dogs and hawks into church with them, and merchants made their bargains in the naves of cathedrals, we need not look for a scrupulous decorum in a court convened to try a girl for the crime of being "vehemently suspected of heresy." That was the charge: *véhétement suspecte d'héresie*. And such a grand tumult was there in the chapel that day that the subsequent sessions were held in a smaller hall of the castle.

The prisoner was brought in, freed from her chains, and was allowed to sit. No one of the many pens employed in recording the events of this day has given us any hint of her appearance. We have, indeed, the enumeration of the articles of her man's attire, which was made such a



heinous charge against her: "The hair cut round like that of young men, shirt, breeches, doublet with twenty points reaching to the knee, hat covering only the top of the head, boots and gaiters, with spurs, sword, dagger, cuirass, lance, and other arms carried by soldiers." This was her equipment for the field. She still wore man's dress, and doubtless her person showed the effects of nine months' imprisonment and three months of chains and fetters.

The presiding bishop told her to place her hands upon the Gospel and swear to answer truly the questions that would be proposed to her. "I do not know," said she, "upon what you wish to question me. Perhaps you will ask me things which I ought not to tell you." "Swear," rejoined the bishop, "to tell the truth upon whatever may be asked of you concerning the faith and the facts within your knowledge."

"As to my father and mother," she said, "and what I did after setting out for France, I will swear willingly; but the revelations which have come to me from God, to no one have I related or revealed them, except alone to Charles, my king; and I shall not reveal them to you though you cut off my head, because I have received them by vision and by secret communication, with injunction not to reveal them. Before eight days have passed I shall know if I am to reveal them to you."

The bishop urged her again and again to take the oath without conditions. She refused, and they were at length obliged to yield the point, and accept a limited oath. Upon her knees, with both hands placed upon a missal, she swore to answer truly whatever might be asked of her, so far as she could, concerning the common faith of Christians, but no more. Being then questioned concerning her name and early life, she answered thus:

"In my own country I was called Jeannette; since I

have been in France I have been called Jeanne. As to my surname I know nothing. I was born at the village of Domremy, which makes one with the village of Greux. The principal church is at Greux. My father is named Jacques Darc; my mother Ysabelle. I was baptized in the church of Domremy. One of my godmothers was named Agnes, another Jeanne, a third Sibylle. One of my godfathers was Jean Lingué, another Jean Varrey. I had several other godmothers, as I have heard my mother say. I was baptized, I believe, by Messire Jean Minet. I think he is still living. I think I am about nineteen years of age. From my mother I learned my Pater, my Ave Marie, and my Credo. I learned from my mother all that I believe."

"Say your Pater," said the presiding bishop.

"Hear me in confession, and I will say it for you willingly."

Several times she was asked to say the Lord's Prayer, but she always replied, "No, I will not say my Pater for you unless you hear me in confession."

"We will willingly give you," said the bishop, "one or two notable men who speak French; will you say your Pater to them?"

"I shall not say it," was her reply, "unless in confession."

As the session was about to close, the bishop forbade her to leave the prison which had been assigned her in the castle, under pain of being pronounced guilty of heresy, the crime charged.

"I do not accept such an injunction," she replied. "If ever I escape, no one shall be able to reproach me with having broken my faith, as I have not given my word to any person whatever." She continued to speak, in language not recorded, complaining that they had bound her with chains and shackles.

“You tried several times,” said the bishop, “to escape from the prison where you were detained, and it was to keep you more surely that you were ordered to be put in irons.”

“It is true,” was her reply, “I wished to get away, and I wish it still. Is that not a thing allowed to every prisoner?”

She was then removed to her chamber, and the court broke up. The next morning at eight, in the robing-room of the château—a large apartment near the great drawing-room—the court again convened, forty-seven dignitaries of the Church being assembled. Again the captive was unchained and brought in. Again she sat in the presence of this convocation of trained men, alone, without advocate, counsel, or attorney. She understood the issue between herself and them. The managers of the trial meant to make France believe that this girl was an emissary of the devil, and thus she felt herself compelled to fall back upon her claim to be the chosen of God, and to insist upon this with painful repetition. We must bear in mind that she was absolutely severed from all active, efficient human sympathy. It was a contest between one poor, ignorant girl and the managers of the court, paid and backed by the power that governed all England and half France, with the stake as the certain consequence to her of an erroneous line of defence. In all the trial she was the only witness examined.

Again the bishop required her to take the oath without conditions; to which she replied, “I swore yesterday; that ought to suffice.”

“Every person,” said the bishop, “though he were a prince, being required to swear in any matter relating to the faith, cannot refuse.”

“I took the oath yesterday,” said she; “that ought to be sufficient for you. You ask too much of me.” The

contest ended as on the day before. She was then interrogated by Jean Beaupère, a distinguished professor of theology.

“How old were you when you left your father’s house?”

“As to my age, I cannot answer.”

“Did you learn any trade in your youth?”

“Yes; I learned to spin and sew. In sewing and spinning I fear no woman in Rouen. For fear of the Burgundians\* I left my father’s house and went to the city of Neufchâteau, in Lorraine, to the house of a woman named La Rousse, where I remained about fifteen days. While I was at my father’s I assisted at the usual labors of the house. I was not accustomed to go to the fields with the sheep and other animals. Every year I confessed to my own pastor, and, when he was engaged, to another priest with his permission. Sometimes, also—two or three times, I believe—I confessed to religious mendicants. That was at Neufchâteau. At Easter I received the sacrament of the Eucharist.”

“Did you receive the sacrament of the Eucharist at other festivals besides Easter?”

“No matter. I was thirteen years old when I had a voice from God, which called upon me to conduct myself well. The first time I heard that voice I was terrified. It was noon, in summer, in my father’s garden. I had not fasted the evening before. I heard that voice at my right, toward the church. I seldom heard it when it was not accompanied by a flash. This flash came from the same side as the voice. Usually it was very brilliant. Since I have been in France I have often heard that voice.”

“But how could you see the flash which you mentioned, since it was on one side?”

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\* French faction siding with the English.

She did not answer this foolish question, but immediately resumed, thus :

“If I was in a forest I would hear the voice, for it would come to me. It appeared to me to come from lips worthy of respect; I believe it was sent to me by God. When I heard it for the third time I recognized that it was the voice of an angel. That voice has always guarded me well, and I have always well understood it. It told me to behave well and to go often to church; it said to me that I must go into France. Do you ask me in what form that voice appeared to me? You will not have more about it from me this time. Two or three times a week it said to me, ‘You must go into France!’ My father knew nothing about my going. The voice said to me, ‘Go into France!’ I could bear it no longer. It said to me: ‘Go; raise the siege of the city of Orleans. Go,’ it added, ‘to Robert de Baudricourt, commandant of Vaucouleurs; he will furnish people to accompany you.’ But I am a poor girl, who knows neither how to ride on horseback nor make war! I went to my uncle’s house, and told him my wish to remain with him some time; and there I remained eight days. To him I said I must go to Vaucouleurs. He took me there. When I arrived I knew Robert de Baudricourt, although I had never seen him. I knew him, thanks to my voice, which caused me to know him. I said to Robert, ‘I must go into France.’ Twice Robert refused to hear me, and repelled me. The third time he received me, and furnished me men; the voice had said that it would be so. The Duc de Lorraine sent orders to have me brought to him. I went; I said to him that I wished to go into France. The duke questioned me upon his health, and I told him I knew nothing about it. I spoke to him little about my journey. I told him he had to furnish me his son and some people to conduct me into France, and that I would pray to God for



his health. I went to him with a safe-conduct; thence I returned to Vaucouleurs. From Vaucouleurs I set out dressed like a man, with a sword given me by Robert de Baudricourt, without other arms. I had with me a knight, a squire, and four servants, with whom I reached the city of St. Urbain, where I slept in an abbey. On the way I passed through Auxerre, where I heard mass in the principal church. At that time I often had my voices."

"Who advised you to wear men's clothes?"

Again and again she refused all answer to this question; but at last she said, "I charge no one with that." Then she ran on in this manner: "Robert de Baudricourt made the men who accompanied me swear to conduct me safely and well. 'Go,' said he to me—'go, let come of it what will!' I well know that God loves the Duc d'Orléans; I have had more revelations about the Duc d'Orléans than about any living man except my king. I *had* to change my woman's dress for a man's. Upon that point my counsel advised me well. I sent a letter to the English before Orleans, telling them to depart, as appears from a copy of my letter which has been read in this city of Rouen; but in that copy there are two or three words which are not in my letter. 'Yield to the Maid,' ought to be changed to 'Yield to the king.' These words also are not in my letter—'body for body,' and 'chief of war.' I went without difficulty to the king. Having arrived at the village of St. Catherine de Fierbois, I sent for the first time to the château of Chinon, where the king was. I reached Chinon toward noon, and took lodgings at first at an inn. After dinner I went to the king, who was in the château. When I entered the room where he was, I knew him among many others by the counsel of my voice, which revealed him to me. I told him that I wished to go and make war against the English."

"When the voice showed you the king, was there any light there?"

“Pass on.”

“Did you see any angel above the king?”

“Spare me; pass on. Before the king sent me to the field, he had many apparitions and beautiful revelations.”

“What revelations and apparitions did the king have?”

“I shall not tell you. This is not the time to answer you; but send to the king; he will tell you. The voice had promised me that as soon as I had reached the king, he would receive me. Those of my party knew well that the voice was sent me from God; they saw and knew that voice. I am certain of it. My king and several others have heard and seen the voices which came to me; there was Charles de Bourbon and two or three others. No day passes in which I do not hear that voice, and I have much need of it. But never have I demanded of it any recompense except the salvation of my soul. The voice told me to remain at St. Denis, in France, and I wished to do so; but against my will the lords made me set out thence. If I had not been wounded, I should not have gone. After having left St. Denis, I was wounded in the defences of Paris; but I was cured in five days. It is true that I made a skirmish before Paris”

“Was not that on a holy day?”

“I believe it was.”

“Was it well to make an assault on a holy day?”

To this she only replied by saying:

“Pass on,” and the questioning then ceased for the day. The next morning, for the first time, a full court was present, the presiding bishop and sixty-two abbés, priors, and other priests. Little was extracted from her during this day’s examination, although she made some spirited answers. Being asked if she knew that she was in a state of grace, she said, “If I am not, God put me in it! if I am, God keep me in it!” They asked her if the people of her village were not of the French party.

The old village partisanship blazed up in her answer: "If I had known one Burgundian at Domremy, I should have been willing to have his head cut off — that is, if it had pleased God."

The next day was Sunday, and the Monday following was probably some holy day of Lent, for the next session of the court occurred on Tuesday, when she was examined by the same "Master Beaupère," distinguished theologian. He questioned her long, and led her on to admissions which her enemies knew well how to use against her.

"How have you been since Saturday last?"

"You see well how I have been; I have been as well as I could be."

"Do you fast every day during this Lent?"

"Has that anything to do with the case? No matter: yes, I have fasted every day during this Lent."

"Have you heard your voice since Saturday?"

"Yes, indeed, and several times."

"On Saturday did you hear it in this hall where you are questioned?"

"That has nothing to do with your case. No matter: yes, I heard it."

"What did it say to you last Saturday?"

"I did not well understand it, and I heard nothing that I can repeat to you until I had gone to my chamber."

"What did it say to you in your chamber on your return?"

"It said to me, 'Answer them boldly.' I take counsel of my voices upon what you ask me. I shall willingly tell you what I shall have from God permission to reveal; but as to the revelations concerning the King of France, I shall not tell them without the permission of my voice."

"Has your voice forbidden you to reveal all?"

"I have not well understood it."

“What did the voice tell you last?”

“I asked advice of it upon certain things which you asked me.”

“Did it give you that advice?”

“Upon some points, yes; upon others you may ask me information which I shall not give you, not having received permission. For if I should respond without permission, I should have no more voices to second me. When I shall have permission from our Lord, I shall not fear to speak, because I shall have warrant so to do.”

“Was the voice which spoke to you that of an angel, of a saint, or of God directly?”

“It was the voice of St. Catherine and St. Margaret. Their heads were adorned with beautiful crowns, very rich and very precious. I have permission from our Lord to tell you so much. If you have any doubt of this, send to Poitiers, where I was formerly interrogated.”

“How did you know that they were saints? How did you distinguish one from the other?”

“I know well that they were saints, and I easily distinguish one from the other.”

“How do you distinguish them?”

“By the salute which they make me. Seven years have passed since they undertook to guide me. I know them well, because they have named themselves to me.”

“Were those two saints clad in the same fabric?”

“For the moment I shall tell you no more; I have not permission to reveal it. If you do not believe me, go to Poitiers. There are some revelations which belong to the King of France, and not to you who interrogate me.”

“Are the two saints of the same age?”

“I am not permitted to tell.”

“Did both speak at once, or one at a time?”

“I have not permission to tell you; nevertheless, I have always had counsel from both.”

“Which appeared to you first?”

“I distinguished them one from the other. I knew how I did it once, but I have forgotten. If I receive permission I will willingly tell you; it is written in the record at Poitiers. I have received comfort also from St. Michael.”

“Which of those two apparitions came to you first?”

“St. Michael.”

“Was it a long time ago that you heard the voice of St. Michael for the first time?”

“I did not mention the *voice* of St. Michael; I told you that I had great comfort from him.”

“What was the first voice that came to you when you were about thirteen years of age?”

“It was St. Michael. I saw him before my eyes; he was not alone, but was surrounded by angels from heaven. I only came into France by the command of God.”

“Did you see St. Michael and those angels in a bodily form, and in reality?”

“I saw them with the eyes of my body as well as I can see you. When they left me I wept, and wished to be borne away with them.”

“In what form was St. Michael?”

“You will have no other answer from me; I have not yet license to tell you.”

“What did St. Michael say to you that first time?”

“You will have no answer to-day. My voices said to me, ‘Answer boldly.’ I told the king at once all that was revealed to me, because that concerned him; but I have not yet permission to reveal to you all that St. Michael said to me. I should be very glad if you had a copy of that book which is at Poitiers, if it please God.”

“Have your voices forbidden you to make known your revelations without permission from them?”

“I do not answer you upon that point. So far as I



have received permission I shall answer willingly. I did not quite understand if my voices forbade me to reply."

"What sign do you give that you received that revelation from God, and that it was St. Catherine and St. Margaret who conversed with you?"

"I have told you it was they; believe me if you wish."

"Is it forbidden you to tell it?"

"I did not quite understand whether it was forbidden me or not."

"How can you distinguish the things which you have permission to reveal from those which you are forbidden?"

"Upon certain points I have asked permission, and upon some I have obtained it. Rather than have come into France without God's permission, I would have been torn asunder by four horses."

\* "Did God command you to dress like a man?"

"As to that dress, it is a trifle—less than nothing. I did not take it by the advice of any living man; neither put on this dress nor did anything else except by the command of our Lord and the angels."

"Does the command to wear a man's dress seem to you lawful [*licite*]?"

"All that I have done was by the command of our Lord: If He had told me to wear another dress, I should have worn it, because it was His command."

"Did you not assume this costume by the order of Robert de Baudricourt?"

"No."

"Do you think you did well to wear a man's dress?"

"All that I did was by our Lord's order: I believe I did do well. I expect from it good security and good succor."

"In this particular case, the wearing of a man's dress, do you think you did well?"

"I have done nothing in the world except by the command of God."

“When you saw that voice come to you, was there any light?”

“There was much light on all sides, as there should have been.” (To the interrogator). “There does not come as much to you.”

“Was there an angel above your king’s head when you saw him for the first time?”

“By our Lady! if there was one, I know nothing about it. I did not see him.”

“Was there any light?”

“There were more than three hundred knights, and more than fifty torches, without counting the spiritual light. I rarely have revelations without light.”

“How was your king enabled to believe in your claims?”

“He had good signs, and the learned clergy rendered me good testimony.”

“What revelations did your king have?”

“You will not have them from me this year. I was interrogated for three weeks by the clergy at Chinon and at Poitiers. Before being willing to believe me, the king had a sign of the truth of my statement, and the clergy of my party were of opinion that there was nothing but good in my undertaking.”

“Were you at St. Catherine de Fierbois?”

“Yes, and there I heard three masses in one day; then I went to the château of Chinon, whence I sent a letter to the king to know if he would grant me an interview, telling him that I had traveled a hundred and fifty leagues to come to his assistance, and that I knew many things favorable to him. I think I remember saying in my letter that I should know how to recognize him among all others. I had a sword which I obtained at Vaucouleurs. Whilst I was at Tours or at Chinon, I sent to seek a sword which was in the church of St. Catherine de

Fierbois, behind the altar ; and there it was immediately found, covered with rust. That sword was in the earth rusty ; above it there were five crosses ; I knew by my voice where the sword was. I never saw the man who went to find it. I wrote to the priests of the place asking them if I might have that sword, and they sent it to me. It was under the ground, not very deep, behind the altar, as it seems to me. I am not quite sure whether it was before or behind the altar, but I think I wrote it was behind. As soon as it was found, the priests of the church rubbed it, and at once, without effort, the rust fell off. It was an armorer of Tours who went to find it. The priests of Fierbois made me a present of a scabbard, those of Tours of another ; one was of crimson velvet, the other of cloth of gold. I caused a third to be made of very strong leather. When I was taken I had not that sword on. I always wore the sword of Fierbois from the time I had it until my departure from St. Denis, after the assault upon Paris."

"What benediction did you pronounce, or cause to be pronounced, upon that sword?"

"I neither blessed it nor had it blessed ; I should not have known how to do it. Much I loved that sword, because it was found in the church of St. Catherine, whom I warmly love."

"Did you sometimes place your sword upon an altar, and in so placing it was it that your sword might be more fortunate?"

"Not that I remember."

"Did you sometimes pray that it might be more fortunate?"

"Beyond question, I wished my arms to be very fortunate."

"Had you that sword on when you were taken?"

"No ; I had one that had been taken from a Burgundian."

“Where was the sword of Fierbois?”

“I offered a sword and some arms to St. Denis, but it was not that sword. The sword I then wore I got at Lagny, and wore it from Lagny even to Compiègne. It was a good sword for service; excellent to give good whacks and wipes [*torchons*]. As to what has become of the other sword, it does not regard this trial, and I shall not now reply thereupon. My brothers have all my property, my horses, my sword, as I suppose, and the rest, worth more than twelve thousand crowns.”

“When you were at Orleans, had you a standard or banner, and of what color was it?”

“I had a banner, the ground of which was covered with lilies; and there was a picture upon it of the world, with an angel on each side. It was white, of the white fabric called fustian [*boucassin*]. There was written upon it, I think, ‘Jhesus Maria,’ and it was fringed with silk.”

“Were the names of Jhesus Maria written on the upper or the under part, on the lower, or on one side?”

“Upon one side, I believe.”

“Which did you love best, your banner or your sword?”

“Much better, forty times better, my banner than my sword.”

“Who caused you to have that picture made upon your banner?”

“Often enough I have told you that I did nothing except by the command of God. It was myself who carried that banner when I attacked the enemy, in order to avoid killing any one, for I have never killed a single person.”

“What force did your king give you when he accepted your services?”

“He gave me ten or twelve thousand men. At first I went to Orleans, to the tower of St. Loup, and afterward to that of the bridge.”

“At the attack of which tower was it that you withdrew your men?”

“I do not remember. I was very sure of raising the siege of Orleans; I had had a revelation on the subject; I told the king before going there I should raise it.”

“Before the assault, did you tell your people that you alone would receive the javelins and the stones thrown by the machines and cannons?”

“No; a hundred of my people, and even more were wounded. I said to them, ‘Fear not, and you will raise the siege.’ At the assault of the bridge tower I was wounded in the neck with an arrow or lance; but I had great comfort from St. Catherine, and I was cured in less than fifteen days. I did not cease on that account to ride on horseback and to labor. I knew well I should be wounded; I told my king so, but that, notwithstanding, I should keep at work. They had been revealed to me by the voices of my two saints, blessed Catherine and blessed Margaret. It was I who first placed a ladder against the tower, and it was in raising that ladder that I was wounded in the neck by the lance.”

The session ended soon after, and the prisoner was removed. There were six of these public examinations, but nothing further of much importance was elicited by them.

The public examinations being at an end, the court took a week to review and consider the evidence obtained. They decided that further light was needed on some points, and ordered that she should be examined in secret by seven learned doctors, and her answers recorded for the subsequent use of the whole court. There were nine of these secret questionings, but she adhered to her fatal line of defence, ever insisting upon her supernatural pretensions, and adding particulars which placed her more hopelessly than before in the power of her enemies. To



complete the reader's view of this portion of the trial, I select one of these secret examinations (the fourth) for translation, in which she overtasked the credulity even of her adherents, and made her well-wishers in the court powerless to serve her.

“What was the sign which you gave your king?”

“Would you like me to perjure myself?”

“Have you promised and sworn to St. Catherine not to reveal that sign?”

“I have sworn and promised not to reveal that sign, and of my own accord, too, because they pressed me too much to reveal it; and then I said to myself: I promise not to speak of it to any man in the world. The sign was that an angel assured my king, when bringing him the crown, that he would possess the whole kingdom of France, through the help of God and my labor. The angel told him also to set me at work, that is to say, give me some soldiers, or otherwise he would not be crowned and anointed so soon.”

“Have you spoken to St. Catherine since yesterday?”

“I have heard her since yesterday, and she told me several times to answer the judges boldly concerning whatever they should ask me touching my case.”

“How did the angel carry the crown? and did he place it himself upon your king's head?”

“The crown was given to an archbishop, namely, the Archbishop of Rheims, I believe in my king's presence. The archbishop received it, and remitted it to the king. I was myself present. The crown was afterward placed in my king's treasury.”

“Where was it that the crown was brought to the king?”

“It was in the king's chamber at the château of Chinon.”

“What day and hour?”

“As to the I day, know not; in regard to the hour, it was early. I have no further recollection concerning it. For the month, it was March or April, it seems to me, two years from the present month. It was after Easter.”

“Was it the first day of your seeing this sign that your king saw it also?”

“Yes, he saw it the same day.”

“Of what material was the said crown?”

“It is good to know that it was fine gold; so rich was it that I should not know how to estimate its value, nor appreciate its beauty. The crown signified that my king should possess the kingdom of France.”

“Were there any precious stones in it?”

“I have told you what I know of it.”

“Did you handle or kiss it?”

“No.”

“Did the angel who brought that crown come from heaven or earth?”

“He came from on high, and I understand he came by the command of our Lord. He entered by the door of the chamber. When he came before my king, he paid homage to him by bowing before him, and by pronouncing the words which I have already mentioned, and at the same time recalled to his memory the beautiful patience with which he had borne his great troubles. The angel walked from the door, and touched the floor in coming to the king.”

“How far was it from the door to the king?”

“My impression is that it was about the length of a lance; and he returned by the same way he had entered. When the angel came, I accompanied him, and went with him up the staircase to the king's chamber. The angel entered first, and then myself, and I said to the king, ‘Sire, here is your sign: take it.’”

“In what place did the angel appear to you?”

“I was almost continually in prayer that God would send a sign to the king, and I was in my lodgings at a good woman’s house near the château of Chinon when he came; then we went together toward the king; he was accompanied by other angels whom no one saw. If it had not been for love of me, and to put me beyond the reach of those who accused me, I believe several who saw the angel would not have seen him.”

“Did all who were with the king see the angel?”

“I believe the Archbishop of Rheims saw him, as well as the lords D’Alençon, La Trémouille, and Charles de Bourbon. As to the crown, many churchmen and others saw it who did not see the angel.”

“Of what countenance, of what stature, was that angel?”

“I have not permission to say; to-morrow I will answer that.”

“Were all the angels who accompanied him of the same countenance?”

“Some of them were a good deal alike, others not, at least from my point of view. Some had wings; others had crowns. In their company were St. Catherine and St. Margaret, who were with the angel just mentioned, and the other angels also, even in the king’s chamber.”

“How did the angel leave you?”

“He left me in a little chapel. I was very angry at his going. I wept. Willingly would I have gone away with him—that is to say, my soul.”

“After the angel’s departure, did you continue joyful?”

“He did not leave me fearful or frightened, but I was angry at his departure.”

“Was it on account of your merit that God sent to you His angel?”

“He came for a great purpose, and I was in hopes that the king would take him for a sign, and that they would

cease arguing about my carrying succor to the good people of Orleans. The angel came, also, for the merit of the king and of the good Duc d'Orléans."

"Why to you rather than another?"

"It pleased God to act thus by means of a simple maid in order to repel the enemies of the king."

"Has he told you whence the angel brought that crown?"

"It was brought from God, and there is no goldsmith in the world who could make it so rich or so beautiful."

"Where did he get it?"

"I attribute it to God, and know not otherwise whence it was taken."

"Did a good smell come from the crown? Did it shine?"

"I do not remember; I will inform myself." Resuming after a pause: "Yes, it smelled well, and will always, provided it is well taken care of, as it should be. It was in the style of a crown."

"Did the angel write you a letter?"

"No."

"What sign had your king, the people who were with him, and yourself, to make you think it was an angel?"

"The king believed it through the instruction of the churchmen who were there, and by the sign of the crown."

"But how did the clergy themselves know that it was an angel?"

"By their learning, and because they were clergymen."

The session closed soon after, and she was conducted once more to her apartment. The learned doctors questioned her closely, and even skillfully, during these nine secret sessions, and she often answered them with vivacity and force. They asked her one day why she had thrown herself from the tower. She told them that she

had heard the people of Compiègne were to be put to the sword, even to children seven years of age, and that she preferred to die rather than to survive such a massacre of good people. "That," she added, "was one of the reasons. The other was, I knew I had been sold to the English, and I held it better to die than fall into the hands of my adversaries." On another occasion she declared that she had not sprung from the tower in despair, but in the hope of escaping, and of going to the succor of the brave men who were in peril. She owned, however, that it was a rash and wrong action, of which she had repented. As she often expressed a desire to hear mass, they asked her one day which she would prefer, to put on a woman's dress and hear mass, or retain her man's clothes and not hear it. Her answer was, "First assure me that I shall hear mass if I put on woman's clothes, and then I will answer you."

"Very well," said the questioner, "I engage that you shall hear mass if you will put on a woman's dress."

She replied that she would wear a woman's dress to mass, but that on her return she should resume her man's clothes.

They asked her finally, and the trial turned upon this point, if she was willing to submit all her words and deeds to the judgment of the holy mother Church.

"The Church!" she exclaimed. "I love it, and desire to sustain it with my whole power, for the sake of our Christian faith. It is not I who should be hindered from going to church and hearing mass." But she would not answer this decisive question in a way to increase her chances of escape. As to what she had done for her king and country, she said she submitted it all to God, who had sent her, and then she wandered into a prediction that the French were on the eve of a great victory. The priest repeated his question, but she only replied that she



submitted all to God, our Lady, and the saints. "And my opinion is," said she, "that God and the Church are one." The questioner then explained to her that there was a Church militant and a Church triumphant, and that it was to the Church militant—consisting of the Pope, cardinals, bishops, priests, and all good Catholics—to which her submission was required.

But she could not be brought to submit to the Church militant. To the end of these nine incisive questionings she held her ground firmly, claiming supernatural warrant for all that she had done for her king and party, glorying in it, protesting her warm desire to renew her labors in the field, and refusing to resume the dress of her sex. She said that if they condemned her to the stake, she would wear at the last hour a long woman's garment, but till then she should retain the attire assigned her by Divine command. She refused, a few days after, even to change her dress for the mass.

Further deliberation followed, and at length the charges against her were drawn up, to the number of seventy, each of which was read to her in open court, and her answer required. Many weary days were thus consumed without result. When the last charge had been read and answered, she was asked again the question upon which her life depended, "If the Church militant says to you that your revelations are illusory or diabolical, will you submit to the decision of the Church?" Her answer was the same as before: "I submit all to God, whose command I shall always obey."

The seventy charges were then condensed to twelve, for the convenience of the court. These charges were chiefly drawn from her own avowals. The first article, for example, accused her of saying that she had been visited and guided by St. Michael, St. Catherine, and St. Margaret. Her leap from the tower, as related by herself, was

one of the charges, her inscribing sacred names on her banner was another. The charges, in short, were the condensed statement of her own answers, the chief point of offence being that she claimed for her mission supernatural authorization and aid. The outward and visible sign of this pretension was the wearing of men's clothes.

The patience of the court with their contumacious prisoner was remarkable, and seems to indicate that the court as a body meant to try her fairly, and that there were members who desired her acquittal. Eight learned doctors were next appointed to visit her in her room, and give her a solemn and affectionate admonition, and urge her, by timely submission and repentance, to save her body from the fire and her soul from perdition. They performed this duty well. They offered to send her other learned men, if she would designate them, who would visit her, instruct her, resolve her doubts, and guide her into the true way. She thanked them for their pains, adhered to all her pretensions, and refused to change her dress. "Let come what will," said she, "I shall not say or do otherwise."

After days of further deliberation, they caused her to be conducted to a chamber of the great tower, in which were the apparatus of the torture, and the men in official costume who usually applied it. "Truly," said she, as she looked upon the hideous implements, "if you tear me limb from limb, and separate soul from body, I should say nothing other than I have said; and even if I should, I should forever maintain that you made me say it by force." And she went on to speak of her voices in her usual manner. The court decided that, considering "the hardness of her heart," the punishment of the torture would profit her little, and that therefore it might be dispensed with, at least for the present. One learned and pious doctor thought that the torture would be a "salu-

tary medicine for her soul," but the general opinion was that she had already confessed enough. As a Catholic she had indeed put herself fatally in the wrong, and given her enemies all the pretext for her condemnation which the age required.

More deliberations followed. The University of Paris was formally consulted, and would give but one answer: either the events related by the prisoner occurred, or they did not occur; if they did not occur, she is a contumacious liar; if they did occur, she is a sorceress and a servant of the devil. She must therefore confess, recant, renounce, submit, or suffer a penalty proportioned to her crimes. This decision was also communicated to the Maid with the utmost solemnity, and she was again exhorted and entreated to submit. The address delivered to her on this occasion was eloquent and pathetic, and the argument presented was one which should have convinced a Catholic. The orator, however, expended his main strength in tender entreaty, begging her, for her immortal's soul's sake, not to persist in setting her own uninstructed judgment against that of the University of Paris, and so great a body of eminent clergy. It was of no avail. "If," said she, "I was already condemned, if I saw the brand lighted, the fagots ready, and the executioner about to kindle the fire, and if I was actually in the flames, I should say only what I have said, and maintain all that I have said, till death.

She was to have one more opportunity to escape the fire. On Thursday morning, May 24th, the scene of the trial was changed from a room in Rouen castle to the public cemetery of the city. A spacious platform was erected for the prisoner. The "Cardinal of England" attended, and there was a vast concourse of excited people, now admitted for the first time to witness the proceedings. The Maid was conveyed to the spot in a

cart, and placed upon the stand prepared for her, the cart remaining to take her to the castle or to the stake, according to the issue of this day's session. When all were in their places, a preacher of great renown rose, and, taking his place opposite to the prisoner, preached a sermon upon the text, "A branch can not bear fruit of itself except it abide in the vine," which he concluded by a last solemn exhortation to the prisoner to yield submission to the Church.

She was not shaken. In her first reply, however, she tried a new expedient, saying, "Send to Rome, to our holy father the Pope, to whom, after God, I yield submission." Three times she was asked if she was willing to renounce those of her acts and words which the court condemned. Her last reply was, "I appeal to God and our holy father the Pope."

The presiding bishop then began the reading of her sentence. The reading had proceeded two or three minutes, when suddenly her courage failed her, and she yielded. She interrupted the reading. "I am willing," she cried, "to hold all that the Church ordains, all that you judges shall say and pronounce. I will obey your orders in everything." Then she repeated several times: "Since the men of the church decide that my apparitions and revelations are neither sustainable nor credible, I do not wish to believe nor sustain them. I yield in everything to you and to our holy mother Church."

This submission had been provided for by the manager of the trial. He at once produced a formal recantation and abjuration, which she was required to sign. "I can neither read nor write," she said. The king's secretary placed the document before her, put a pen in her hand, and guided it while she wrote "Jehanne," and appended the sign of the cross.

The bishop then produced another sentence which had

been prepared beforehand in view of her possible abjuration. This document, after recounting her errors and her submission, relieved her from excommunication, and urged her to a true repentance; but it ended with a few words of crushing import to such a spirit: "Since you have rashly sinned against God and holy Church, finally, definitively, we condemn you to perpetual imprisonment, with the bread of grief and the water of anguish, to the end that you may mourn your faults and commit no more." Then she was conveyed to the castle. That afternoon, in the presence of six or seven ecclesiastics, after exhortation, she took off her man's dress with apparent willingness, and put on that of a woman. She also allowed some locks of hair, which she had worn hitherto in the fashion of men, to be cut off and taken away.

And thus, on that Thursday afternoon, May 24th, exactly one year after her capture, in the sixth month of her confinement in the castle, and fourth of her public trial, she found herself still in prison, chained as before, guarded as before by men, and deprived of the one solace that captives know—*hope*. She had saved her life, but not regained her darling liberty. She was not in the field. She was a captive, shorn, despoiled, degraded, hopeless, lacerated by fetters, and weighed down by heavy chains, with men always in her cell, and liable every hour to the taunts of hostile and contemptuous visitors.

She bore it Friday, Saturday, Sunday. When she rose on Monday morning, she put on her man's dress. The bishop and several other members of the court arrived but too soon; for this was welcome news to the English party. They asked her why she had resumed that dress. "Because," said she, "being with men, it is more decent. I have resumed it, too, because you have not kept your promises that I should hear mass, and receive my Saviour,



and have my irons taken off. I prefer to die than be in irons. Let me go to mass, take off my chains, put me in a proper prison, let me have a woman for companion, and then I will be good, and do what the Church desires." They asked her if her voices had revisited her, if she still believed that they were St. Catherine and St. Margaret, if she adhered to what she had said with regard to the crown given to her king by St. Michael. To all such questions she replied bluntly in the affirmative, as if courting death. "All that I revoked and declared on the scaffold," said she, "I did through fear of the fire. I prefer to die than endure longer the pain of imprisonment. Never have I done anything against God or the faith. I did not understand what was in the act of abjuration. If the judges desire it, I will wear woman's dress; beyond that I will yield nothing."

To reassemble the court, and bring this erring, tortured, devoted child to the stake, required but two days. On Wednesday morning, May 30, 1431, there was another open-air session of the court, in a market-place of Rouen, where there was erected a platform of another kind for the prisoner. On that last morning of her life her demeanor was not stoical nor histrionic, but simply human—the demeanor of a terrified girl of nineteen who was nerving herself to a frightful ordeal which she herself had chosen.

She bewailed her fate with cries and sobs. They gave her a priest to hear her in confession, after which the sacrament was brought to her by the usual procession of priests chanting a litany, and bearing many candles. She received it "very devoutly, and with a great abundance of tears," and passed her remaining time in prayer. The same cart conveyed her to the market-place, guarded by "a hundred and twenty" English men-at-arms. Another sermon was preached, upon the text, "If one member suffer, the other members suffer also." The bishop then

read a long sentence, of which a few words are given at the beginning of this article, which he ended by handing her over to the secular arm. The members of the court departed, and then, without any other legal formality, she was bound to the stake and burned. Tradition gives us many particulars of her last moments, but as they were not gathered till 1456, twenty-five years after her ashes were thrown into the Seine, we must receive them with caution. It is credible enough that she died embracing a cross, and with her eyes fixed upon another cross held up before her by a sympathizing priest. In 1456, the period of her "rehabilitation," that man was accounted happy who had something pleasing or glorious to tell of the Maid whom France then revered as a deliverer.

It is difficult for us to conceive the importance attached to this trial at the time. The English government, by a long circular letter, notified all the sovereigns of Europe of the result of the trial, and gave them an outline of the proceedings. The University at Paris sent a particular account of the trial to the Pope, to the cardinals, and to the chief prelates of Christendom. But five years later Paris surrendered to the King of France, and twenty-five years later Normandy itself owned allegiance to Charles VII.



HARRIET MARTINEAU.



## XXXVIII.

### HARRIET MARTINEAU.

“**H**OW I detest benevolent people!” Sydney Smith is reported to have said, on looking up from a book he had been reading.

“Why?” asked his daughter.

“Because they are so cruel,” was his reply.

I was reminded of this anecdote upon looking over a book lately published, entitled “*Harriet Martineau’s Autobiography*,” which is full of the personal gossip that amuses readers, but gives extreme pain to large numbers of worthy persons who cannot possibly set themselves right with the public by correcting the misconceptions of a writer no longer among the living. Miss Martineau was, doubtless, a lady who strongly desired the happiness of mankind, and who had some correct ideas of the manner in which human happiness is to be promoted. She rendered much good service in her day and generation, but she left this book to be published after her death, which is unjust to almost every individual named in it, and, most of all, unjust to herself.

And the worst of it is, no effective answer can be made to it. The gifted family of the Kembles, for example, and particularly Mrs. Kemble, a lady still living, with children and other relations, are held up to the contempt of mankind as vain, vulgar, and false. Perhaps the Kembles thought Miss Martineau vain, vulgar, and false; but they have not had the indecency to tell the public so. Macaulay, Miss Martineau tells us, had “no heart,” and



his nephew, Trevelyan, "no head." Lord Althorp was "one of nature's graziers;" Lord Brougham was a creature obscene and treacherous; Earl Russell and the whole Whig party were a set of conceited incapables; Thackeray, the satirist of snobs, was himself a snob; N. P. Willis, a lying dandy; Eastlake an artist of "limited" understanding; and so she deals out her terrible gossip, which might have been harmless enough spoken at a tea-table to a confidential friend, but was not proper to be printed during the lifetime of the individuals named, nor during the lifetime of their immediate descendants.

Things go by contraries in this world. We often find high Tories who, in their practical dealings with their fellow-men, are perfectly democratic; and it is well known that some of the most positive democrats this country has ever produced have been, in their personal demeanor, haughty and inhuman. It is much the same with philanthropists and misanthropists. A person may snarl at mankind in a book and be the soul of kindness in his own circle, and he may deluge the world with benevolent "gush," without having learned to be agreeable or good-tempered in his own home.

Miss Martineau, however, has been to no one so unjust as to herself; for she has not had the art to make her readers feel and realize the disadvantages under which she labored. She was deaf; she had no sense of smell, and only a very imperfect sense of taste. She could hear, it is true, by the aid of a trumpet, but she was cut off from all that higher, easier, constant intercourse with her kind which people enjoy who rarely know what silence is, and who hear human speech of some kind at almost every moment when they are awake. And she had a childhood which disarms censure. During the first thirty years of her life, she scarcely enjoyed one day of health or peace, all in consequence of her mother's neglect. The child,

soon after it was born, was sent out of the way to a wet-nurse in the country, who nearly starved her to death, having an insufficiency of milk, and being unwilling to lose the charge of the child by telling the truth. Her deafness and her bad health during the first third of her life were always ascribed by her mother to this starvation.

The story of her childhood is almost incomprehensible to American parents, who are apt to watch their children with even an excessive care and tenderness. Her parents seemed never to have suspected what she suffered, nor did she ever have confidence enough in them to attempt to make known to them her miseries. Milk, for example, always disagreed with her, and to such a degree that she had "a horrid lump at her throat for hours every morning, and the most terrible oppression in the night." Nevertheless, as English children are always fed upon milk, she continued to drink it morning and night, without mentioning her sufferings, until she was old enough to drink tea, which, in England, is usually about the sixteenth year. How amazing is this! On what strange terms children must live with their elders where such a thing could be!

During all her childhood she was tormented by fear and shame. She was afraid of everything and everybody. Sometimes, at the head of the stairs, she would be panic-stricken, and feel sure she could never get down. In going a few steps into the garden she would be afraid to look behind her, dreading an imaginary wild beast. She was afraid of the star-lighted sky, having an awful dread of its coming down upon her, crushing her, and remaining upon her head. She was afraid of persons, and declares that, to the best of her belief, she never met with an individual whom she was not afraid of until she was sixteen years of age. The exhibition of a magic lantern was

awful to her, and she was terrified beyond measure by seeing the prismatic colors in the glass drops of a chandelier. There were certain individuals whom she met occasionally in the town, of whom she knew nothing, neither their name nor their occupation, and yet she could never see them without experiencing the most intense fear. At the same time she was bitterly ashamed of this weakness, and seems never to have thought of mentioning it to a living creature, least of all to her mother and sisters. For a long course of years—from about eight to fourteen—she tried with all her might to pass a day without crying.

“I was a persevering child,” she says, “and I knew I tried hard; but I failed. I gave up at last, and during all those years I never did pass a day without crying.”

She thinks her temper must have been “excessively bad,” and that she was “an insufferable child for gloom, obstinacy, and crossness.” But she also thought that if her parents and brothers and sisters had shown ever so little sympathy with her unhappiness, she should have responded with joyous alacrity. When her hearing began to grow dull, it did not excite sympathy in the family, but distrust and contempt. She would be told that “none are so deaf as they who do not wish to hear;” and when it could no longer be doubted that she was growing deaf, the best help she got was from her brother, who told her that he hoped she would never make herself troublesome to other people. What a delightful family! Such treatment, however, had one good effect: she made up her mind, and she kept her resolution, never to make her deafness a burthen to others. She never asked any one to repeat a remark in company which she had not caught, and always trusted her friends to tell her what it was necessary for her to know.

During the generation which saw the beginning and

the end of Napoleon's career, a kind of savageness seems to have pervaded human life. All Europe was fighting; school-boys were encouraged and expected to fight, and the softer feelings of our nature were undervalued or despised. Bonaparte made life harder for almost every one in the civilized world; and this may partly explain how an intelligent, virtuous, and even benevolent family could have lived together in a manner which seems to us heartless and savage.

Her parents gave her an excellent education. She could make shirts and puddings; she could iron and mend; she acquired all household arts, as girls did in those days; but at the same time she became a considerable proficient in languages and science, and very early began to show an inclination to composition. The circumstance which made her a professional writer was interesting. She had secretly sent an article to a monthly magazine, and a few days after, as she was sitting after tea in her brother's parlour, he said:

"Come now, we have had plenty of talk; I will read you something."

He took the very magazine that contained her contribution, and opening it at her article he glanced at it, and said:

"They have got a new hand here. Listen."

He read a few lines, and then exclaimed:

"Ah! This *is* a new hand; they have had nothing as good as this for a long while."

He kept bursting out with exclamations of approval as he continued to read, until, at length, observing her silence, he said:

"Harriet, what is the matter with you? I never knew you so slow to praise anything before."

She replied in utter confusion:

"I never could baffle anybody. The truth is, that paper is mine."

Her brother said nothing, but finished the article in silence, and spoke no more until she rose to go home. Then he laid his hand on her shoulder, and said, in a serious tone :

“ Now, dear ” (he had never called her *dear* before), “ now, dear, leave it to other women to make shirts and darn stockings, and do you devote yourself to this.”

And so she did. With immense perseverance, and after encountering every sort of discouragement, she reached the public ear, by writing stories in illustration of the truths of political economy. For a time she was the most popular story-writer in England, and the aid of her pen was sought by cabinet ministers, as well as by the conductors of almost every important periodical. She was so good and useful a woman, that we must forgive whatever mistakes of judgment and temper we may lament in her autobiography. She loved America almost as though she had been born upon its soil, and Americans must take her censures in good part.

During her residence in the United States, she sacrificed her popularity, and even risked her personal safety, by openly espousing the cause of the detested abolitionists. At one of their meetings in Boston, in 1835, to attend which she braved the fury of a mob, she deliberately, and with full knowledge of what her action involved, spoke in defence of their principles. Her own narrative of the event, as given in her *Autobiography*, is of singular interest :

“ In the midst of the proceedings of the meeting, a note was handed to me written in pencil on the back of the hymn which the party were singing. It was from Mr. Loring, and these were his words :

“ Knowing your opinions, I just ask you whether you would object to give a word of sympathy to those who are suffering here for what you have advocated elsewhere. It would afford great comfort.”



“The moment of reading this note was one of the most painful of my life. I felt that I could never be happy again if I refused what was asked of me; but to comply was probably to shut against me every door in the United States but those of the Abolitionists. I should no more see persons and things as they ordinarily were. I should have no more comfort or pleasure in my travels; and my very life would be, like other people’s, endangered by an avowal of the kind desired. George Thompson was then on the sea, having narrowly escaped with his life, and the fury against ‘foreign incendiaries’ ran high. Houses had been sacked; children had been carried through the snow from their beds at midnight; travelers had been lynched in the market-places, as well as in the woods; and there was no safety for any one, native or foreign, who did what I was now compelled to do. Having made up my mind, I was considering how the word of sympathy should be given, when Mrs. Loring came up, with an easy and smiling countenance, and said:

“‘You have had my husband’s note. He hopes you will do as he says; but you must please yourself, of course.’

“I said, ‘No; it is a case in which there is no choice.’

“‘Oh, pray do not do it unless you like it. You must do as you think right.’

“‘Yes,’ said I, ‘I must.’

“At first, out of pure shyness, I requested the president to say a few words for me; but, presently, remembering the importance of the occasion and the difficulty of setting right any mistake the president might fall into, I agreed to that lady’s request, that I should speak for myself. Having risen, therefore, with his note in my hand, and being introduced to the meeting, I said, as was precisely recorded at the time, what follows:

“‘I have been requested by a friend present to say something—if only a word—to express my sympathy in

the objects of this meeting. I had supposed that my presence here would be understood as showing my sympathy with you. But as I am requested to speak, I will say what I have said through the whole South, in every family where I have been; that I consider slavery as inconsistent with the law of God and as incompatible with the law of his Providence. I should certainly say no less at the North than at the South concerning this utter abomination, and I now declare that in your principles I fully agree.’”

“As I concluded, Mrs. Chapman bowed down her glowing head on her folded arms, and there was a murmur of satisfaction through the room, while, outside, the growing crowd (which did not, however, become large) was hooting and yelling, and throwing mud and dust against the windows.”

It was bravely done. Happily, the present generation can form but an imperfect idea of the sacrifice she made in taking sides with a party then held in equal abhorrence and contempt. Several days passed before this action of Miss Martineau was known to the public. Gradually, however, it circulated, and, at length, the little speech itself was printed verbatim in a report of the Anti-Slavery Society. Precisely that happened which Miss Martineau had anticipated. Every door was closed against her, except those of the Abolitionists. No more invitations littered her table. She was a lion no longer. Houses where she was known to be staying were avoided, as though they had shown to the passer-by the warning signal of contagion. The *Boston Advertiser* opened upon her its provincial thunder, and Boston society shuddered at the awful fate which the brave woman had brought upon herself. The press in general denounced her, and even some of the Abolitionists felt that, being a stranger, she need not have incurred this obloquy.

Miss Martineau's tranquility was not for a moment

disturbed, and she was glad that, in so critical a moment, she had been able to preserve her self-respect.

During the greater part of her mature life she felt herself compelled to embrace the unpopular side of most of the questions which deeply stirred the human mind. For some years she retained the faith of her parents, which was the Unitarian; but, as her intelligence matured, she found the beliefs and usages of that sect less and less satisfactory, until she reached the settled conviction that all the creeds and religions of the earth were of purely human origin. She rejected the idea of a personal deity, and regarded the belief in immortality as an injurious delusion. It is a proof, at once, of the profound excellence of her character and the advanced catholicity of her generation, that these opinions, which she never concealed and never obtruded, estranged none of her friends, even those of the most pronounced orthodoxy. Miss Florence Nightingale, for example, a devoted member of the Church of England, wrote, on hearing of her death:

“The shock of your tidings to me, of course, was great; but, O, I feel how delightful the surprise to her! How much she must know now! How much she must have enjoyed already! I do not know what your opinions are about this; I know what hers were, and for a long time, I have thought how great will be the surprise to her—a glorious surprise! She served the Right, that is, God, all her life.”

In a similar strain wrote other friends, who were believers in immortal life. Miss Martineau died at her own house at Ambleside, in 1876, aged seventy-four years. She expressed the secret of her life in a sentence of her *Autobiography*.

“The real and justifiable and honorable subject of interest to human beings, living and dying, is THE WELFARE OF THEIR FELLOWS, surrounding or surviving them.”

For twenty years after she had written her autobiography in momentary expectation of death, she continued to live and work for the welfare of her fellows. In her own words, "Literature, though a precious luxury, was not, and never had been, the daily bread of her life. She felt that she could not be happy, or in the best way useful, if the declining years of her life were spent in lodgings in the morning and drawing-rooms in the evening. A quiet home of her own, and some few dependent on her for their domestic welfare, she believed to be essential to every true woman's peace of mind; and she chose her plan of life accordingly." She lived in the country, built a house, and tried her hand successfully on a farm of two acres. She exerted herself for the good of her neighbors, and devised schemes to remedy local mischiefs. Her servants found in her a friend as well as a mistress.

Her long and busy life bears the constant impress of two leading characteristics—industry and sincerity. In the brief autobiographical sketch, left to be published in the *London Daily News*, to which she had contributed altogether sixteen hundred important articles, she gives this curiously candid judgment of herself, which is more correct than many of her judgments of others: "Her original power was nothing more than was due to earnestness and intellectual clearness within a certain range. With small imaginative and suggestive powers, and therefore nothing approaching to genius, she could see clearly what she did see, and give a clear expression to what she had to say. In short, she could popularize while she could neither discover nor invent."

Her infirmity of deafness probably enabled her to accomplish the immense amount of literary work which she did, since it withdrew her from many distractions. The cheerful and unobtrusive spirit with which she bore her infirmity remains an example and encouragement to her fellow-sufferers.

Her years of lingering illness proved a time of quiet enjoyment to her, being soothed by family and social love and care and sympathy. In the words of her biographer, Mrs. M. W. Chapman, a woman of kindred spirit :

“If, instead of dying so slowly, she had died as she could have wished and thought to have done, without delay, what a treasure of wise counsels, what a radiance of noble deeds, what a spirit of love and of power, what brave victorious battle to the latest hour for all things good and true, had been lost to posterity! What an example of more than resignation, of that ready, glad acceptance of a lingering and painful death which made the sight a blessing to every witness, had been lost to the surviving generation.”



## XXXIX.

### THE WIFE OF LAFAYETTE.

THEY have in Europe a mysterious thing called *rank*, which exerts a powerful spell even over the minds of republicans, who neither approve nor understand it.

We saw a proof of its power when the Prince of Wales visited New York some years ago. He was neither handsome, nor gifted, nor wise, nor learned, nor anything else which, according to the imperfect light of reason, makes a fair claim to distinction. But how we crowded to catch a sight of him! In all my varied and long experience of New York crowds and receptions, I never saw a popular movement that went down quite as deep as that. I saw aged ladies sitting in chairs upon the sidewalk hour after hour, waiting to see that youth go by—ladies whom no other pageant would have drawn from their homes. Almost every creature that could walk was out to see him.

Mr. Gladstone is fifty times the man the Prince of Wales can ever be. Mr. Tennyson, Mr. Bright, George Eliot, Mr. Darwin, might be supposed to represent England better than he. But all of these eminent persons in a coach together would not have called forth a tenth part of the crowd that cheered the Prince of Wales from the Battery to Madison Square. There is a mystery in this which every one may explain according to his ability; but the *fact* is so important that no one can understand history who does not bear it in mind.

The importance of Lafayette in the Revolutionary War was chiefly due to the mighty prestige of his rank—not his

rank as a major-general, but his imaginary, intangible rank as marquis. His coming here in 1777, a young man of twenty, was an event which interested two continents; and it was only his rank which made it of the slightest significance. The sage old Franklin knew this very well when he consented to his coming, and wrote a private note to General Washington suggesting that the young nobleman should not be much hazarded in battle, but kept rather as an ornamental appendage to the cause. He proved indeed to be a young man of real merit—a brave, zealous, disinterested, and enterprising soldier—one who would have made his way and borne an honorable part if he had not been a marquis. But, after all, his rank served the cause better than any nameless youth could have served it.

I met only the other day a striking illustration of this fact, one that showed the potent spell which his mere rank exerted over the minds of the Indians. On coming here early in the Revolutionary War, he performed a most essential service which only a French nobleman could have rendered. It was a terrible question in 1777, which side the Six Nations would take in the strife. These tribes, which then occupied the whole of central and western New York, being united in one confederacy, could have inflicted enormous damage upon the frontier settlements if they had sided against Congress. Lafayette went among them; and they, too, were subject to the spell of his rank, which is indeed most powerful over barbarous minds. He made a talk to them. He explained, as far as he could, the nature of the controversy, and told them that their old friends, the French, were joined, heart and soul, with the Americans, against their old enemies, the English. He prevailed. They afterwards admitted that it was owing to his advice, and especially his confident prophecy of the final victory of the Americans, that

induced so large a portion of the Six Nations to remain neutral. What young man of twenty, unaided by rank and title, could have done this service ?

The war ended. In 1784 the marquis returned to America, to visit General Washington and his old comrades. There was trouble again with the Six Nations, owing to the retention by the British of seven important frontier posts, Detroit, Mackinaw, Oswego, Ogdensburgh, Niagara, and two forts on Lake Champlain. Seeing the British flag still floating over these places confused the Indian mind, made them doubt the success of the Americans, and disposed them to continue a profitable warfare. Congress appointed three commissioners to hold a conference with them at Fort Schuyler, which stood upon the site of the modern city of Rome, about a hundred miles west of Albany. Once more the United States availed themselves of the influence of Lafayette's rank over the Indians. The commissioners invited him to attend the treaty.

In September, 1784, James Madison, then thirty-three years of age, started on a northward tour, and, meeting the marquis in Baltimore, determined to go with him to the treaty ground. The two young gentlemen were here in New York during the second week of September, and the marquis was the observed of all observers. Both the young gentlemen were undersized, and neither of them was good-looking; but the presence of the French nobleman was an immense event, as we can still see from the newspapers of that and the following week. After enjoying a round of festive attentions, they started on their way up the Hudson river in a barge, but not before Mr. Madison had sent off to the American minister in Paris (Mr. Jefferson) a packet of New York papers containing eulogistic notices of Lafayette, for the gratification of the French people.

They arrived at Fort Schuyler in due time—the marquis, Mr. Madison, the three commissioners, and other persons of note. But the Indians had no eyes and no ears except for the little Frenchman, twenty-seven years of age, whom they called Kayenlaa. The commissioners were nothing in their eyes, and although they did not enjoy their insignificance, they submitted to it with good grace, and asked the Indians to listen to the voice of Kayenlaa. He rose to speak, and soon showed himself a master of the Indian style of oratory.

“In selling your lands,” said he, “*do not consult the keg of rum*, and give them away to the first adventurer.”

He reminded them of his former advice, and showed them how his prophecies had come true.

“My predictions,” said he, have been fulfilled. Open your ears to the new advice of your father.”

He urged them strongly to conclude a treaty of peace with the Americans, and thus have plenty of the French articles of manufacture of which they used to be so fond. The leader of the war party was a young chief, equally famous as a warrior and as an orator, named Red Jacket, who replied to Lafayette in the most impassioned strain, calling upon his tribe to continue the war. It was thought, at the time, that no appeals to the reason of the Indians could have neutralized the effect of Red Jacket’s fiery eloquence. It was the spell of the Marquis de Lafayette’s rank and name which probably enabled the commissioner to come to terms with the red men.

“During this scene,” reports Mr. Madison, “and even during the whole stay of the marquis, he was the only conspicuous figure. The commissioners were eclipsed. All of them probably felt it.”

The chief of the Oneida tribe admitted on this occasion that “the word which Lafayette had spoken to them early in the war had prevented them from being led to the

wrong side of it." Forty-one years after this memorable scene—that is to say, in the year 1825—Lafayette was at Buffalo; and among the persons who called upon him was an aged Indian chief, much worn by time, and more by strong drink. He asked the marquis if he remembered the Indian Council at Fort Schuyler. He replied that he had not forgotten it, and he asked the Indian if he knew what had become of the young chief who had opposed with such burning eloquence the burying of the tomahawk.

"He is before you!" was the old man's reply.

"Time," said the marquis, "has much changed us both since that meeting."

"Ah!" rejoined Red Jacket; "time has not been so hard upon you as it has upon me. It has left to you a fresh countenance and hair to cover your head; while to me—look!"

Taking a handkerchief from his head he showed his baldness with a sorrowful countenance. To that hour Red Jacket had remained an enemy to everything English, and would not even speak the language. The general, who well understood the art of pleasing, humored the old man so far as to speak to him a few words in the Indian tongue, which greatly pleased the chief, and much increased his estimate of Lafayette's abilities.

Such was the amazing power of that mysterious old-world *rank* which Lafayette possessed. Let us not forget, however, that his rank would have been of small use to us if that had been his only gift. In early life he was noted for two traits of character; which, however, were not very uncommon among the young French nobles of the period. He had an intense desire to distinguish himself in his profession, and he had a strong inclination toward Republican principles. He tells us whence he derived this tendency. At the age of nine he fell in with



a little book of Letters about England, written by Voltaire, which gave him some idea of a free country. The author of the Letters dwelt upon the freedom of thinking and printing that prevailed in England, and described the Exchange at London, where the Jews and Christians, Catholics and Protestants, Church of England men and Dissenters, Quakers and Deists, all mingled peacefully together and transacted business without inquiring into one another's creed. The author mentioned other things of the same nature, which were very strange and captivating to the inhabitants of a country governed so despotically as France was when Lafayette was a boy.

The book made an indelible impression upon his eager and susceptible mind. He used to say in after years that he was "a republican at nine." He was, nevertheless, a member of the privileged order of his country, and if he had been born in another age he would in all probability have soon outlived the romantic sentiments of his youth, and run the career usual to men of his rank.

In the summer of 1776, when he was not yet quite nineteen, he was stationed with his regiment at Metz, then a garrisoned town near the eastern frontier of France. An English prince, the Duke of Gloucester, brother to the King of England, visited this post a few weeks after Congress at Philadelphia had signed the Declaration of Independence. The French general in command at Metz gave a dinner to the prince, to which several officers were invited, Lafayette among the rest. It so happened that the prince received that day letters from England, which contained news from America.

The news was of thrilling interest: Boston lost—Independence declared—mighty forces gathering to crush the rebellion—Washington, victorious in New England, preparing to defend New York! News was slow in traveling then; and hence it was that our young soldier now

heard these details for the first time at the table of his commanding officer. We can imagine the breathless interest with which he listened to the story, what questions he asked, and how he gradually drew from the prince the whole interior history of the movement. From the admissions of the duke himself, he drew the inference that the colonists were in the right. He saw in them a people fighting in defence of that very liberty of which he had read in the English Letters of Voltaire. Before he rose from the table that day, the project occurred to his mind of going to America, and offering his services to the American people in their struggle for Independence.

“My heart,” as he afterwards wrote, “espoused warmly the cause of liberty, and I thought of nothing but of adding also the aid of my banner.”

And the more he thought of it, the more completely he was fascinated by the idea. Knowing well how such a scheme would appear to his prudent relations, he determined to judge this matter for himself. He placed a new motto on his coat-of-arms :

CUR NON ?

This is Latin for, Why not? He chose those words, he says, because they would serve equally as an encouragement to himself and a reply to others. His first step was to go on leave to Paris, where Silas Deane was already acting as the representative of Congress, secretly favored by the French ministry. Upon consulting two of his young friends, he found them enthusiastic in the same cause, and abundantly willing to go with him, if they could command the means. When, however, he submitted the project to an experienced family friend, the Count de Broglie, he met firm opposition.

“I have seen your uncle,” said the count, “die in the wars of Italy; I witnessed your father’s death at the battle of Minden, and I will not be accessory to the ruin of the only remaining branch of the family.”

He tried in vain to dissuade the young man from a purpose which seemed to him most rash and chimerical. One person that favored his purpose was his beautiful young wife, already the mother of one child and soon to be the mother of a second. She, with the spirit and devotion natural to a French lady of eighteen, entered heartily into the very difficult business of getting off her young husband to win glory for both by fighting for the American insurgents.

Anastasié de Noailles was her maiden name. She was the daughter of a house which had eight centuries of recorded history, and which, in each of these centuries, had given to France soldiers or priests of national importance and European renown. The château of Noailles (near the city of Toul), portions of which date as far back as A. D. 1050, was the cradle of the race: and to-day in Paris there is a Duke de Noailles, and a Marquis de Noailles, descendants of that Pierre de Noailles who was lord of the old château three hundred and fifty years before America was discovered.

Old as her family was, Mademoiselle de Noailles was one of the youngest brides, as her Marquis was one of the youngest husbands. An American company would have smiled to see a boy of sixteen and a half years of age, presenting himself at the altar to be married to a girl of fourteen. We must beware, however, of sitting in judgment on people of other climes and other times. Lafayette was a great match. His father had fallen in the battle of Minden, when the boy was two years of age, leaving no other heir. It is a curious fact that the officer who commanded the battery from which the ball was fired that killed Lafayette's father, was the same General Phillips with whom the son was so actively engaged in Virginia, during the summer of 1781.

The mother of our marquis died ten years after her

husband. Her father, a nobleman of great estate, soon followed her to the grave, and so this boy of fourteen inherited the estates of two important families. Mademoiselle de Noallies had great rank and considerable wealth. It is perhaps safe to infer that she was not remarkable for beauty, because no one of her many eulogists claims it for her. Nearly all marriages among the nobility were then matters of bargain and interest, mutual love having little to do with them ; yet many marriages of that kind were very happy, and in all respects satisfactory. Lafayette's was one of these. The pair not only loved one another with ardent and sustained affection, but the marriage united the two families, and called into being numerous children and grandchildren.

Imagine them married then, in April, 1774, the year in which the Continental Congress met at Philadelphia.

The young husband—officer in a distinguished regiment—was not much at home during the first two years after his marriage ; a circumstance which was probably conducive to the happiness of both, for they were too young to be satisfied with a tranquil domestic life.

One day in the summer of 1776 he returned suddenly and unexpectedly to Paris. His wife observed that some great matter possessed his mind. There is reason to believe that she was among the first to be made acquainted with his scheme of going to America and entering the service of Congress. A married girl of sixteen—the very age of romance—she sympathized at first with his purpose, and always kept his secret. Nine months of excitement followed, during which he went and came several times, often disappointed, always resolved ; until at length Madame de Lafayette received a letter from him, written on board the ship *Victory*, that was to convey him to America.

This was in April, 1777, when already she held in her

arms their first child, the baby Henriette, who died while her father was still tossed upon the ocean. It was many months after his landing in America before he heard of his child's death, and he kept writing letter after letter in which he begged his wife to kiss for him the infant whose lips were cold in the grave. His letters to her during his long absences in America were full of affection and tenderness. He calls her his life, his love, and his dearest love. In the first letter written at sea, he tries once more to reconcile her to his departure.

"If," said he, "you could know all that I have suffered while thus flying from all I love best in the world! Must I join to this affliction the grief of hearing that you do not pardon me?"

He endeavored to convince her that he was not in the least danger of so much as a graze from a British bullet.

"Ask the opinion," said he, "of all general officers—and these are very numerous, because having once obtained that height, they are no longer exposed to any hazards."

Then he turned to speak of herself and of their child.

"Henrietta," said he, "is so delightful that she has made me in love with little girls."

And then he prattled on with a happy blending of good feeling and good humor, until the darkness of the evening obliged him to lay aside the pen, as he had prudently forbidden the lighting of candles on board his ship. It was easy to write these long letters in the cabin of his vessel, but it was by no means easy to send them back across the ocean, traversed by English cruisers. When Madame de Lafayette received this letter their Henriette had been dead for nearly a year. He ran his career in America. He was domesticated with Gen. Washington. He was wounded at the battle of Brandywine. He passed the memorable winter at Valley Forge.



In June, 1778, thirteen months after leaving home, a French vessel brought to America the news of the French alliance, and to *him* that of the death of his Henriette, and the birth of his second daughter, Anastasie. There is nothing in their correspondence prettier than the manner in which he speaks to her of his wound.

“Whilst endeavoring to rally the troops,” he tells her, “the English honored me with a musket-ball, which slightly wounded me in the leg—but it is a trifle, my dearest love; the ball touched neither bone nor nerve, and I have escaped with the obligation of lying on my back for some time.”

In October, 1778, about a year and a half after his departure, Madame de Lafayette enjoyed the transport of welcoming her husband home on a leave of absence.

Once, during the spring of 1778, she was present at a party at a great house in Paris, which was attended by the aged Voltaire, then within a few weeks of the close of his life. The old poet, recognizing her among the ladies, knelt at her feet, and complimented her upon the brilliant and wise conduct of her young husband in America. She received this act of homage with graceful modesty. When Lafayette again returned, at the end of the war, we can truly say he was the most shining personage in France. At court the young couple were overwhelmed with flattering attentions, and the king promoted the marquis to the rank of field-marshal of the French army. During the next seven years, Madame de Lafayette was at the height of earthly felicity. Her two daughters, Anastasie and Virginie, and her son, George Washington, were affectionate and promising children, and there seemed nothing wanting to her lot that could render it happier or more distinguished.

Then came the storm of the French Revolution. Both husband and wife were cast down before it. While he

was immured in an Austrian dungeon, she, with her two daughters, was confined in one of the prisons of Paris, along with other gentle victims of the Terror. Many of her friends went from her embrace to the guillotine. She, fortunately, escaped the axe, and, a few months after the death of Robespierre, she was released, and prepared at once to penetrate to the remote fortress in which her husband was confined. She sent her son to America, consigning him to the care of President Washington, who accepted the trust, and superintended the education of the lad with the affectionate care of a father. The mother and her daughters, in September, 1795, set out for Vienna, she calling herself Mrs. Motier, and giving herself out as an English lady traveling in disguise to escape pursuit.

Upon reaching Vienna she obtained an audience of the Emperor, and implored her husband's release; alleging truly that he had been Marie Antoinette's best friend in France. The Emperor's reply was, "My hands are tied." He refused to release the General, but permitted Madame de Lafayette and her daughters to share his confinement. For twenty-two months they remained in prison with him, suffering the horrors of a detention, which was cruelly aggravated by superserviceable underlings. Anastasie, the elder daughter, was then sixteen years of age, and Virginie was thirteen. Though they, too, were subjected to very rigorous treatment, they preserved their health and cheerfulness. The mother suffered extremely, and more than once she was at death's door. When, in September, 1797, the doors of the fortress of Olmutz were opened, she could scarcely walk to the carriage which bore them to liberty. They made their way to Hamburg, where they were all received into the family of John Parish, the American consul. Mr. Parish afterwards described the scene:

"An immense crowd announced their arrival. The streets were lined, and my house was soon filled with

people. A lane was formed to let the prisoners pass to my room. Lafayette led the way, and was followed by his infirm lady and two daughters. He flew into my arms; his wife and daughters clung to me. The silence was broken by an exclamation of,—

“‘My friend! My dearest friend! My deliverer! See the work of your generosity! My poor, poor wife, hardly able to support herself!’

“And indeed she was not standing, but hanging on my arm, bathed in tears, while her two lovely girls had hold of the other. There was not a dry eye in the room.

“I placed her on a sofa. She sobbed and wept much, and could utter but few words. Again the Marquis came to my arms, his heart overflowing with gratitude. I never saw a man in such complete ecstasy of body and mind.”

Madame de Lafayette never recovered her health. She lived ten years longer, and died December 24, 1807, aged forty-seven years, leaving her daughters and her son happily established. An American who visited, twenty years after, the Château of La Grange, which was the abode of General Lafayette during the last forty years of his life, found there a numerous company of her descendants, a son, two daughters, and twelve grandchildren, forming a circle which he described in glowing terms of admiration. The house was full of America. On the walls were portraits of Washington, Franklin, Morris, Adams, Jefferson, and a painting of the siege of Yorktown. Objects brought from America, or received thence as gifts, were seen everywhere; and there was one room containing nothing but American things, which the General called by the name “America.” There was an American ice-house in the garden, and groves of American trees in the park. It was one of the most estimable and happy families in France. Alas! that the fond mother and the devoted wife should have been wanting to it.



BETSEY PATTERSON.





## XL.

### BETSY PATTERSON, OTHERWISE MADAME JEROME BONAPARTE, OF BALTIMORE.

**I**N the spring of 1766, a poor boy of fourteen, named William Patterson, from the north of Ireland, landed at Philadelphia. He was the son of a small farmer, a Protestant, one of that conquering Scotch-Irish race which has contributed so many distinguished persons to the history of the United States. The boy obtained a place in the counting-house of an Irish merchant in Philadelphia, and served him with singular diligence and fidelity. He acted upon the principle of making himself valuable to his employer.

At twenty-one he was in business as a merchant. When he had been established about two years the American Revolution broke out, threatening to put a stop to all business. William Patterson availed himself of the crisis to make his own fortune, and, at the same time, to serve his adopted country. He loaded two small vessels with tobacco, indigo, and other American products, investing in the speculation the whole of his small capital, and sailed for France. Both vessels reached France in safety. He sold the cargoes, invested the proceeds in warlike stores, of which General Washington was in direst need, and set sail for home. On the way he touched at St. Eustatius, an island of the Dutch West Indies, then a place of great trade, containing about twenty-five thousand inhabitants. Seeing his chance, he remained on this island, and sent his vessels to Philadelphia.

They were both so lucky as to escape the cruisers, and to arrive in March, 1776, when the army had scarcely powder enough to conceal from the enemy that they were short of powder. We can imagine that these two cargoes of ammunition were welcome enough, and sold at a good price. The vessels appear to have returned to the West Indies, where William Patterson remained two or three years, sending supplies home as best he could, until the alliance with France put an end to the scarcity of military stores. He then prepared to return. In June, 1778, he landed in Baltimore, then a town of three or four thousand inhabitants, bringing with him, in gold and merchandise, a hundred thousand dollars, the result of five years' business.

He was then twenty-six years of age. Upon looking at Baltimore with the eyes of a long-headed man of business, observing its situation, and perceiving the necessity of its becoming one of the first cities of the world, he concluded to settle there. With one half of his fortune he bought lots and lands in and near the city, as Astor did in New York a few years later. With the other half of his capital, including his little fleet of small vessels, he went into the business of a shipping merchant.

During the next twenty years the commerce of the infant republic had a most rapid development, particularly while supplying the warring powers of Europe with provisions. William Patterson in those twenty years accumulated what was then considered an immense fortune. President Jefferson, in 1804, spoke of him as probably the richest person in the United States except Charles Carrol of Carrollton, who inherited lands and slaves. His fortune, too, was a growing one, since he continued to purchase lands near the city, that were certain to rise in value with the increase of the place.

After settling in Baltimore he married a young lady

named Dorcas Spear, and soon became a family man of the old-fashioned type. The Scotch-Irish have the family instinct very strong, and are apt to center all their hopes of happiness in a home. He was a man of quiet and regular habits; during a long life he scarcely ever left Baltimore, either on business or pleasure. He said once, in speaking of his own history, that ever since he had had a house of his own it had been his invariable rule to be up last at night, and to see that the fires and lights were in a safe condition before going to bed. Like other rich men, he served as bank director and president, and held other offices of a similar character from time to time.

The most fortunate individuals — and few men were more fortunate than this Baltimore merchant — have their share of trouble. Calamity came to him in the bewitching guise of a most beautiful daughter, born in the early years of his wedded life. This was that Elizabeth Patterson Bonaparte, whose recent death at the age of ninety-four has called attention anew to the strange romance of her early life. In 1803, at eighteen years of age, she was the pride of her father's home, and the prettiest girl in Baltimore, a place noted then, as now, for the beauty of its women. If the early portraits of her are correct, the word *pretty* describes her very well. There was a girlish and simple expression in her countenance at variance with her character, for, with all her faults, she was a woman of force.

In the fall of 1803 this Baltimore beauty attended the races near the city, and there she met her fate. Jerome Bonaparte of the French navy, Napoleon's youngest brother — that brother whom he hoped would accomplish on the ocean what he had done on the land — was at the races that day. Napoleon wanted a great admiral to cope with Nelson and conquer the British navy, and he

had flattered himself that this favorite brother could be the man. If beauty of form and face could make a great commander, Jerome would have been a promising candidate; for on the day that he rode out to the Baltimore races in 1803, he was one of the most superb looking young men then living.

They met! All the world knows what followed.

William Patterson, with his sturdy Scottish sense, perceived the utter incongruity and absurdity of such a match. He opposed it by every means in his power. He used both authority and persuasion. He sent her out of town, but she returned more infatuated than before. At length, discovering that both of them were set upon the marriage, he gave a reluctant consent; and married they were, by the Roman Catholic bishop of Baltimore, her father taking every precaution to fulfill all the forms which the laws of both nations required. The Bonaparte family, with one exception, approved the match, and several of them congratulated the newly married pair. That one exception was Napoleon, the head of the family, First Consul, and about to declare himself Emperor. He refused to recognize the marriage. When, at length, Jerome stood in his presence to plead the case of his young and lovely wife, who was about to become a mother, Napoleon addressed him thus:

“So, sir, you are the first of the family who has shamefully abandoned his post. It will require many splendid actions to wipe off that stain from your reputation. As to your love affair with your little girl, I pay no regard to it.”

And he never did. Jerome had the baseness to abandon his wife, and she stooped to accept from Napoleon an income of twelve thousand dollars a year, which was paid to her as long as the hand of that coarse soldier had the wasting of the French peoples' earnings. She

came back to Baltimore with her child, one of the most wretched of women. She thought that marrying into this family of Corsican robbers had *elevated* her in "rank" above her wise and virtuous father! She wrote to that father many years after, describing her feelings at this time.

"I hated and loathed a residence in Baltimore so much, that when I thought I was to spend my life there, I tried to screw my courage up to the point of committing suicide. My cowardice, and *only* my cowardice, prevented my exchanging Baltimore for the grave. After having married a person of the high rank I did, it became impossible for me ever to bend my spirit to marry any one who had been my equal before my marriage, and it became impossible for me ever to be contented in a country where there exists no nobility."

She never, to the close of her long life of ninety-four years, ceased to cherish such sentiments. In 1849, she wrote from Baltimore to the celebrated Irish authoress, Lady Morgan, a letter in which she gives an amusing revelation of her interior self.

"I consider it," she wrote, "a good fortune for myself that you inhabit London. To enjoy again your agreeable society will be my tardy compensation for the long, weary, unintellectual years inflicted on me in this my dull native country, to which I have never owed advantages, pleasures, or happiness. I owe nothing to my country; no one expects me to be grateful for the evil chance of having been born here. I shall emancipate myself, *par la grace de Dieu*, about the middle of July next; and I will either write to you before I leave New York, or immediately after my arrival at Liverpool.

"I had given up all correspondence with my friends in Europe during my vegetation in this Baltimore. What could I write about except the fluctuations in the security



and consequent prices of American stocks. There is nothing here worth attention or interest save the money market. Society, conversation, friendship, belong to older countries, and are not yet cultivated in any part of the United States which I have visited. You ought to thank your stars for your European birth; you may believe me when I assure you that it is only distance from republics which lends enchantment to the view of them. I hope that about the middle of next July I shall begin to put the Atlantic between the advantages and honors of democracy and myself. France, *je l'espère dans son intérêt*, is in a state of transition, and will not let her brilliant society be put under an extinguisher *nommée la République*.

“The emperor hurled me back on what I most hated on earth—my Baltimore obscurity; even that shock could not divest me of the admiration I felt for his genius and glory. I have ever been an imperial Bonapartiste *quand même*, and I do feel enchanted at the homage paid by six millions of voices to his memory, in voting an imperial president; *le prestige du nom* has, therefore, elected the prince, who has my best wishes, my most ardent hopes for an empire. I never could endure universal suffrage until it elected the nephew of an emperor for the chief of a republic; and I shall be charmed with universal suffrage once more if it insists upon their president of France becoming a monarch. I am disinterested personally. It is not my desire ever to return to France.

“My dear Lady Morgan, do you know that, having been cheated out of the fortune which I ought to have inherited from my late rich and unjust parent, I have only ten thousand dollars, or two thousand pounds English, which conveniently I can disburse annually. You talk of my ‘*princely* income,’ which convinces me that you are ignorant of the paucity of my means. I have all my life

had poverty to contend with, pecuniary difficulties to torture and mortify me; and but for my industry and energy, and my determination to conquer at least a decent sufficiency to live on in Europe, I might have remained as poor as you saw me in the year 1816."

She speaks in this strange letter of having been disinherited by her father. This was not quite true, although the poor, deluded woman was the plague of her father's declining years. It is but common charity to think that the acuteness of her mortification had impaired in some degree her reason. She spent many years hankering after that false European life, and heaping every kind of contempt upon her native land. She appears to have been incapable of human affection. She abandoned her father and his home, to roam around among the titled idlers of Europe, at a time when he peculiarly needed her presence and aid. He wrote to her thus in 1815, soon after the death of his wife:

"What will the world think of a woman who had recently followed her mother and last sister to the grave, and quit her father's house, where duty and necessity call for her attention as the only female of the family left, and thought proper to abandon all to seek for admiration in foreign countries?"

The old man intimates that he, too, regarded her as a person not quite sound in mind. He died in 1835, aged eighty-three years, leaving an immense estate, and the longest will ever recorded in Baltimore. He did not disinherit his daughter, Betsy; but left her a few small houses and lots; which, however, greatly increased in value after his death. He explains the smallness of his bequest thus:

"The conduct of my daughter Betsy has through life been so disobedient that in no instance has she ever consulted my opinions or feelings; indeed, she has caused

me more anxiety and trouble than all my other children put together, and her folly and misconduct have occasioned me a train of expense that first and last has cost me much money. Under such circumstances it would not be reasonable, just, or proper that she should inherit and participate in an equal proportion with my other children in an equal division of my estate; considering, however, the weakness of human nature, and that she is still my daughter, it is my will and pleasure to provide for her as follows, viz.: I give and devise to my said daughter Betsy, first, the house and lot on the east side of South Street, where she was born, and which is now occupied by Mr. Duncan, the shoemaker. Secondly, the houses and lots on the corner of Market Street bridge, now occupied by Mr. Tulley, the chairmaker, and Mr. Priestly, the cabinet-maker. Thirdly, the three new adjoining brick houses, and the one on the corner of Market and Frederick Streets. Fourthly, two new brick houses and lots on Gay Street, near Griffith's bridge; for and during the term of the natural life of my said daughter Betsy; and after her death I give, devise and bequeath the same to my grandson, Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte."

She survived her father many years, a well-known figure in Baltimore, a brisk old lady with a red umbrella and a black velvet bonnet, with an income of a hundred thousand dollars a year, but living in a boarding-house on two thousand. A lady asked her what religion she preferred. She said that if she adopted any religion it would be the Roman Catholic, because "that was a religion of kings—a royal religion." Her niece said: "You would not give up Presbyterianism?" To which she replied:

"The only reason I would not is, that I should not like to give up the stool my ancestors had sat upon."

She died in April, 1879, and left a million and a half

of dollars to her two grandsons. Her letters have been published, and they exhibit to us a character unlike that of any other American woman who has been delineated in print. She once said, with equal sincerity and truth, that, in the course of her experience of life, she had found but one friend that was always faithful, namely, her Purse. Such a woman can have no other, and to that friend she was faithful unto death.

## XLI.

### SOME LADIES OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

WE are often favored with remarks eulogizing the ladies of the old school at the expense of ladies of the present day. I do not doubt that a vast majority of the ladies whom our ancestors loved were estimable beings; but, then, folly is of no age; it belongs to all times, to every race, and to both sexes. Ladies of the old school! How old? How far must we go back before we come to those admirable and faultless creatures?

Shall we say the last century? People who enjoyed the personal acquaintance of ladies who lived a hundred years ago do not appear to have thought so highly of them as some living persons do who know them only by report. Consider one of their habits. What are we to think of their passionate, reckless, universal gambling? Down to 1790, gambling was so universal in the higher circles, that we may almost say society and gambling were synonymous terms. There appears to have been high play at every court and mansion every night. It was the regular resource among the idle classes for getting through the evenings. Fox, whom Nature formed to be the foremost Englishman of his time,—Fox, the Prince Hal of politics,—lost two hundred thousand pounds at cards by the time he was of age; and his father had to pay most of it. The card-table was spoken of sometimes as a school for the acquisition of nerve, fortitude, and good temper, since it was required of every one to bear losses with an appearance of cheerfulness. But human nature



not unfrequently triumphed over the restraints of decorum, as well as over the rules of the game. There were high-born dowagers, with whom it was a costly honor to play. Nor were losses always borne with equanimity. A writer of the last century relates a terrific scene which he witnessed in a London drawing-room.

Two elderly ladies were seated at a table, playing for pretty high stakes. Without going near them, it was easy to tell which was losing and which was winning, from the expression of their faces. At length, the game suddenly ended in a crushing disaster for one of them. The author describes the sweet and pleasant manner in which the gamester of fifty years' standing bore her loss. "Her face," he says, "was of a universal crimson: and tears of rage seemed ready to start into her eyes. At that moment, as Satan would have it, her opponent, a dowager whose hair and eyebrows were as white as those of an Albino, triumphantly and briskly demanded payment for the two black aces.

"'Two black aces!' answered the loser in a voice almost unintelligible by passion. 'Here, take the money; though, instead, I wish I could give you two black eyes, you old white cat!' accompanying the wish with a gesture that threatened a possibility of its execution. The stately, starched old lady, who, in her eagerness to receive her winnings, had half risen from her chair, sunk back into it as though she had really received the blow. She literally closed her eyes and opened her mouth, and for several moments thus remained fixed by the magnitude of her horror."

We hear a good deal about the high-breeding and invincible politeness of the old time. There *was* more ceremony; there *was* more deference paid by poor to rich, by employed to employer, by commoner to lord, by citizens to their public servants; but after a wide survey of the

records of the past, and noting hundreds of indications too trifling for mention, I am fully persuaded, that in our hourly intercourse with one another as mere human beings, without regard to rank or caste, we are more polite than our ancestors,—more generally considerate of one another's feelings, rights, and dignity.

I was turning over in *Scribner's*, some time ago, "The Correspondence of the first Earl of Malmesbury." Good heavens! what savages some of the ladies of England appear in those volumes of familiar letters! Think of the ladies in the Pump-Room at Bath getting into a free fight, tearing one another's hair and clothes, so that the Riot Act was read, and read in vain! We don't do so at Saratoga. We hear much now-a-days of the girl of the period. There was a Woman's Club in London composed of ladies of rank, who came and went at all hours of the night, ate, drank (drank deeply too), played for high stakes, talked loud, showed brawny arms, and boasted in loud, coarse voices of their physical prowess. A new dance came up, which these strong-minded and strong-limbed sisters much affected. It was for two couples, who began the dance by a quarrel; next they fought a pair of duels, firing real pistols; then the couples danced a reconciliation figure, which ended in an embrace; and the dance concluded with kisses, well-timed and loud, that went off like the pistols employed in the fight. The dress of these high-born barbarians was as monstrous as their manners. We read of one lady, who, on seeing the Duchess of Devonshire enter a room with two feathers sixteen inches high nodding from the lofty summit of her head-dress, was stricken with jealousy, and thenceforth took no comfort in life until her undertaker gave his promise to send her two taller plumes as soon as one of his hearses came home from a job.

With regard to decency, as we understand the term,

it did not exist. Consider the anecdote related by Hannah More, bearing upon this point. In her old age, she had a curiosity to read again a novel which had been a favorite in families in her youth, and which she had herself often read at home to the family circle. Upon getting the book she was utterly amazed and confounded at its indecency: at eighty years, she could not read to herself a work which at sixteen she had read aloud to father, mother, and friends.

Dr. Franklin's paper, *The Pennsylvania Gazette*, the best paper ever published in the Colonies, and among the most decent, contains fifty things which no newspaper now-a-days, not the most unscrupulous of all, would dare or wish to publish. Among the shorter tales of Voltaire, there are several which he wrote at the request of ladies, to be used by them in liquidation of forfeits incurred in games. These tales were read aloud, by or for the ladies, to the whole circle at the château or palace; oftener palace than château, some of them being written for German princesses. Those tales we should consider quite indecent, *all of them*. No periodical in Europe or America would publish them. The same author used to lend manuscript cantos of his "Pucelle," a poem of incredible freedom, to the most distinguished ladies in Europe, who regarded the loan as an homage to their taste and discretion, and sat up at night making copies for preservation. He read that poem to the Queen of Prussia, mother of Frederick the Great; and one day, upon looking up, he saw the queen's daughter listening on the sly. The queen, too, saw her a moment after, and exchanged meaning smiles with Voltaire, but did not send her away; and the reading went on as before, the flavor of the jests being more keenly relished because shared by virgin ears.

Women, indeed, were rather fonder of such literature than men, and for an obvious reason. Obscene jests,

indecent tales, and all that constitutes what Miss Wollstonecraft styles "bodily wit," are the natural resource of ignorant, idle minds; and, a hundred years ago, the minds of nearly all ladies were ignorant and idle. I assert, without hesitation, that the ordinary intercourse of human beings *as* human beings is more decent, more dignified, more kindly and more sincere, than it was.

For two or three months one summer, I lived at a beach on the coast of Maine, where, in all, during the season, there must have been as many as two thousand persons, of all sorts and conditions, of all religions and nationalities. I can almost say that there was not a rude or ungracious act done by one of them. Nobody was stuck up; nobody made any parade of wealth, or pretended to any superiority on account of his family or occupation. At the same time proper privacy was not intruded upon. Every one seemed to wish well to others, and the utmost friendliness prevailed at all times. Cards every evening, but no gambling; dancing every evening, but all over at eleven o'clock; plenty of hilarity, but scarcely any drinking. All was pleasant, cheerful, elegant, decorous, free. Warm discussions upon politics and religion, but no intolerance or ill temper. I say with the boldness arising from long research, that such a company, gathered for a similar purpose, in a similar place, during the last century, would have been less innocent, less decorous, less polite. There would have been high play, deep drinking, love intrigues, and no meeting of rich and not rich, distinguished and undistinguished, on terms of friendly equality.

Another fact: In a drawer of the bowling alley, I found one day a Latin dictionary, a Livy, and a Vergil; and I discovered, a few days after, that they belonged to the boy who had charge of the alley. He was preparing for college! When no one was playing, out came his Vergil from the drawer; and he kept at it till the next

customer strolled in. And the best of it was, that no one saw anything extraordinary in this. If he came to a passage he could not translate, he would bring his book to the piazza, and get assistance from some of the gentlemen there who were learned in the classics of antiquity; all of which seemed quite natural and ordinary.

Then as to chivalry—the grand politeness, the Sidney style,—supposed by some to be extinct. In our war, many a Sidney served in the ranks; one act of one of whom was this: Twenty men, thirsty and wounded, were waiting on a hot day, after a battle near Chattanooga, their turn to be attended to. One of the gentlemen of the Christian Commission came up at length, bearing the priceless treasure of a pail of water and a tin cup. He handed the first cupful to the soldier who seemed most to need the cooling, cleansing liquid; for he was badly wounded in the mouth, from which blood was oozing.

“No,” said this sublime Sidney of the ranks: “I must drink last; for, you know, I shall make the cup bloody.”

And there were a thousand men in that army who would have done the same. In this country certainly, and, I think, throughout Christendom, if the spirit of caste still lives in vulgar minds, it is generally recognized *as* vulgarity; it hides itself, and is ashamed.

“Would you believe it?” said Horace Walpole, “when an artist is patronized now-a-days, he thinks it is *he* who confers distinction!”

The courtly old pensioner evidently thought that this was mere insolence and absurdity. This man, who had lived all his life on the bounty of the English people—on an unearned pension of four thousand pounds a year, procured for him by his father, Sir Robert,—had not the slightest doubt of his intrinsic superiority to Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Johnson, Fanny Burney, Garrick, or Handel! Nor had any other man of his order in Europe. Some



one was congratulating the great French actor, Leakin, upon the glory and the money which he had gained during a prosperous season.

“As to money,” said he, “we do not get as much as people think. My income, at the most, is only ten or twelve thousand francs a year.”

“What!” cried a young nobleman, “a vile actor not content with twelve thousand francs a year; while I, who am in the king’s service, who sleep upon a cannon, and shed my blood for my country,—I am only too happy to get a thousand francs!”

The actor, inwardly boiling with fury, quietly said:

“Do you count it for nothing that you dare to speak to to me in that manner?”

Paris, it is said, marveled at the audacity of the veteran actor, not at all at the insolence of the boy lieutenant. All that, let us hope, is over forever. We may boast, too, that an approach has been made to a substantial equality of human conditions and opportunities. Bishop Kip tells us, in a very agreeable article, how tranquil, dignified, and captivating New York society was in the olden time. Very well. But he gives us to understand in the same article, that to maintain one of those refined, dignified families, required an estate ten or fifteen miles square; and there were only about fifty of them in the whole vast Province of New York. We are also reminded, now and then, of the first families of Virginia, and the grand life they lived; but it took a plantation of five thousand acres, five hundred slaves, and fifty house servants, to keep up one establishment. We must learn to live beautifully at a much cheaper rate than that; and I feel assured that we are learning it.

I went over a clock-factory, in Connecticut, some time ago—a spacious and handsome edifice, filled with intelligent, polite men and women doing clean, inviting work;

the water-wheel performing all that was hard and laborious. The only *important* difference I could discover between the proprietor and the workmen was, that the men came to work every morning at seven, and the owner at half-past six. All of them, in fact, came an hour too soon and stayed an hour too late. The workmen lived in pretty cottages—their own, if they choose to buy,—with good, large gardens around them. Their children went to the same school—common school and high school—as his children, and had access to the same library and lyceum. All lived in the same sweet, umbrageous village, and looked out upon the same circle of wood-crowned mountains; nor did there appear to be in the place a mind small enough to hold the barbaric idea, that one man could be higher than another because he has more money, or earns his livelihood by a different kind of work.

Mr. Emerson, in speaking of an improvident marriage, says: “Millenium has come and no groceries.” I said to myself, as I strolled about this village, “Here is a fore-taste of millenium, and groceries in abundance. Here are ladies and gentlemen, not of the old school, who are living the polite and intelligent life upon eight and twelve dollars a week.”

Ladies of the present day themselves lament that they should be so little able to resist the tyranny of fashion. Ladies of the old school were more submissive to fashion than they, without lamenting it. Let me say that, of all tyrannies, the most ancient and the most universal is that of fashion. It began with the beginning of civilization, and it is precisely in the most civilized nations that its control extends to the greatest variety of details. Philosophers laugh at it; but show me, if you can, a philosopher who is philosopher enough to wear in broad daylight his grandfather's Sunday hat! Is it not a good hat? It is an excellent hat. The soft and silken fur of

the beaver covers it; it is lined with the finest leather; it glistens in the sun with a resplendent gloss; it is no uglier in form than the stove-pipe of to-day; it has all the properties of a good covering for the head. The original proprietor wore it with pride, and cherished it with care in a dust-tight bandbox, in which it has reposed unharmed for fifty years. What is the matter with this superior hat, that a man capable of marching up to the cannon's mouth shrinks with dismay from wearing it a mile on a fine afternoon in the street of his native city?

The hat is simply out of fashion; nothing more. The present owner knows that, if he were to wear it, his friends would take him for a madman, his creditors would fear for his solvency, and the boys would set him down as a quack doctor. So rooted, so unconquerable in this tyranny, which many of us deride, and all of us obey!

I said it is the oldest of our tyrants. In Egyptian tombs, which were ancient when Antony wooed Cleopatra, there have been found many evidences that Egyptian ladies were as assiduous devotees of fashion as the fondest inspector of fashion-plates can now be. In the British Museum you may inspect the implements of Egyptian fashion conveniently displayed. There are neat little bottles made to hold the coloring matter used by the ladies of Egypt for painting their cheeks and eyebrows. Some of these vessels have four or five cells or compartments, each of which contained liquid of a different shade for different portions of the face. These were applied with a kind of long pin or bodkin, several of which have been brought to this country.

Professor W. H. Flower, a distinguished member of the Royal Society of London, has recently published a little book called "Fashion in Deformity," in which he mentions several ways in which ladies torment, as well as deform themselves, in obedience to the tyranny of

fashion. He passes over Egypt; perhaps because of the superabundance of material illustrating his subject which the Egyptian collections present to view. If he had confined his work to such a testimony as the Egyptian tombs have yielded, he could have made a volume ten times the size of the modest discourse with which he has been so good as to favor us. One of the absurd Egyptian fashions appears to have been of some service. Herodotus tells us that, when he was on his travels, he once walked over a battle-field where the Egyptians and the Persians had fought some years before.

“I observed,” he says, “that the skulls of the Persians were so soft that you could perforate them with a small pebble, while those of the Egyptians were so strong that with difficulty you could break them with a large stone.”

Upon inquiring into the cause of this, he was informed that it was owing to the different head fashions of Egypt and Persia. In Egypt it was the fashion for mothers to shave the heads even of young children, leaving only a lock or two in front, behind, and one on each side; and while thus shorn they were allowed to go out into the sun without hats. The Persians, on the contrary, wore their hair long, and protected themselves from the sun by soft caps. We learn also from this passage in Herodotus, that it was not the fashion in his time to bury the dead after a battle.

All the ancient civilized races took great liberties with their hair, as well as with the hair of other people. Persons of rank in Egypt, after shaving off their own hair, wore wigs to distinguish them from bare-headed peasants. A still more inconvenient fashion of Egyptian dandies was the wearing of false beards upon the chin, composed of plaited hair, and varying in length according to the rank of the wearer. We find that, in all the ancient civilizations, fashion selected similar objects upon

which to exercise its authority. Sir Gardner Wilkinson mentions that there was a fashion in dogs in ancient Egypt, which changed from time to time. Some breeds were fashionable on account of their extreme ugliness, others for their beauty or size. The favorite dog of a popular princess would set the fashion in dogs for a long time, as it does in more modern days. As favorite dogs were frequently mummied, and placed in the tombs of their owners, we are able to trace several changes of fashion in these creatures.

Professor Flower could have drawn some apt illustrations from the burdensome head dresses found in ancient tombs. Some of these were not merely burdensome, but hideous, the hair being extended in such a way as to make the head four or five times larger than nature made it.

It were well if human beings would be satisfied with self-torment for fashion's sake. On almost any afternoon you may see in Broadway terriers bred so small that a full grown dog does not weigh much more than a large rat. This custom of changing the natural form and size of animals for fashion's sake is both ancient and widespread. The Hottentots twist the horns of their cattle into various fantastic shapes while the horns are young and flexible, and in some parts of Africa the horns of sheep are made to grow in several points by splitting the horn with a knife when it begins to grow. Among ourselves, too, horses tails are still occasionally docked for old fashion's sake, and Professor Flower remarks that the ancient custom of cropping the ears of horses is not yet extinct in England.

Among savages the modes of fashionable deformity are more numerous than with civilized people, though they are less injurious. Some tribes color their nails red or black. Tattooing the skin in an almost universal practice. Some savages blacken their teeth; others pull the mouth



all out of shape with heavy pendants ; others make holes in their ears, and continue to stretch them, until a man can pass his arms through his ears. It is a strange thing that the practice of flattening the head, in use among our Flathead Indians, does not appear to injure the brain. White men who have resided in that tribe report that any mother who should fail to flatten the heads of her children into the fashionable shape, would be thought a very indolent and unkind parent, since it would subject her children to the unsparing ridicule of their playmates. Nor could the girls ever hope for marriage, nor the boys aspire to have any influence in the tribe.

The two worst fashions in deformity, according to Professor Flower, are cramping the feet and compressing the body. The sufferings undergone by Chinese girls, in reducing their feet to the fashionable size, are so severe and long continued as to excite our wonder even more than our pity. The learned professor gives a pair of pictures to show what ladies do with themselves when they try to conform to the fashion of half-yard waist. One presents to us the statue of the Venus of Milo in all the majestic amplitude of nature. The other exhibits the Paris waist of May, 1880, a silly, trivial, nipped figure of the fashionable number of inches in circuit, an object of equal horror to the anatomist and to the artist.

We moderns, however, have one comfort. We have evolved the fashion of not following the fashion. Thus, the late Lord Palmerston never would wear boots which did not give to each of his toes all its natural rights, and so he set the fashion of not wearing the fashionable boot. In every American community there are now to be found ladies of the new school, who, if they follow the fashion at all, follow it at a rational distance, and know how to preserve their health and freedom without singularity. It is no longer difficult to follow the fashion of following the fashion, as Chesterfield advised, " three paces behind."

## XIII.

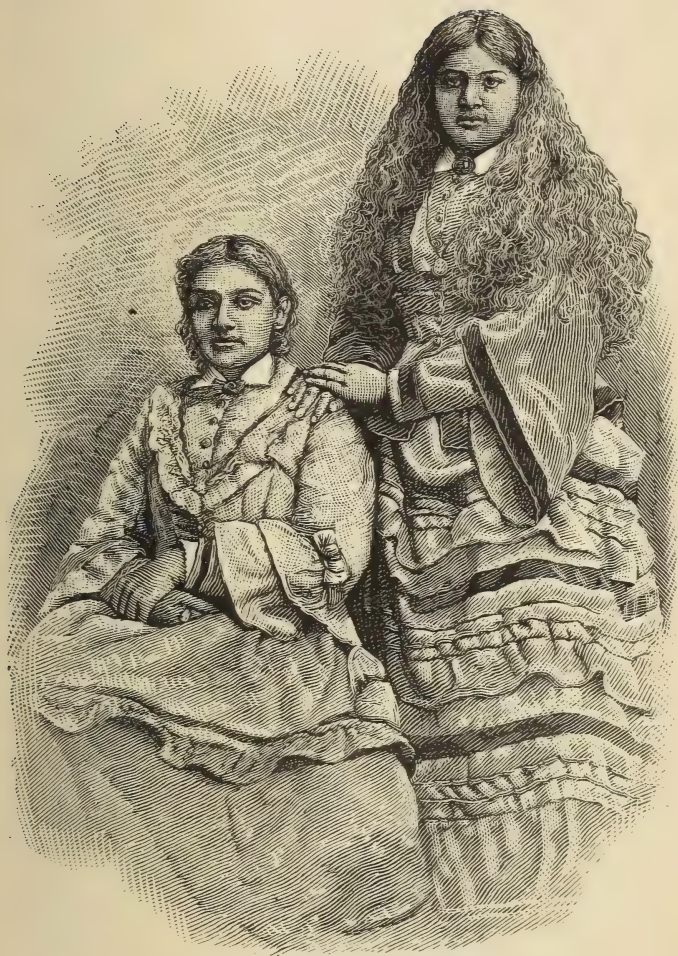
TORU DUTT.

ONE day in August, 1876, the English poet and critic, Mr. Edmund W. Gosse, was lingering in the office of the London "Examiner" mourning over the dullness of the book-trade at that season, and complaining that the publishers sent him no books worth reviewing. While he was still talking upon this subject to his friend, Mr. Minto, the editor of the paper, the postman arrived, bringing a meager little packet, marked with an unfamiliar Indian postmark. Upon being opened it proved to contain a small pamphlet, entitled, "A Sheaf Gleaned in French Fields, by Toru Dutt," which Mr. Minto thrust hastily into the reluctant hands of Mr. Gosse, exclaiming as he did so: "There, see whether you can't make something out of that."

The critic did not expect to make anything of it. It was a thin, shabby, ugly little book, of about two hundred pages, bound in orange color, unattractive in type, and without preface or introduction, its oddly printed title-page merely conveying the information that it was published at Bhowanipore, at the Saptahiksambad Press. He took it, however, and the first thing he found in it was a translation of A Morning Serenade, by Victor Hugo.

"What was my surprise and almost rapture," he says in relating the incident, "to open at such verse as this:

"Still barred thy doors! The far east glows,  
The morning wind blows fresh and free.  
Should not the hour that wakes the rose  
Awaken also thee?"



TORU DUTT AND SISTER.



“All look for thee, Love, Light, and Song;  
 Light in the sky deep red above,  
 Song, in the lark of pinions strong,  
 And in my heart, true Love.

“Apart, we miss our nature’s goal,  
 Why strive to cheat our destinies?  
 Was not my love made for thy soul?  
 Thy beauty for mine eyes?  
 No longer sleep,  
 Oh, listen now!  
 I wait and weep,  
 But where art thou?”

“When poetry is as good as this,” continues Mr. Gosse, it does not much matter whether Rouveyre prints it upon Whatman paper, or whether it steals to light in blurred type from some press in Bhowanipore.”

The volume which thus pleasantly surprised an accomplished reviewer was the work of a young Hindu girl, then only twenty years of age. Toru Dutt was the youngest child of Govin Chunder Dutt, a retired Indian officer of high caste. She was born in Calcutta on the fourth of March, 1856, and, with the exception of a year’s visit to Bombay, her childhood, and that of her elder sister Aru, was passed at her father’s garden-house in the city of her birth. Her parents, whom she dearly loved, were devout Christians, and brought her up to share their faith. She was well acquainted, however, with all the ancient songs and legends of her own people, and always retained for them a tenderness of which she sometimes speaks half apologetically, while at other times she grows warm in their praise. Often her mother, herself, and Aru,—for both sisters possessed very clear, and well-trained contralto voices—would sing these strange old ballads in the evening, when the sudden descent of the tropic night brought welcome dusk and coolness after the glare and heat of an Indian day.



The two sisters were devoted companions. Toru, the younger by eighteen months, always unconsciously took the lead both in studies and amusements, although, as their father records, there was no assumption of superiority on her part. "It seemed perfectly natural to Aru," he says, "to fall into the background in the presence of her sister. The love between them was always perfect."

They remained until 1869 in the happy retirement of their home, studying and learning how to perform household tasks, none of which they considered too mean for them. Much of their time was spent in the garden, of which no description could be given so clear or so beautiful as Toru's own, written a few years later :

"A sea of foliage girds our garden round,  
 But not a sea of dull, unvaried green,  
 Sharp contrasts of all colors here are seen;  
 The light-green, graceful tamarinds abound  
 Amid the mangoe clumps of green profound.  
 And palms arise, like pillars gray, between;  
 And o'er the quiet pools the seemuls lean,  
 Red,—red, and startling like the trumpet's sound.  
 But nothing can be lovelier than the ranges  
 Of bamboos to the eastward, when the moon  
 Looks through their gaps, and the white lotus changes  
 Into a cup of silver. One might swoon  
 Drunken with beauty then, or gaze and gaze  
 On a primeval Eden, in amaze."

In November, 1869, the two girls went to Europe, and visited France, Italy, and England. In France they were sent to school for the only time in their lives, spending a few months at a French pension. It must have been chiefly during this period that Toru gained her marvelous intimacy with the French language. English she spoke and wrote well—even wonderfully well considering her age and nationality—yet an occasional lapse betrays the foreigner. Her French, on the contrary, fluent, grace-

ful, and idiomatic, seems not the toilsomely acquired accomplishment of an educated Hindu, but the natural speech of a Parisian lady. A brief sample, taken almost at random, will prove this. It is a description of the hero in her romance called *Le Journal de Mademoiselle d'Arvers*.

“Il est beau en effet. Sa taille est haute, mais quelquesuns la trouveraient mince; sa chevelure noire est bouclée et tombe jusqu'à la nuque; ses yeux noirs sont profonds et bien fendus; le front est noble; la lèvre supérieure, couverte par une moustache naissante et noire, est parfaitement modelée; son menton a quelque chose de sévère; son teint est d'un blanc presque féminin, ce qui dénote sa haute naissance.”

She always loved France. Her first book, as we see, was a volume of translations from the French; her one long prose work was composed in French; the first article she ever published was a critical essay upon a French author; and two of her most stirring English poems treat of French subjects—one, an ode written in 1870 during the dark days of the Franco-Prussian War, the second, lines inscribed on the fly-leaf of Erckmann-Chatrion's novel *Madame Thérèse*. The latter concludes thus:

I read the story, and my heart beats fast!  
 Well might all Europe quail before thee, France,  
 Battling against oppression! Years have passed,  
 Yet of that time men speak with moistened glance.  
 Va-nu-pieds! When rose high your Marseillaise  
 Man knew his rights to earth's remotest bound  
 And tyrants trembled. Yours alone the praise!  
 Ah, had a Washington but then been found!

On leaving France the sisters went to England, where they attended the lectures for women at Cambridge, and in 1873 they returned to their beloved home in Calcutta,

where the four remaining years of Toru's life were passed. A photograph taken before their departure shows both girls to have been pleasing and refined in appearance, while Toru's rather round face with its bronze skin, brilliant eyes, and shading mass of loose hair, might be termed pretty, did we not prefer to call it expressive, since its alertness and intelligence possess a stronger charm than its beauty.

Toru's career as an author dated from her return to India. Equipped already with a stock of knowledge which, as Mr. Gosse well says, "would have sufficed to make an English or French girl seem learned, but which in her case was simply miraculous," she could not rest content with these acquirements, but devoted herself zealously to the study of Sanskrit, under her father's tuition; a pursuit which she continued until, in consideration of her failing health, he required her to give it up. Her first publication, which appeared in the *Bengal Magazine* when she was but eighteen years of age, was an essay upon the French poet Leconte de Lisle, with whose somewhat austere compositions she had much sympathy. This was soon followed by another upon Joséphin Soulayr, both being illustrated by translations into English verse.

In July, 1874, her sister Aru died at the age of twenty, and in her Toru lost a faithful helper and friend. It had been their cherished project to publish an anonymous novel which Toru was to write and Aru, who possessed a striking talent for design, was to illustrate. Toru began the novel—*Le Journal de Mademoiselle d'Arvers*—before leaving Europe, but Aru died without having seen a page of it, and Toru herself was in her grave when the completed manuscript was found among her papers by her father and given to the public.

The "Sheaf Gleaned in French Fields" appeared, as

we have stated, in 1876. This wonderful book of translations, made by a young girl in India, from one foreign language into another, found but two reviewers in all Europe. One of these was the French poet and novelist, André Theuriet, who was himself represented in its pages by one of her most successful translations, and who gave it just and discriminating praise in the *Revue de Deux Mondes*. The other was the gentleman who had so unwillingly received it in the office of the *London Examiner*. Mr. Gosse, in the memoir with which he afterwards prefaced one of Toru's works, claims with sympathetic pride that he was "a little earlier still in sounding the only note of welcome which reached the dying poetess from England."

The dying poetess! Toru, never strong, and exhausted by the continuous strain of her literary labors, was soon to follow the sister whom she so deeply mourned. Her letters to her friend, Mlle. Clarisse Bader, show us very clearly the beginning of the end. Mlle. Bader was the author of a French work entitled, "Woman in Ancient India," which Toru desired to translate into English. Before doing so, however, she wrote to ask permission of the author. She received a most kind and gracious reply.

"Dear Mademoiselle," wrote Mlle. Bader, "What! It is a descendant of my dear Indian heroines who desires to translate the work I have devoted to the ancient Aryan women of the Peninsula of the Ganges! Such a wish, emanating from such a source, touches me too deeply for me not to listen to it. Translate, then, Woman in Ancient India, Mademoiselle; I authorize you with all my heart to do so; and with all my most sympathetic desires I invoke the success of your enterprise. . . . When you have published in India your translation of Woman in Ancient India, I should be very grateful if you would kindly send two copies of your version. I should also be

very happy to receive your photograph if you still possess one."

Toru's reply, dated Calcutta, March 18, 1877, is as follows :

"Dear Mademoiselle, I thank you very sincerely for your kind authorization to translate. 'Woman in Ancient India' and also for your kind and sympathetic letter, which has given me the keenest pleasure.

"I deeply lament not to have been able to begin the translation yet, but my constitution is not very strong ; more than two years ago I contracted an obstinate cough which never leaves me. Nevertheless, I hope soon to set to work.

"I cannot express, Mademoiselle, how much your affection for my country and my countrywomen touches me, for both your letter and your book sufficiently testify that you do love them ; and I am proud to be able to say that the heroines of our great epics are worthy of all honor and all love. Is there any heroine more touching, more loveable, than Sîta? I do not believe there is. When, in the evening, I hear my mother sing the old songs of our country I almost always shed tears. Sîta's lament when, banished for the second time, she wanders alone in the vast forest with terror and despair in her soul, is so pathetic that I think there is no one who could hear it without crying. I enclose for you two little translations from that beautiful old language, the Sanskrit. Unfortunately, I was obliged to cease my translations from the Sanskrit six months ago. My health does not permit me to continue them. I send you also my portrait and that of my sister. In the photograph she is represented as seated. She was so sweet and so good ! The photograph dates from four years ago, when I was seventeen and she scarcely nineteen. I too, Mademoiselle, shall be grateful, if you will kindly send me your photograph. I will keep it as one of my greatest treasures.



“I must pause here; I will not further intrude upon your time. Like M. Lefèvre-Deumier, I must say:

“Farewell then, dear friend whom I have not known,”

“For, Mademoiselle, I count you among my friends and among my best friends, although I have not seen you.

“Believe, Mademoiselle, the renewed assurance of my friendship,  
TORU DUTT.”

From a postscript we learn that she had expected to visit Europe for her health, and she expresses her hope of soon meeting her unknown friend. In April, however, she writes again, saying that she had been very ill for a fortnight, and that this plan had been abandoned. She asked Mlle. Bader to write to her at her old address—“your letter and your portrait will do me good.” It is pleasant to think how she must have enjoyed the cheering and appreciative letter which she received in reply. It enclosed the portrait, too, although Mlle. Bader declares that her photographs were always each uglier than the last, and that it was a great piece of self-sacrifice for her to send one to anybody who had never seen her.

Toru answers briefly but warmly, thanking her friend for her kindness and excusing herself from writing more at length on the ground that she has been suffering four months from fever, and is still too weak to go from her own room to the next without feeling extreme fatigue. One more letter from Mlle. Bader, even more cordial and affectionate than the last, closes the correspondence. It is full of sympathy and encouragement. She exclaims with surprise that Toru, in her photograph apparently the picture of health, should have been so ill.

“But now,” she adds, “you have wholly recovered, have you not? And, at the time of the Exposition, you will come to our sweet land of France, whose mild breezes will do you good—you, who have suffered from your

burning climate. Friendly hearts await you with joyous hope. My parents and myself love you much—without having ever seen you, but your letters and your works have revealed to us the goodness of your heart, the candor of your soul. Come, then, my amiable friend, to seal with your presence an affection which is already yours.”

The two friends never met; the letter was never answered, never received. It was dated September 11, 1877. Toru Dutt died August 30th of the same year, aged twenty-one years, six months, and twenty-six days. She had breathed her last before the letter was even written. Her last words were, “It is only the physical pain that makes me cry.”

She died almost unknown to fame. A few men in France and England who had made the Orient a special study, had noted her works and praised them as the achievement of a Hindu genius; a still smaller number had read them and loved them for their poetry alone. But, from the day of her death her reputation grew, and a second edition of the “Sheaf Gleaned in French Fields” was soon prepared, with a brief preface by her father. This book was, it must be remembered, the only one of hers published in her lifetime; upon this alone it was at first thought that her fame must rest. Even had this been the case, her place in literature should have been secure. The translations vary; some are almost flawless gems of English, such as the “Serenade” already given, or this version of a poem by Evariste de Parvy, on the “Death of a Young Girl”:

“Though childhood’s days were past and gone  
 More innocent no child could be;  
 Though grace in every feature shone,  
 Her maiden heart was fancy free.

“A few more months, or haply days  
 And Love would blossom—so we thought  
 As lifts in April’s genial rays  
 The rose its clusters richly wrought.

“But God had destined otherwise,  
 And so she gently fell asleep,  
 A creature of the starry skies  
 Too lovely for the earth to keep.

“She died in earliest womanhood;  
 Thus dies, and leaves behind no trace,  
 A bird’s song in a leafy wood —  
 Thus melts a sweet smile from a face.”

At other times she is not so fortunate. Sometimes a poem intended to be picturesque or impressive is given a really comical turn by the introduction of some unexpected little colloquial phrase, used by Toru with perfect good faith as to its suitability. Take, for example, her translation of Victor Hugo’s magnificent piece upon the “Forts of Paris,” in which the mood of the English reader is undesirably affected by the statement that

“*At a respectful distance* keep the forts,  
 A multitude, a populace, of monstrous guns,  
 That in the far horizon wolf-like prowl.”

The word “cannon-wagon,” too, does not lend itself gracefully to blank verse.

“The sinister cannon-wagons darkly grouped”

were doubtless awe-inspiring objects, but the effect upon the reader is not wholly the one intended. Yet in the same piece occur these finely resonant lines descriptive of cannon:

“Far stretching out  
 Their necks of bronze around the wall immense,  
 They rest awake while peacefully we sleep,  
 And in their hoarse lungs latent thunders growl  
 Low premonitions.”

The notes appended to the book are almost as interesting, in their curious display of unlooked-for knowledge and equally unlooked-for ignorance, as the work itself. It is plain that she is acquainted with our American authors.

In a note upon Charles Nodier she remarks that his prose stories are charming and remind her of Washington Irving. In another upon Baudelaire, she detects in one of his poems a plagiarism from Longfellow—a literal translation of a verse from the “Psalm of Life.”

Fortunately for the reading public, however, we have other standards by which to judge of Toru’s talent. After her death her father found among her papers the complete French romance of “Mademoiselle d’Arvers,” which was soon published under the editorial care of Mlle. Bader, and a sufficient number of English poems to form the little volume lately issued under the title of “Ancient Songs and Ballads of Hindustan,” and prefaced by Mr. Gosse with a memoir of the author.

“*Le Journal de Mademoiselle d’Arvers*” is a novel of modern French society, treating of the love of two brothers for the same beautiful and noble girl. It is tragic, the unhappy passion leading finally to fratricide and madness. Yet, in dealing with these difficult matters, Toru never becomes melodramatic or ridiculous, and often displays true power, though she is not seldom unreal and fantastic. Of more interest to American readers is the collection of her English poems—her chief claim to distinction. These, too, vary greatly. She had not yet completely conquered the language in which she wrote; we are still surprised by occasional prosaic expressions in the midst of poetry, and the strange legends which she relates are often rendered stranger to our ears by the phrases in which she relates them. But they are interesting, striking, and often beautiful. Under the heading “Miscellaneous Poems,” there occur at the end of the volume a few pages which having once read we should find it very hard to spare. Through them all breathes the bright and kindly spirit that made their young author so dear to all around her.

Geniuses are not always comfortable people to live with; but Toru, although during the four years in which she accomplished the work of her lifetime she was a frail invalid wasting to her death, seems never to have been to those who shared her daily life anything but a blessing, from which they found it the greatest of sorrows to part.

To some readers, the most touching thing in all her sad, short history is the brief paragraph in which her father, now childless, describes his companionship with her in labor. She had a wonderful memory, and when a dispute arose between them as to the significance of any word or phrase, she was very apt to be in the right. Sometimes, however, her father was so sure of his position that he would propose laying a wager—usually a rupee—before referring to the lexicon to settle the question. Toru almost always won, but now and then she was mistaken.

“It was curious and very pleasant for me,” says her father, “to watch her when she lost. First a bright smile; then thin fingers patting my grizzled cheek; then perhaps some quotation from Mrs. Barrett Browning, her favorite poetess, like this:

‘Ah, my gossip, you are older and more learned, and a man!’

or some similar pleasantry.”

The story of her life can not be better closed than by quoting here the beautiful last poem of her last book, in which her loving and observant spirit finds, perhaps, its highest expression. In it she sings once more of that dear garden home where she and Aru spent their childhood together, and to which both returned to die. It is called “Our Casuarina Tree.”

Like a huge Python, winding round and round  
 The rugged trunk, indented deep with scars,  
 Up to its very summit near the stars,  
 A creeper climbs, in whose embraces bound



No other tree could live, but gallantly  
 The giant wears the scarf, and flowers are hung  
 In crimson clusters all the boughs among,  
 Whereon all day are gathered bird and bee;  
 And oft at night the garden overflows  
 With one sweet song that seems to have no close  
 Sung darkling from our tree while men repose.

When first my casement is wide open thrown  
 At dawn, my eyes delighted on it rest;  
 Sometimes, and most in winter, on its crest  
 A grey baboon sits statue-like alone  
 Watching the sunrise; while on lower boughs  
 His puny offspring leap about and play;  
 And far and near ko-kilas hail the day;  
 And to their pastures wend our sleepy cows;  
 And in the shadow, on the broad tank cast  
 By that hoar tree, so beautiful and vast,  
 The water-lilies spring, like snow enmassed.

But not because of its magnificence  
 Dear is the Casuarina to my soul:  
 Beneath it we have played; though years may roll  
 O sweet companions, loved with love intense,  
 For your sakes, shall the tree be ever dear?  
 Blent with your images, it shall arise  
 In memory, till the hot tears blind mine eyes!  
 What is that dirge-like murmur that I hear  
 Like the sea breaking on a shingle-beach?  
 It is the tree's lament, an eerie speech  
 That haply to the unknown land may reach.

Unknown, yet well-known to the eye of faith!  
 Ah, I have heard that wail far, far, away  
 In distant lands, by many a sheltered bay,  
 When slumbered in his cave the water-wraith  
 And the waves gently kissed the classic shore  
 Of France or Italy, beneath the moon,  
 When earth lay trancèd in a dreamless swoon:  
 And every time the music rose—before  
 Mine inner vision rose a form sublime,  
 Thy form, O Tree, as in my happy prime  
 I saw thee, in my own loved native clime.

Therefore I fain would consecrate a lay  
Unto thy honor, Tree, beloved of those  
Who now in blessed sleep for aye repose,  
Dearer than life to me, alas! were they!

Mayst thou be numbered when my days are done  
With deathless trees, like those in Borrowdale,  
Under whose awful branches lingered pale

“Fear, trembling Hope, and Death the skeleton,  
And Time the shadow;” and though weak the verse  
That would thy beauty fain, oh fain rehearse,  
**May Love defend thee from Oblivion’s curse.**

## XLIII.

### GEORGE SAND.

GEORGE SAND is a name which the English-speaking world still pronounces with something less than respect. She was not of our race, nor of our manners, and her immediate ancestors were extreme types of everything in human character most remote from ourselves and our sense of the right and becoming.

To begin with, she was the great-granddaughter of that brilliant, dissolute Maurice de Saxe, Marshal of France, who in 1745 won for Louis XV and in his presence the battle of Fontenoy. Her great-grandmother, a scarcely less remarkable personage, was Aurora, the beautiful Countess von Koenigsmark. Her grandmother, the child of this famous, disorderly pair, a lady deeply imbued with aristocratic feeling, was proud of her illustrious, irregular descent, and preserved in her demeanor the formality of a past period. In her youth she experienced strange vicissitudes. Withdrawn at an early age from a convent in order to marry Count de Horn, of whom she knew nothing, she was left a widow while fêtes were in progress in honor of the newly married couple. She lived for some time upon a modest pension allowed her by the Dauphiness; then, that Princess dying, she was left destitute. It was a fashion then in Europe for persons who had no other resource to apply for aid to Voltaire, and to him the young Countess appealed. Madame Sand always preserved among her treasures her grandmother's letter to the chief of the "philosophers," and his reply.



GEORGE SAND.





“It is to the singer of Fontenoy that the daughter of Marshal de Saxe addresses herself in order to obtain bread,” wrote the Countess. “. . . I have thought that he who has immortalized the victories of the father would be interested in the misfortunes of the daughter. To him it belongs to adopt the children of heroes, and to be my support, as he is that of the daughter of the great Corneille.”

“Madame,” the aged poet replied, “I shall go very soon to rejoin the hero your father, and I shall inform him with indignation of the condition in which his daughter now is.” He then advised her to appeal to his particular friend, the Duchess de Choiseul, wife of the prime minister, “whose soul is just, noble, and beneficent.”

“Doubtless,” he concluded, “you did me too much honor when you thought a sick old man, persecuted and withdrawn from the world, could be so happy as to serve the daughter of Marshal de Saxe. But you have done me justice in not doubting the lively interest I take in the daughter of so great a man.”

This letter, which she hastened to show to the Duchess de Choiseul, procured her the relief of which she stood in need, and shortly afterward she married again. Her second husband, M. Dupin, died after ten years of wedded life, leaving to his widow the care of their only child, Maurice. Madame Dupin, with what the Revolution had left to her of her husband's property, then purchased the country estate of Nohant, in Berri, since made famous through the genius of George Sand, and went there to live with her son. He, when twenty-six years of age, contracted a secret marriage with Sophie Victorie Delaborde, a Swiss milliner, the daughter of a dealer in song birds.

Mademoiselle Delaborde, four years older than Maurice

Dupin, without property, and a somewhat disreputable person, was not cordially welcomed into the family by Madame Dupin. It was natural that she should look upon the marriage as a calamity. Nevertheless, she had the good sense to conceal her feelings, and to forgive an error which was plainly irrevocable, and, although she always heartily disliked her daughter-in-law, she was obliged soon to acknowledge that she was a most efficient and devoted wife, who kept her husband very happy.

July 5, 1804, the last year of the Republic and the first of the Empire, a daughter was born to this oddly-assorted couple, who bestowed upon her the name of Amantine-Lucile-Aurore. The infancy of this child was passed in Paris with her mother, her father residing with them whenever his military duties did not require his presence elsewhere. Captain Dupin, however, as aide-de-camp to Prince Murat, was so much away from home that in 1808 his wife, unable to bear a longer separation, went to join him in Madrid. Little Aurore, four years of age, accompanied her, and was presented to Murat attired for the occasion in a miniature copy of her father's uniform, including spurs, high boots, and tiny sword. The Prince was pleased with the jest, and took a fancy to his *little aide-de-camp*, as he called her.

Captain Dupin, shortly after his return to France, was killed by a fall from his horse. This sad event doomed his little daughter to live for many years in an atmosphere of discord, the object of continual contention between her plebeian mother and her patrician grandmother, each of whom claimed her duty and affection. Obedience she rendered to both when their commands, too frequently contradictory, permitted; but her heart was her mother's. Within the walls of the château she passed unhappy hours, for the domestic warfare was to her a constant source of misery; but, once out of doors

playing with her village companions, exploring every nook and corner of the fields and woods, and listening half credulously to the legends and fairy tales of the neighborhood, her vivid imagination and her admirable health made her one of the gayest and happiest of children. After a time, too, a separation was gradually effected between her mother and herself, and this, although grievous in itself, rendered her life more peaceful. Madame Maurice Dupin, who was poor, in consideration of the benefits such an arrangement would confer upon the child, consented to leave her in the care of her grandmother, and herself removed permanently to Paris. Aurore slowly learned to love the old lady whose formal manners long repelled and chilled her. For years it was her dearest hope to effect a reconciliation, and she resented with more than childish indignation the scornful remarks of the servants, who used to taunt her with wishing to go to her mother and eat beans in a garret, rather than stay at the château and learn to be a lady.

Her education was varied and peculiar. While on the one hand her grandmother and her grandmother's friends tried their best to teach her the elaborate accomplishments and submissive demeanor which they considered desirable in a young girl, on the other she was dabbling in Latin, history, literature, and classic mythology, playing practical jokes upon her tutor, and inventing new games and dances for herself and the village children. Of religious instruction she had none. In the course of time she invented for herself a Being half hero, half deity, whom she named Corambé, a Greek god possessed of the Christian virtues, to whom she erected shrines in the woods, before which, as an acceptable sacrifice, she would lay flowers and set free the birds and butterflies that she had taken captive.

When she was thirteen, all this came to an end. She

was sent to the English convent of Augustine nuns in Paris. The pupils in this convent were divided into two bands—the *diables* or mischievous girls, and the *sages* or good girls. Aurore was promptly enrolled among the *diables*, and so distinguished herself by pranks of many kinds, and especially by her earnestness in an enterprise called mysteriously “the *Deliverance of the Victim*” (the search, partly serious and partly frolicsome, for an erring nun supposed to be imprisoned somewhere within the building), that she soon earned the appellation of Madcap from her admiring friends. But, in the second year of her stay, this heroic undertaking suddenly lost its charm. She was converted, became a devoted Catholic, and desired fervently to become a nun. By her companions she was now renamed, Saint Aurore.

The sisters were too wise to encourage her excessive devotion, and her confessor, disapproving sudden asceticism, ordered her as a penance to continue the games and amusements from which she wished to withdraw. Her taste for them quickly returned, and she became again a leader among her companions, although scrupulously avoiding anything like mischief or insubordination. Her desire for the cloister was not finally dispelled until a year or two later, when a fever of reading came upon her, and she devoured in turn the pages of Aristotle, Bacon, Locke, Condillac, Bossuet, Pascal, Montaigne, Montesquieu, Leibnitz, and others.

“Reading Leibnitz,” she afterward remarked, “I became a Protestant without knowing it.”

A little later she found in Jean Jacques Rousseau a writer whose poetic treatment of religious subjects impressed her still more strongly. She passed through many phases of religious feeling in her life, but she was enabled to say in later years:

“As to my religion, the ground of it has never varied.

The forms of the past have vanished for me as for my century before the light of study and reflection. But the eternal doctrine of believers, of God and His goodness, the immortal soul and the hopes of another life, this is what, in myself, has been proof against all examination, all discussion, and even intervals of despairing doubt."

Aurore Dupin left the convent and returned to Nohant, in 1820, when she was fifteen years of age. At the château she now passed the midnight hours in study, and in considering the most difficult problems of existence; but her days were spent in a very different manner. Within doors she exerted herself to keep on peaceable terms with her grandmother, whose temper had not improved with age, in practicing the harp, in drawing, in studying philosophy and anatomy, and in getting up little comedies to amuse her elders; out-of-doors, attired for greater convenience in a suit of 'boy's clothes, with blouse and gaiters, she pursued botany or hunted quails with her eccentric tutor, M. Deschatres. She was a fearless rider, as well as a good shot; both these last accomplishments being due to the instruction of her half-brother Hippolyte, who had taught her during a brief visit home, while on leave of absence from his regiment. Her daring feats astonished and shocked the neighbors; but M. Deschatres, who cared for nothing but quails and anatomy, did not trouble himself to restrain her, and old Madame Dupin was fast falling into her dotage. The young girl was free from restraint.

A year later the old lady died, leaving all her property to Aurore. She now returned to her mother in Paris, hoping for a happiness which she did not find. Time and absence had loosened the bond between them, and Madame Maurice Dupin was not blessed with an equable disposition. Aurore obeyed her in everything without question, but this excess of submission only exasperated the mother,



and it was a relief to both when the girl went to visit some friends at their country house near Melun. Here she met M. Casimir Dudevant, a young man of twenty-seven, who was pleased with her from the first. In a short time he offered her his hand, and she accepted him.

She was then a beautiful girl of eighteen. Her hair, dark and curly, fell in profusion upon her shoulders; her features were good, her complexion of a pale, clear olive tint, her eyes dark, soft, and full of expression. If her figure was somewhat too short, she possessed small and beautifully shaped hands and feet. Her manners were simple, her voice gentle and low. With strangers and acquaintances she was reserved, and did not shine in conversation; but among friends she was animated, frank, and charming. It is little wonder that M. Dudevant was attracted by her, but it is somewhat surprising that he was not in love with her. The marriage was admitted by both to be one founded upon friendship only. Doubtless it was by Aurore regarded as an escape from her difficult relations with her mother. It proved a sad mistake.

The young couple, fatally ignorant of each other's character, proved to have few tastes in common; their dispositions were wholly uncongenial; and, to make matters worse, M. Dudevant after a time fell into habits of dissipation. For the sake of her two children, Maurice and Solange, Madame Dudevant made no attempt to release herself, until at the end of eight years, she found that the situation had become intolerable. She was totally indifferent to her husband, and he regarded her with feelings of positive dislike.

She then made a curious proposition to him. For some time she had been conscious of her literary talent, and she now proposed to her husband that he should permit her to spend every alternate three months in Paris, there to try her fortune with her pen. Her youngest child, the

little Solange, was to join her as soon as she was comfortably established; her son, whom she did not wish to remove from his excellent tutor, if indeed his father would have let him go, was to remain at Nohant, where she would herself reside during six months of the year.

She was to be allowed six hundred dollars per annum from her own fortune, on condition that she never exceeded that sum, and the rest of her property was to remain in the hands of M. Dudevant. To this singular compromise he at once assented, and she set out for the capital in 1831.

She carried introductions to one or two literary people, but they gave her small encouragement. A novelist to whom she first applied told her that women ought not to write at all. Another tried to cheer her with the information that if she persevered she might some day make as much as three hundred dollars a year by writing, although he condemned as valueless such specimens as she showed him of her fiction. He took her, however, upon the staff of *Figaro*, of which paper he was the editor, and paid her for her labor at the rate of seven francs (≈\$1.35) a column. Her talents were not suited to journalism; but she worked hard and faithfully for *Figaro*. In those days she was excluded by her sex from places to which, in her profession, it was desirable she should have access. She therefore assumed once more the masculine disguise to which she had become accustomed in her girlhood, and was enabled to pass anywhere as a student of sixteen. After she had become famous, much odium was cast upon her on account of this habit of hers by the scandal-mongers.

She soon made friends among the literary Bohemians of Paris, and many of her earlier and briefer works were written in collaboration with one of them, M. Jules Sandeau, afterwards the author of several successful novels and plays. These joint performances included a

novelette entitled *La Prima Donna*, and a complete novel, called *Rose et Blanche*, which was published under M. Sandeau's nom de-plume of Jules Sand. It was a book of no importance, and is now omitted from the works of both its authors, but it attracted the notice of a publisher, who requested another volume from the same pen. A new novel written entirely by Madame Dudevant was then lying in her desk, and she at once gave this into his hands. M. Sandeau, unwilling to claim any credit for a work in which he had no share, refused to permit her to use their usual pseudonym. To oblige the publisher, who wished to connect the work with its predecessor, it was decided that only the prefix should be changed, and *George*, a favorite name among husbandmen, was selected as representative of her native province of Berri. In April, 1832, the book appeared. It was entitled, "Indiana, by George Sand."

Its success with the public was so immediate and so great that the author was alarmed.

"The success of Indiana has thrown me into dismay," she wrote to an old friend. "Till now, I thought my writing was without consequence and would not merit the slightest attention. Fate has decreed otherwise. The unmerited admiration of which I have become the object must be justified."

Many, even of those who praised her most, predicted that she would never equal this first venture; but *Valentine*, which appeared a few months later, convinced them of their error. Both these books are stories of unhappy marriage. Indiana is a romantic, high-spirited girl, bound for life to a dull, imperious, but not bad-hearted man much older than herself. The other chief characters are a graceful, heartless scoundrel who makes love to her, and a cousin, a sort of guardian angel, who, after long loving her in silence, at last succeeds in rescuing her from her miserable situation. Valentine, like Indiana,

is the victim of a *mariage de convenance*. The highly-wrought scenes of passion, and the exaggerated language of many passages which now repel the reader, were then admired. In the simple portions we can already recognize that simple, forcible, and picturesque style which so delights us in her tales of humble life—in *La Petite-Fadette*, and *La Mare au Diable*.

The next work of Madame Sand—for her friends as well as the public now learned to call her by that name—was that *Lélia*, of which almost every one has heard, although it has now, at least in England and America, few readers. *Lélia* is a novel of impossible characters and incidents, written in a declamatory manner. Its only interest is as a psychological study of the author, for into this work she was wont to say she had put more of herself than into any other. She nevertheless pronounced it in later years absurd as a work of art. *Lélia* surprised her friends at the time—although it pleased most of them—and was highly successful with the public. One of her friends, a naturalist, wrote to her:

“*Lélia* is a fancy type. It is not like you—you who are merry, who dance the *bourrée*, who appreciate lepidoptera, who do not despise puns, who are not a bad needlewoman, and make very good preserves. Is it possible that you should have thought so much, felt so much, without any one having any idea of it?”

It was a book written in a period of mental depression, at a time when her faith appeared to be forsaking her. Although it is by no means typical of her ordinary fiction, it was destined to produce an impression of her as a writer opposed to marriage and morality, and to create a prejudice which in England and our country has but recently begun to give way. Some critics had already accused her of propounding revolutionary doctrines in *Indiana* and *Valentine*. It is true she declared herself

against commercial marriages, and taught that every union should be based upon love; but this, at least in our fortunate land and century, does not strike us as either shocking or novel.

From this time the life of George Sand was that of an indefatigable literary worker, and no year passed unmarked by the issue of new works under her name. Yet, notwithstanding these labors, her iron constitution permitted her to take long journeys, to enjoy society, and often to abandon herself to the delights of her country home. She wrote chiefly at night: in the day time she walked, climbed, and rode horseback as freely and frequently as in her girlhood, and her letters to her friends dwell continually upon these simple, exhilarating pleasures. She had, during her whole life, three unfailing sources of delight—her children, nature, and music.

The strange compromise which she had made with her husband was evidently one which could not continue. In 1835 she applied for a divorce, which, after some difficulties with regard to the children, was granted her. While it was still doubtful whether their guardianship should be entrusted to her or to their father, she seriously considered the idea, in case of a decision adverse to her claim, of leaving France and escaping with them to America. The judgment of the court finally placed her in possession both of them and of the estate of Nohant. To Maurice and Solange she was ever a devoted mother. She attended personally to their education and shared their amusements. Their affection and their happiness fully rewarded her; and, as both on attaining maturity made fortunate marriages, she was enabled to show herself as an excellent grandmother also.

Of Nohant and the neighboring region she never tired. "Never a cockchafer passes but I run after it," she says, describing her country walks; and she confesses how, on



one occasion, the sight of the cooling stream of the Indre proved an irresistible temptation to her, and she walked into the water fully dressed—proceeding afterwards untroubled upon her twelve-mile walk, while her clothes dried upon her in the sun. Nor did her interest in the villagers ever flag, and the little peasant children who had been her playmates in youth found her a friend in their old age.

Her life from middle age onward was often saddened by the troubles of her country. In her political feelings she was republican, and she was accused of being a socialist. Many of her dear friends were ardent politicians, and when, after the flight of Louis Philippe in 1848, a provisional government was formed with Lamartine at its head, she was irresistibly drawn to take a part in the struggle.

“My heart is full and my head on fire,” she wrote to a fellow-laborer. “All my physical ailments, all my personal sorrows are forgotten. I live, I am strong, active; I am not more than twenty years old.”

She worked hard to strengthen and uphold the new government. She wrote many fiery articles, and more than one ministerial manifesto was attributed, with good reason, to her pen. She never relaxed in her efforts until leader after leader proved unfitted for his position, and to persist was manifestly useless. Returning from Paris, where she had been staying that she might be upon the field of action, to rest quietly in her country home, she found herself regarded with horror by the peasants, who called her a communist.

“A pack of idiots,” she wrote indignantly to a friend, “who threaten to come and set fire to Nohant! . . . When they come this way and I walk through the midst of them they take off their hats; but when they have gone by, they summon courage to shout, ‘Down with the communists!’”

After the overthrow of the Provisional Government, she had no desire to enter politics again. Her theory of government remained unshaken, but she had little hope of seeing it successfully realized in France during her lifetime. She mingled no more in public affairs except so far as after the *coup d'état* to ask of Louis Napoleon, with whom she had at one time corresponded, a pardon for some of her old friends who had been condemned to transportation. Her petition was granted at once.

Born in the last year of the First Empire, George Sand lived through the Franco-Prussian War, and saw the return of peace and prosperity. She was always sure that the good time would come, although during the dark days of that long struggle she was in deep sorrow for her unhappy country, and painfully anxious for the safety of her own home. At one time the Prussians approached near, and she wrote to a friend that she worked "expecting her scrawls to light the pipes of the Prussians." But, in another letter, written to M. Flaubert, she says cheerily :

"Mustn't be ill, mustn't be cross, my old troubadour! Say that France is mad, humanity stupid, and that we are unfinished animals every one of us ; you must love on all the same, yourself, your race, above all, your friends. I have my sad hours. I look at my blossoms, those two little girls, smiling as ever, their charming mother, and my good, hard-working son, whom the end of the world will find hunting, cataloguing, doing his daily task, and yet as merry as Punch in his rare leisure moments."

Again, less lightly, but quite as hopefully, she wrote :

"I do not say that humanity is on the road to the heights ; I believe it in spite of all, but I do not argue about it, which is useless, for every one judges according to his own eyesight, and the general outlook at the present moment is ugly and poor. Besides, I do not need

to be assured of the salvation of our planet and its inhabitants, in order to believe in the necessity of the good and the beautiful; if our planet departs from this law it will perish; if its inhabitants discard it they will be destroyed. As for me I wish to hold firm till my last breath, not with the certainty or the claim to find a 'good place' elsewhere, but because my sole pleasure is to maintain myself and mine in the upward way."

George Sand died at Nohant in 1876, nearly seventy-two years of age, having neglected an illness which she deemed unimportant until it was too late.

"It is death," she said to those about her; "I did not ask for it, but neither do I regret it."

For a week she lingered in great suffering, but conscious and courageous to the last. Her thoughts turned to the quiet village cemetery where she was soon to rest, and almost her last words referred to the trees growing there. She desired that none of them should be disturbed, or so her children interpreted the words:

"Ne touchez pas a la verdure."

At her funeral, which took place in a pouring rain, the country people, who had long ago ceased to call her communist, flocked in from miles around. There, too, were men of letters, scientists, and artists, for she had made friends and kept them in all ranks of life. Her bier was borne by six peasants, preceded by three chorister boys and the ancient clerk of the parish, and she was buried close by the graves of her father, her grandmother, and two little grandchildren whom she had lost. A plain granite monument now marks her resting place.

The works of George Sand, including novels, stories, and plays, are so numerous that only a very few of them can find mention here. Among the most famous are the

“Letters of a Traveler,” the unfortunate “She and He” (Elle et Lui), “Lucrezia Floriani,” “Consuelo,” and the three delightful tales of peasant life, entitled respectively, “La Petite Fadette” — upon which the familiar play of Fanchon the Cricket, is founded — “The Devil’s Pond” (La Mare du Diable), and “François le Champi,” from which she afterwards made a play.

The “Letters of a Traveler” are a very striking series written after a journey through Switzerland and Italy, in company with the poet Alfred de Musset, her further relations with whom are depicted in the story “She and He,” published after his death. This work was regarded by the public as ungenerous, if not unjustifiable; but it must be remembered that after the breach between them, De Musset had not spared her in his verse. Her book was intended as a defence of herself; but it had the force of a judgment upon him. It was soon replied to by the poet’s brother in another tale, entitled “He and She,” in which Madame Sand was represented in a light even more unfavorable than that in which she had placed the hero of her story. It is probable that each version of the affair contained truth. Doubtless de Musset and Madame Sand were both in fault, for two such pronounced personalities could not long have accommodated themselves to each other. Their difficulties, however, should never have been submitted to the public.

In “Lucrezia Floriani” she was believed to have committed a similar error, since the unpleasing character of Karol was by many supposed to represent her old friend and companion, Chopin the composer. She denied that such was the case, and it is evident that she did not intend a portrait, although there were points of resemblance. Through the interference of unwise acquaintances, however, the book caused a breach between Chopin and herself. In many of her other works too curious

critics have claimed to discover pictures of eminent persons with whom she was acquainted: some have even believed that in the ideal heroine "Consuelo" they could perceive a representation of the famous Madame Viardot.

"Consuelo," although one of the most diffuse, is by many considered the best among George Sand's novels. There is power in it; but its incidents seem to us extravagant and its personages unreal. At present we care less for ideal characters and improbable adventures, and more for delineations of men and women, with their weaknesses and their strength, such as may be found among ourselves. Those of George Sand's works which will longest be read are narratives like "André," "La Marquise," and the pleasant tales to which we have referred. In them her heroes and heroines are studied from the life, and the scenery amid which they are placed is such as she had herself visited in her travels, or—and this far oftener—that which lay close around her own home, in her fair and fertile native province.























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